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TO THE SUBSCRIBERS

TO

"A Library of American Literature."

During the issue of the previous Volumes (I–VIII) of this Work, the Publishers and the Editors have been in the frequent receipt of letters from its Subscribers, confirming the remarkably favorable verdict passed upon it by the critical press. They have been gratified, also, by the welcome accorded to each successive volume, and the fact that scarcely a single subscriber has desired to abridge his contract for the Series.

But there has been one point to which our correspondents have so frequently adverted, that it is thought advisable to defer to their wishes and good judgment. Our plan involved no Biographical data except a statement of places and dates of nativity, etc., relating to the authors quoted,—whose writings cover a period of nearly three centuries, and some of whom doubtless are here for the first time introduced to many of our readers. We have been so generally urged to give more personal details, that the Publishers and the Editors—although their enterprise has already been sufficiently arduous—have decided to prepare and add, in a Supplementary and Eleventh Volume, a compendium of brief but trustworthy BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES of all the authors quoted in the Work.

This important feature, in itself a BIOGRAPHICAL HAND-BOOK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS, will occupy, together with the General Index of the entire "Library," but one-third of the Supplementary Volume. The latter, however, will be handsomely illustrated, and of equal size with the largest of the Series—i. e., full 600 pages. Its remaining two-thirds are needed for another purpose:

The time expended in preparing the "Library" for issue has been prolonged beyond the original expectation. Its plan was formed in 1882, and the Editors began their work in the following January. Within the seven years now elapsed, a notable increase of literary activity has been observed,—many new and successful novelists, etc., of original merit, appearing in the West and South, as well as in the East. Our Work will lack a most significant feature if the best of these new authors are not represented. To represent them we shall need, although Vol. X will include more matter than any of its predecessors, a large portion of the Supplementary Volume not occupied with Biography, and we shall also give our readers some important earlier matter crowded out from preceding issues.

The two remaining volumes, then, will be the most fresh, full, and interesting of the whole Series, and Vol. XI is so necessary to its completion that we confidently hope it will be welcomed by our subscribers as an indispensable addition to the Work. Extra expense is incurred in the preparation of the Biography, but the volume will be delivered at the same price with the others of the Series.

CHARLES L. WEBSTER & CO.,

Publishers "Library of American Literature."

EDMUND C. STEDMAN,

ELLEN M. HUTCHINSON,

Editors "Library of American Literature."

A LIBRARY

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE

Vol. IX.

Thos. W. Smith

A LIBRARY OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE

FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON

IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. IX

NEW-YORK
CHARLES L. WEBSTER & COMPANY
1890

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LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC

PART IV

1861—1888

To get rid of provinciality is a certain stage of culture,—a stage the positive result of which we must not make of too much importance, but which is, nevertheless, indispensable; for it brings us on to the platform where alone the best and highest intellectual work can be said fairly to begin.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. A. D. 186–.

American literature should stand firmly on its own ground, making no claims on the score of patriotism, or youth, or disadvantageous circumstances, or *bizarre* achievements, but gravely pointing to what has been done.

CHARLES FRANCIS RICHARDSON. A. D. 1887.

We strip Illusion of her veil;
We vivisect the nightingale
To prove the secret of his note.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. A. D. 188–.

Art, indeed, is beginning to find out that if it does not make friends with Need it must perish. It perceives that to take itself from the many and leave them no joy in their work, and to give itself to the few whom it can bring no joy in their idleness, is an error that kills. . . . In all ages poetry has affirmed something of this sort, but it remained for ours to perceive it and express it somehow in every form of literature. But this is only one phase of the devotion of the best literature of our time to the service of humanity. . . . The romantic spirit worshipped genius, worshipped heroism, but at its best, in such a man as Victor Hugo, this spirit recognized the supreme claim of the lowest humanity.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. A. D. 1888.

While ourselves . . . who working ne'er shall know if work bear fruit
Others reap and garner, heedless how produced by stalk and root,—
We who, darkling, timed the day's birth,—struggling, testified to peace,—
Earned, by dint of failure, triumph,—we, creative thought, must cease
In created word, thought's echo, due to impulse long since sped!
Why repine? There's ever some one lives although ourselves be dead!

ROBERT BROWNING. A. D. 1878.

LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART IV.

1861—1888.

Theodore Winthrop.

BORN in New Haven, Conn., 1828. FELL at Great Bethel, Va., 1861.

DON FULANO TO THE RESCUE.

[*John Brent.* 1862.]

YES, John Brent, you were right when you called Luggernel Alley a wonder of our continent.

I remember it now,—I only saw it then;—for those strong scenes of nature assault the soul whether it will or no, fight in against affirmative or negative resistance, and bide their time to be admitted as dominant over the imagination. It seemed to me then that I was not noticing how grand the precipices, how stupendous the cleavages, how rich and gleaming the rock faces in Luggernel Alley. My business was not to stare about, but to look sharp and ride hard; and I did it.

Yet now I can remember, distinct as if I beheld it, every stride of that pass; and everywhere, as I recall foot after foot of that fierce chasm, I see three men with set faces,—one deathly pale and wearing a bloody turban,—all galloping steadily on, on an errand to save and to slay.

Terrible riding it was! A pavement of slippery, sheeny rock; great beds of loose stones; barricades of mighty boulders, where a cliff had fallen an æon ago, before the days of the road-maker race; crevices

where an unwary foot might catch; wide rifts where a shaky horse might fall, or a timid horseman drag him down. Terrible riding! A pass where a calm traveller would go quietly picking his steps, thankful if each hour counted him a safe mile.

Terrible riding! Madness to go as we went! Horse and man, any moment either might shatter every limb. But man and horse neither can know what he can do, until he has dared and done. On we went, with the old frenzy growing tenser. Heart almost broken with eagerness.

No whipping or spurring. Our horses were a part of ourselves. While we could go, they would go. Since the water, they were full of leap again. Down in the shady Alley, too, evening had come before its time. Noon's packing of hot air had been dislodged by a mountain breeze drawing through. Horses and men were braced and cheered to their work; and in such riding as that, the man and the horse must think together and move together,—eye and hand of the rider must choose and command, as bravely as the horse executes. The blue sky was overhead, the red sun upon the castellated walls a thousand feet above us, the purpling chasm opened before. It was late; these were the last moments. But we should save the lady yet.

"Yes," our hearts shouted to us, "we shall save her yet."

An arroyo, the channel of a dry torrent, followed the pass. It had made its way as water does, not straightway, but by that potent feminine method of passing under the frowning front of an obstacle, and leaving the dull rock staring there, while the wild creature it would have held is gliding away down the valley. This zigzag channel baffled us; we must leap it without check wherever it crossed our path. Every second now was worth a century. Here was the sign of horses, passed but now. We could not choose ground. We must take our leaps on that cruel rock wherever they offered.

Poor Pumps!

He had carried his master so nobly! There were so few miles to do! He had chased so well; he merited to be in at the death.

Brent lifted him at a leap across the arroyo.

Poor Pumps!

His hind feet slipped on the time-smoothed rock. He fell short. He plunged down a dozen feet among the rough boulders of the torrent-bed. Brent was out of the saddle almost before he struck, raising him.

No, he would never rise again. Both his fore legs were broken at the knee. He rested there, kneeling on the rocks where he fell.

Brent groaned. The horse screamed horribly, horribly,—there is no more agonized sound,—and the scream went echoing high up the cliffs where the red sunlight rested.

It costs a loving master much to butcher his brave and trusty horse, the half of his knightly self; but it costs him more to hear him shriek in such misery. Brent drew his pistol to put poor Pumps out of pain.

Armstrong sprang down and caught his hand.

"Stop!" he said in his hoarse whisper.

He had hardly spoken since we started. My nerves were so strained, that this mere ghost of a sound rang through me like a death-yell, a grisly cry of merciless and exultant vengeance. I seemed to hear its echoes, rising up and swelling in a flood of thick uproar, until they burst over the summit of the pass and were wasted in the crannies of the towering mountain-flanks above.

"Stop!" whispered Armstrong. "No shooting! They'll hear. The knife!"

He held out his knife to my friend.

Brent hesitated one heart-beat. Could he stain his hand with his faithful servant's blood?

Pumps screamed again.

Armstrong snatched the knife and drew it across the throat of the crippled horse.

Poor Pumps! He sank and died without a moan. Noble martyr in the old, heroic cause.

I caught the knife from Armstrong. I cut the thong of my girth. The heavy California saddle, with its macheers and roll of blankets, fell to the ground. I cut off my spurs. They had never yet touched Fulano's flanks. He stood beside me quiet, but trembling to be off.

"Now Brent! up behind me!" I whispered,—for the awe of death was upon us.

I mounted. Brent sprang up behind. I ride light for a tall man. Brent is the slightest body of an athlete I ever saw.

Fulano stood steady till we were firm in our seats.

Then he tore down the defile.

Here was that vast reserve of power; here the tireless spirit; here the hoof striking true as a thunderbolt, where the brave eye saw footing; here that writhing agony of speed; here the great promise fulfilled, the great heart thrilling to mine, the grand body living to the beating heart. Noble Fulano!

I rode with a snaffle. I left it hanging loose. I did not check or guide him. He saw all. He knew all. All was his doing.

We sat firm, clinging as we could, as we must. Fulano dashed along the resounding pass.

Armstrong pressed after,—the gaunt white horse struggled to emulate his leader. Presently we lost them behind the curves of the Alley. No

other horse that ever lived could have held with the black in that headlong gallop to save.

Over the slippery rocks, over the sheeny pavement, plunging through the loose stones, staggering over the barricades, leaping the arroyo, down, up, on, always on,—on went the horse, we clinging as we might.

It seemed one beat of time, it seemed an eternity, when between the ring of the hoofs I heard Brent whisper in my ear.

"We are there."

The crags flung apart, right and left. I saw a sylvan glade. I saw the gleam of gushing water.

Fulano dashed on, uncontrollable!

There they were,—the Murderers.

Arrived but one moment!

The lady still bound to that pack-mule branded A. & A.

Murker just beginning to unsaddle.

Larrap not dismounted, in chase of the other animals as they strayed to graze.

The men heard the tramp and saw us, as we sprang into the glade.

Both my hands were at the bridle.

Brent, grasping my waist with one arm, was awkward with his pistol.

Murker saw us first. He snatched his six-shooter and fired.

Brent shook with a spasm. His pistol-arm dropped.

Before the murderer could cock again, Fulano was upon him!

He was ridden down. He was beaten, trampled down upon the grass,—crushed, abolished.

We disentangled ourselves from the *mêlée*.

Where was the other?

The coward, without firing a shot, was spurring Armstrong's Flathead horse blindly up the cañon, whence we had issued.

We turned to Murker.

Fulano was up again, and stood there shuddering. But the man?

A hoof had battered in the top of his skull; blood was gushing from his mouth; his ribs were broken; all his body was a trodden, massacred carcass.

He breathed once, as we lifted him.

Then a tranquil, childlike look stole over his face,—that well-known look of the weary body, thankful that the turbulent soul has gone. Murker was dead.

Fulano, and not we, had been executioner. *His* was the stain of blood.

KIDNAPPED.

[*Cecil Dreeme.* 1861.]

WE drove on, mile after mile, in the chilly March afternoon, and at last pulled up at a door, in a white stuccoed wall,—a whited wall, edging the road like a bank of stale snow. Within we could see an ugly, dismal house, equally stuccoed white, peering suspiciously at us over the top of the enclosure, from its sinister grated windows of the upper story.

A boy was walking up and down the road at a little distance a fine black horse, all in a lather with hard riding, and cut with the spurs. The animal plunged about furiously, almost dragging the lad off his feet.

"You will see Huffmire, Towner," said Churm, "and tell him that I want to talk with him."

"Yes," cried Towner, eagerly, "let me manage it!"

He shook off his cloak, sprang down with energetic step, and rang the bell. A man looked through a small shutter in the door, and asked his business, gruffly enough.

"Tell Dr. Huffmire that Mr. Towner wishes to see him."

The porter presently returned, and said that Dr. Huffmire would see the gentleman, alone.

"Huffmire will know my name. Send him out here to me, Towner, if he will come; if not, do you make the necessary inquiries," said Churm.

Towner passed in. The porter closed the outer door upon him, and then looked through the shutter at us, with a truculent stare, as if he were accustomed to inquisitive visitors, and liked to baffle them. He had but one eye, and his effect, as he grinned through the square port-hole in the gate, was singularly Cyclopean and ogreish. He properly regarded men merely as food, sooner or later, for insane asylums,—as morsels to be quietly swallowed or forcibly choked down by the jaws of Retreats.

"What!" whispered Raleigh to me, as the boy led the snorting and curvetting black horse by us. "That fellow at the eye-hole magnetized me at first. I did not notice that horse. Do you know it?"

"No," said I. "I have never seen him. A splendid fellow! His rider must have been in hot haste to get here. Perhaps some errand like our own!"

"Densdeth," again whispered Raleigh, "Densdeth told me he had been looking at a new black horse."

We glanced at each other. All felt that Densdeth's appearance here, at this moment, might be harmful. Churm's name brought Huffmire speedily to the door. Churm, the philanthropist, was too powerful a

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man to offend. Huffmire opened the door, and stood just within, defending the entrance. He was a large man, with a large face,—large in every feature, and exaggerated where for proportion it should have been small. He suffered under a general rush of coarseness to the face. He had a rush of lymphatic puffiness to the cheeks, a rush of blubber to the lips, a rush of gristle to his clumsy nose, a rush of lappel to the ears, a rush of dewlap to the throat. A disgusting person,—the very type of man for a vulgar tyrant. His straight black hair was brushed back and combed behind the ears. He was in the sheep's clothing of a deacon.

"You have a young lady here, lately arrived?" said Churm, bowing slightly, in return to the other's cringing reverence.

"I have several, sir. Neither youth nor beauty is exempt, alas! from the dreadful curse of insanity, which I devote myself, in my humble way, to eradicate. To e-rad-i-cate," he repeated, dwelling on the syllables of his word, as if he were tugging, with brute force, at something that came up hard,—as if madness were a stump, and he were a cogwheel machine extracting it.

"I wish to know," said Churm, in his briefest and sternest manner, "if a young lady named Denman was brought here yesterday."

"Denman, sir! No, sir. I am happy to be able to state to you, sir, that there is no unfortunate of that name among my patients,—no one of that name,—I rejoice to satisfy you."

"I suppose you know who I am," said Churm. I saw his fingers clutch his whip-handle.

A rush of oiliness seemed to suffuse the man's coarse face. "It is the well-known Mr. Churm," said he. "The fame of his benevolence is coextensive with our country, sir. Who does not love him?—the friend of the widow and the orphan! I am proud, sir, to make your acquaintance. This is a privilege, indeed,—indeed, a most in-es-ti-ma-ble pri-vile-age."

"Do you think me a safe man to lie to?" said Churm, abruptly.

"I confess that I do not take your meaning, sir," said Huffmire, in the same soft manner, but stepping back a little.

"Do you think it safe to lie to me?"

"I, sir! lie, sir!" stammered Huffmire. The oiliness seemed to coagulate in his muddy skin, and with his alarm his complexion took the texture and color of soggy leather.

"Yes; the lady is here. I wish to see her."

As Churm was silent, looking sternly at the pretended doctor, there rose suddenly within the building a strange and horrible cry.

A strange and horrible cry! Two voices mingled in its discord. One was a well-known mocking tone, now smitten with despair; and yet the change that gave it its horror was so slight, that I doubted if the old mockery had not all the while been despair, suppressed and dis-

guised. The other voice, mingling with this, rising with it up into silence that grew stiller as they climbed, and then disentangling itself, overtopping its companion, and beating it slowly down until it had ceased to be,—this other voice was like the exulting cry of one defeated and trampled under foot, who yet has saved a stab for his victor.

They had met—Towner and Densdeth!

We three sprang from the carriage; thrust aside the doctor, and, following our memories of the dead sound for a clew, ran across the court and through a half-open door into the hall of the asylum.

All was still within. The air was thick with the curdling horror that had poured into it. We paused an instant to listen.

A little muffled moan crept feebly forth from a room on the left. It hardly reached us, so faint it was. It crept forth, and seemed to perish at our feet, like a hopeless suppliant. We entered the room. It was a shabby parlor, meanly furnished. The stained old paper on the walls was covered with Arcadian groups of youths and maidens, dancing to the sound of a pipe played by a shepherd, who sat upon a broken column under a palm. On the floor was a tawdry carpet, all beflowered and befruited,—such a meretricious blur of colors as a hotel offers for vulgar feet to tread upon. So much I now perceive that I marked in that mean reception-room. But I did not note it then.

For there, among the tawdry flowers of the carpet, lay Densdeth,—dead, or dying of a deadly wound. The long, keen, antique dagger I had noticed lying peacefully on my table was upon the floor. Its office had found it at last, and the signet of a new blood-stain was stamped upon its blade, among tokens of an old habit of murder, latent for ages.

Beside the wounded man sat Towner. His spasm was over. The freed serf had slain his tyrant. All his life had been crowded into that one moment of frenzy. He sat pale and drooping, and there was a desolate sorrow in his face, as if his hate for his master had been as needful to him as a love.

"I could not help it," said Towner, in a dreary whisper. "He came to me while I was waiting here. He told Huffmire to send you off, and leave me to him. And then he stood over me and told me, with his old sneer, that I belonged to him, body and soul. He said I must obey him. He said he had work for me now,—just such mean villainy as I was made for. I felt that in another instant I should be his again. I only made one spring at him. How came I by that dagger? I never saw it until I found it in my hand, at his heart. Is he dead? No. I am dying. Shall I be safe from him hereafter? I haven't had a fair chance in this world. What could a man do better—born in a jail?"

Towner drooped slowly down as he spoke. He ended, and his defeated life passed away from that worn-out body, the comrade of its ignominy.

I raised Densdeth's head. The strange fascination of his face became doubly subtle, as he seemed still to gaze at me with closed eyelids, like a statue's. I felt that if those cold feline eyes should open and again turn their inquisition inward upon my soul, devilish passions would quicken there anew. I shuddered to perceive the lurking devil in me, slumbering lightly, and ready to stir whenever he knew a comrade was near.

"Spare me, Densdeth!" I rather thought than spoke; but with the thought an effluence must have passed from me to him.

His eyes opened. The look of treachery and triumph was gone. He murmured something. What we could not hear. But all the mockery of his voice had departed when in that dying scream it avowed itself despair. The tones we caught were sweet and childlike.

With this effort blood gushed again from his murderous wound. He, too, drooped away and died. The soul that had had no other view of brother men than through the eyes of a beast of prey fled away to find its new tenement. His face settled into marble calm and beauty. I parted the black hair from his forehead.

There was the man whom I should have loved if I had not hated, dead at last, with this vulgar death. Only a single stab from another, and my warfare with him was done. I felt a strange sense of indolence overcome me. Was my business in life over, now that I had no longer to struggle with him daily? Had he strengthened me? Had he weakened me? Should I have prevailed against him, or would he have finally mastered me, if this chance, this Providence, of death had not come between us?

I looked up, and found Churm studying the dead man.

"Can it be?" said I, "that a soul perilous to all truth and purity, a merciless tempter, a being who to every other man was the personification of that man's own worst ideal of himself,—can it be that such an unrestful spirit has dwelt within this quiet form? What was he? For what purpose enters such a disturbing force into the orderly world of God?"

"That is the ancient mystery," said Churm, solemnly.

"Can it never be solved in this world?"

"It is not yet solved to you? Then you must wait for years of deeper thought, or some moment of more fiery trial."

We left the dead, dead.

"Where is Huffmire?" Churm asked.

A sound of galloping hoofs answered. We saw him from the window, flying on Densdeth's horse. Death in his house by violence meant investigation, and that he did not dare encounter. He was off, and so escaped justice for a time.

The villainous-looking porter came cringing up to Churm.

"You was asking about a lady," said he.

"Yes. What of her?"

"With a pale face, large eyes, and short, crisp black hair, what that dead man brought here at daybreak yesterday?"

"The same."

"Murdoch's got her locked up and tied."

"Murdoch!" cried Raleigh. "That's the hell-cat I saw in the carriage."

"Quick," said Churm, "take us there!"

I picked up my dagger, and wiped off the blood; but the new stain had thickened the ancient rust.

The porter led the way up-stairs, and knocked at a closed door.

"Who is there?" said a voice.

"Me, Patrick, the porter. Open!"

"What do you want?"

"To come in."

"Go about your business!"

"I will," said the man, turning to us, with a grin. He felt that we were the persons to be propitiated. He put his knee against the door, and, after a struggle and a thrust, the bolt gave way.

A large gipsy-like woman stood holding back the door. We pushed her aside, and sprang in.

"Cecil Dreeme!" I cried. "God be thanked!"

And there, indeed, was my friend. He was sitting bound in a great chair,—bound and helpless, but still steady and self-possessed. He was covered with some confining drapery.

He gave an eager cry as he saw me.

I leaped forward and cut him free with my dagger. Better business for the blade than murder!

He rose and clung to me, with a womanish gesture, weeping on my shoulder.

"My child!" cried Churm, shaking off the Murdoch creature, and leaving her to claw the porter.

I felt a strange thrill and a new suspicion go tingling through me as I heard these words. How blind I had been!

Cecil Dreeme still clung to me, and murmured, "Save me from them, Robert! Save me from them all!"

"Clara, my daughter," said Churm, "you need not turn from me; I have been belied to you. Could I change? They forged the letters that made you distrust me."

"Is it so, Robert?" said the figure by my heart.

"Yes, Cecil, Churm is true as faith."

There needed no further interpretation. Clara Denman and Cecil Dreeme were one. This strange mystery was clear as day.

She withdrew from me, and as her eyes met mine, a woman's blush signalled the change in our relations. Yes; this friend closer than a brother was a woman.

"My daughter!" said Churm, embracing her tenderly, like a father.

I perceived that this womanish drapery had been flung upon her by her captors, to restore her to her sex and its responsibilities.

"Densdeth?" she asked, with a shudder.

"Dead! God forgive him!" answered Churm.

"Let us go," she said. "Another hour in this place with that foul woman would have maddened me."

She passed from the room with Churm.

Raleigh stepped forward. "You have found a friend," said he to me; "you will both go with her. Leave me to see to this business of the dead men and this prison-house."

"Thank you, Raleigh," said I; "we will go with her, and relieve you as soon as she is safe, after all these terrors."

"A brave woman!" he said. "I am happy that I have had some slight share in her rescue."

"The whole, Raleigh."

"There he lies!" whispered Churm, as we passed the door where the dead men were.

Cecil Dreeme glanced uneasily at me and at the dagger I still carried.

"No," said I, interpreting the look; "not by me! not by any of us! An old vengeance has overtaken him. Towner killed him, and also lies there dead."

"Towner!" said Dreeme; "he was another bad spirit of the baser sort to my father. Both dead! Densdeth dead! May he be forgiven for all the cruel harm he has done to me and mine!"

Cecil and I took the back seat of the carriage. I wrapped her up in Towner's great cloak, and drew the hood over her head.

She smiled as I did these little offices, and shrank away a little.

Covered with the hood and draped with the great cloak, she seemed a very woman. Each of us felt the awkwardness of our position.

"We shall not be friends the less, Mr. Byng," said she.

"Friends, Cecil!"

I took the hand she offered, and kept it.

BUT ONCE.

TELL me, wide wandering soul, in all thy quest
Sipping or draining deep from crystal rim
Where pleasure sparkled, when did overbrim
That draught its goblet with the fullest zest?
Of all thy better bliss what deem'st thou best?
Then thus my soul made answer. Ecstasy
Comes once, like birth, like death, and once have I
Been, oh! so madly happy, that the rest
Is tame as surgeless seas. It was a night
Sweet, beautiful as she, my love, my light;
Fair as the memory of that keen delight.
Through trees the moon rose steady, and it blessed
Her forehead chastely. Her uplifted look,
Calm with deep passion, I for answer took,
Then sudden heart to heart was wildly pressed.

A PULL FOR LIFE AND LOVE.

[*Love and Skates.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1862.]

PERRY looked in at the cap'n's office. He beheld a three-legged stool, a hacked desk, an inky steel-pen, an inkless inkstand; but no Cap'n Ambuster.

Perry inspected the cap'n's state-room. There was a cracked looking-glass, into which he looked; a hair-brush suspended by the glass, which he used; a lair of blankets in a berth, which he had no present use for; and a smell of musty boots, which nobody with a nose could help smelling. Still no Captain Ambuster, nor any of his crew.

Search in the unsavory kitchen revealed no cook, coiled up in a corner, suffering nightmares for the last greasy dinner he had brewed in his frying-pan. There were no deck-hands bundled into their bunks. Perry rapped on the chain-box and inquired if anybody was within, and nobody answering, he had to ventriloquize a negative.

The engine-room, too, was vacant, and quite as unsavory as the other dens on board. Perry patronized the engine by a pull or two at the valves, and continued his tour of inspection.

The *Ambuster's* skiff, lying on her forward deck, seemed to entertain him vastly.

"Jolly!" says Perry. And so it was a jolly boat in the literal, not the technical sense.

"The three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl; and here's the identical craft," says Perry.

He gave the chubby little machine a push with his foot. It rolled and wallowed about grotesquely. When it was still again, it looked so comic, lying contentedly on its fat side like a pudgy baby, that Perry had a roar of laughter, which, like other laughter to one's self, did not sound very merry, particularly as the north-wind was howling ominously, and the broken ice on its downward way was whispering and moaning and talking on in a most mysterious and inarticulate manner.

"Those sheets of ice would crunch up this skiff, as pigs do a punkin," thinks Perry.

And with this thought in his head he looked out on the river, and fancied the foolish little vessel cast loose and buffeting helplessly about in the ice.

He had been so busy until now, in prying about the steamboat and making up his mind that captain and men had all gone off for a comfortable supper on shore, that his eye had not wandered toward the stream.

Now his glance began to follow the course of the icy current. He wondered where all this supply of cakes came from, and how many of them would escape the stems of ferry-boats below and get safe to sea.

All at once, as he looked lazily along the lazy files of ice, his eyes caught a black object drifting on a fragment in a wide way of open water opposite Skerrett's Point, a mile distant.

Perry's heart stopped beating. He uttered a little gasping cry. He sprang ashore, not at all like a Doge quitting a Bucentaur. He tore back to the foundry, dashing through the puddles, and, never stopping to pick up his cap, burst in upon Wade and Bill Tarbox in the office.

The boy was splashed from head to foot with red mud. His light hair, blown wildly about, made his ashy face seem paler. He stood panting.

His dumb terror brought back to Wade's mind all the bad omens of the morning.

"Speak!" said he, seizing Perry fiercely by the shoulder.

The uproar of the works seemed to hush for an instant, while the lad stammered faintly:

"There's somebody carried off in the ice by Skerrett's Point. It looks like a woman. And there's nobody to help."

"Help! help!" shouted the four trip-hammers, bursting in like a magnified echo of the boy's last word.

"Help! help!" all the humming wheels and drums repeated more plaintively.

Wade made for the river.

This was the moment all his manhood had been training and saving for. For this he had kept sound and brave from his youth up.

As he ran, he felt that the only chance of instant help was in that queer little bowl-shaped skiff of the *Ambuster*.

He had never been conscious that he had observed it; but the image had lain latent in his mind, biding its time. It might be ten, twenty precious moments before another boat could be found. This one was on the spot to do its duty at once.

"Somebody carried off,—perhaps a woman," Wade thought. "Not —No, she would not neglect my warning! Whoever it is, we must save her from this dreadful death!"

He sprang on board the little steamboat. She was swaying uneasily at her moorings, as the ice crowded along and hammered against her stem. Wade stared from her deck down the river, with all his life at his eyes.

More than a mile away, below the hemlock-crested point, was the dark object Perry had seen, still stirring along the edges of the floating ice. A broad avenue of leaden-green water wrinkled by the cold wind separated the field where this figure was moving from the shore. Dark object and its footing of gray ice were drifting deliberately farther and farther away.

For one instant Wade thought that the terrible dread in his heart would paralyze him. But in that one moment, while his blood stopped flowing and his nerves failed, Bill Tarbox overtook him and was there by his side.

"I brought your cap," says Bill, "and our two coats."

Wade put on his cap mechanically. This little action calmed him.

"Bill," said he, "I'm afraid it is a woman,—a dear friend of mine,—a very dear friend."

Bill, a lover, understood the tone.

"We'll take care of her between us," he said.

The two turned at once to the little tub of a boat.

Oars? Yes,—slung under the thwarts,—a pair of short sculls, worn and split, but with work in them still. There they hung ready, and a rusty boat-hook, besides.

"Find the thole-pins, Bill, while I cut a plug for her bottom out of this broom-stick," Wade said.

This was done in a moment. Bill threw in the coats.

"Now, together!"

They lifted the skiff to the gangway. Wade jumped down on the ice and received her carefully. They ran her along, as far as they could go, and launched her in the sludge.

"Take the sculls, Bill. I'll work the boat-hook in the bow."

Nothing more was said. They thrust out with their crazy little craft into the thick of the ice-flood. Bill, amidships, dug with his sculls in among the huddled cakes. It was clumsy pulling. Now this oar and now that would be thrown out. He could never get a full stroke.

Wade in the bow could do better. He jammed the blocks aside with his boat-hook. He dragged the skiff forward. He steered through the little open ways of water.

Sometimes they came to a broad sheet of solid ice. Then it was "Out with her, Bill!" and they were both out and sliding their bowl so quick over, that they had not time to go through the rotten surface. This was drowning business; but neither could be spared to drown yet.

In the leads of clear water, the oarsman got brave pulls and sent the boat on mightily. Then again in the thick porridge of brash ice they lost headway, or were baffled and stopped among the cakes. Slow work, slow and painful; and for many minutes they seemed to gain nothing upon the steady flow of the merciless current.

A frail craft for such a voyage, this queer little half-pumpkin! A frail and leaky shell. She bent and cracked from stem to stern among the nipping masses. Water oozed in through her dry seams. Any moment a rougher touch or a sharper edge might cut her through. But that was a risk they had accepted. They did not take time to think of it, nor to listen to the crunching and crackling of the hungry ice around. They urged straight on, steadily, eagerly, coolly, spending and saving strength.

Not one moment to lose! The shattering of broad sheets of ice around them was a warning of what might happen to the frail support of their chase. One thrust of the boat-hook sometimes cleft a cake that to the eye seemed stout enough to bear a heavier weight than a woman's.

Not one moment to spare! The dark figure, now drifted far below the hemlocks of the Point, no longer stirred. It seemed to have sunk upon the ice and to be resting there weary and helpless, on one side a wide way of lurid water, on the other half a mile of moving desolation.

Far to go, and no time to waste!

"Give way, Bill! Give way!"

"Ay, ay!"

Both spoke in low tones, hardly louder than the whisper of the ice around them.

By this time hundreds from the foundry and the village were swarming upon the wharf and the steamboat.

"A hundred tar-barrels wouldn't git up my steam in time to do any good," says Cap'n Ambuster. "If them two in my skiff don't overhaul the man, he's gone."

"You're sure it's a man?" says Smith Wheelwright.

"Take a squint through my glass. I'm dreffully afeard it's a gal; but suthin's got into my eye, so I can't see."

Suthin' had got into the old fellow's eye,—suthin' saline and acrid,—namely, a tear.

"It's a woman," says Wheelwright,—and suthin' of the same kind blinded him also.

Almost sunset now. But the air was suddenly filled with perplexing snow-dust from a heavy squall. A white curtain dropped between the anxious watchers on the wharf and the boatmen.

The same white curtain hid the dark floating object from its pursuers. There was nothing in sight to steer by now.

Wade steered by his last glimpse,—by the current,—by the rush of the roaring wind,—by instinct.

How merciful that in such a moment a man is spared the agony of thought! His agony goes into action, intense as life.

It was bitterly cold. A swash of icewater filled the bottom of the skiff. She was low enough down without that. They could not stop to bail, and the miniature icebergs they passed began to look significantly over the gunwale. Which would come to the point of foundering first, the boat or the little floe it aimed for?

Bitterly cold! The snow hardly melted upon Tarbox's bare hands. His fingers stiffened to the oars; but there was life in them still, and still he did his work, and never turned to see how the steersman was doing his.

A flight of crows came sailing with the snow-squall. They alighted all about on the hummocks, and curiously watched the two men battling to save life. One black impish bird, more malignant or more sympathetic than his fellows, ventured to poise on the skiff's stern!

Bill hissed off this third passenger. The crow rose on its toes, let the boat slide away from under him, and followed croaking dismal good wishes.

The last sunbeams were now cutting in everywhere. The thick snow-flurry was like a luminous cloud. Suddenly it drew aside.

The industrious skiff had steered so well and made such headway, that there, a hundred yards away, safe still, not gone, thank God! was the woman they sought.

A dusky mass flung together on a waning rood of ice,—Wade could see nothing more.

Weary or benumbed, or sick with pure forlornness and despair, she had drooped down and showed no sign of life.

The great wind shook the river. Her waning rood of ice narrowed, foot by foot, like an unthrifty man's heritage. Inch by inch its edges wore away, until the little space that half-sustained the dark heap was no bigger than a coffin-lid.

Help, now!—now, men, if you are to save! Thrust, Richard Wade, with your boat-hook! Pull, Bill, till your oars snap! Out with your last frenzies of vigor! For the little raft of ice, even that has crumbled beneath its burden, and she sinks,—sinks, with succor close at hand!

Sinks! No,—she rises and floats again.

She clasps something that holds her head just above water. But the unmannerly ice has buffeted her hat off. The fragments toss it about,—that pretty Amazonian hat, with its alert feather, all drooping and draggled. Her fair hair and pure forehead are uncovered for an astonished sunbeam to alight upon.

"It is my love, my life, Bill! Give way, once more!"

"Way enough! Steady! Sit where you are, Bill, and trim boat, while I lift her out. We cannot risk capsizing."

He raised her carefully, tenderly, with his strong arms.

A bit of wood had buoyed her up for that last moment. It was a broken oar with a deep fresh gash in it.

Wade knew his mark,—the cut of his own skate-iron. This busy oar was still resolved to play its part in the drama.

The round little skiff just bore the third person without sinking.

Wade laid Mary Damer against the thwart. She would not let go her buoy. He unclasped her stiffened hands. This friendly touch found its way to her heart. She opened her eyes and knew him.

"The ice shall not carry off her hat to frighten some mother, down stream," says Bill Tarbox, catching it.

All these proceedings Cap'n Ambuster's spy-glass announced to Dunderbunk.

"They're h'istin' her up. They've slumped her into the skiff. They're puttin' for shore. Hooray!"

Pity a spy-glass cannot shoot cheers a mile and a half!

Perry Purtett instantly led a stampede of half Dunderbunk along the railroad track to learn who it was and all about it.

All about it was, that Miss Damer was safe and not dangerously frozen,—and that Wade and Tarbox had carried her up the hill to her mother at Peter Skerrett's.

Missing the heroes in chief, Dunderbunk made a hero of Cap'n Ambuster's skiff. It was transported back on the shoulders of the crowd in triumphal procession. Perry Purtett carried round the hat for a contribution to new paint it, new rib it, new gunwale it, give it new sculls and a new boat-hook,—indeed, to make a new vessel of the brave little bowl.

"I'm afeard," says Cap'n Ambuster, "that, when I git a harnsome new skiff, I shall want a harnsome new steamboat, and then the boat will go cruisin' round for a harnsome new cap'n."

Henry Martyn Baird.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1832.

THE DEATH OF COLIGNY.

[*History of the Rise of the Huguenots of France.* 1879.]

IT was a Sunday morning, the twenty-fourth of August—a day sacred in the Roman calender to the memory of Saint Bartholomew. Torches and blazing lights had been burning all night in the streets, to render the task easy. The houses in which Protestants lodged had been distinctly marked with a white cross. The assassins themselves had agreed upon badges for mutual recognition—a white cross on the hat, and a handkerchief tied about the right arm. The signal for beginning was to be given by the great bell of the "Palais de Justice" on the island of the old "cité."

The preparations had not been so cautiously made but that they attracted the notice of some of the Huguenots living near Coligny. Going out to inquire the meaning of the clash of arms, and the unusual light in the streets, they received the answer that there was to be a mock combat in the Louvre—a pleasure-castle was to be assaulted for the king's diversion. But, as they went farther and approached the Louvre, their eyes were greeted by the sight of more torches and a great number of armed men. The guards, full of the contemplated plot, could not refrain from insults. It soon came to blows, and a Gascon soldier wounded a Protestant gentleman with his halberd. It may have been at this time that the shot was fired which Catherine and her sons heard from the open window of the Louvre. Declaring that the fury of the troops could no longer be restrained, the queen now gave orders to ring the bell of the neighboring church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.

Meantime Henry of Guise, Henry of Valois, the Bastard of Angoulême, and their attendants, had reached the admiral's house. The wounded man was almost alone. Could there be any clearer proof of the rectitude of his purpose, of the utter falsity of the charges of conspiracy with which his enemies afterward attempted to blacken his memory? Guerchy and other Protestant gentlemen had expressed the desire to spend the night with him; but his son-in-law, Téligny, full of confidence in Charles's good intentions, had declined their offers, and had, indeed, himself gone to his own lodgings, not far off, in the Rue St. Honoré. With Coligny were Merlin, his chaplain, Paré, the king's surgeon, his ensign Cornaton, La Bonne, Yolet, and four or five servants. In the court below there were five of Navarre's Swiss guards on duty. Coligny,

awakened by the growing noise in the streets, had at first felt no alarm, so implicitly did he rely upon the protestations of Charles, so confident was he that Cosseins and his guards would readily quell any rising of the Parisians. But now some one knocks at the outer door, and demands an entrance in the king's name. Word is given to La Bonne, who at once descends and unlocks. It is Cosseins, followed by the soldiers whom he commands. No sooner does he pass the threshold than he stabs La Bonne with his dagger. Next he seeks the admiral's room, but it is not easy to reach it, for the brave Swiss, even at the risk of their own lives, defend first the door leading to the stairs, and then the stairs themselves. And now Coligny could no longer doubt the meaning of the uproar. He rose from his bed, and, wrapping his dressing-gown about him, asked his chaplain to pray; and while Merlin endeavored to fulfil his request, he himself in audible petitions invoked Jesus Christ as his God and Saviour, and committed to His hands again the soul he had received from Him. It was then that the person to whom we are indebted for this account—and he can scarcely have been another than Cornaton—rushed into the room. When Paré asked him what the disturbance imported, he turned to the admiral and said: "My lord, it is God that is calling us to himself! The house has been forced, and we have no means of resistance!" To whom the admiral, unmoved by fear, and even, as all who saw him testified, without the least change of countenance, replied: "For a long time have I kept myself in readiness for death. As for you, save yourselves, if you can. It were in vain for you to attempt to save my life. I commend my soul to the mercy of God." Obedient to his directions, all that were with him, save Nicholas Muss, or de la Mouche, his faithful German interpreter, fled to the roof, and escaped under cover of the darkness.

One of Coligny's Swiss guards had been shot at the foot of the stairs. When Cosseins had removed the barricade of boxes that had been erected farther up, the Swiss in his own company, whose uniform of green, white, and black showed them to belong to the Duke of Anjou, found their countrymen on the other side, but did them no harm. Cosseins following them, however, no sooner saw these armed men than he ordered his arquebusiers to shoot, and one of them fell dead. It was a German follower of Guise, named Besme, who first reached and entered Coligny's chamber, and who for the exploit was subsequently rewarded with the hand of a natural daughter of the Cardinal of Lorraine. Cosseins, Attin, Sarlaboux, and others, were behind him. "Is not this the admiral?" said Besme of the wounded man, whom he found quietly seated and awaiting his coming. "I am he," Coligny calmly replied. "Young man, thou oughtest to have respect for my old age and my feebleness; but thou shalt not, nevertheless, shorten my life." There

were those who asserted that he added: "At least, would that some man, and not this blackguard, put me to death." But most of the murderers—and among them Attin, who confessed that never had he seen any one more assured in the presence of death—affirmed that Coligny said nothing beyond the words first mentioned. No sooner had Besme heard the admiral's reply, than, with a curse, he struck him with his sword, first in the breast, and then on the head. The rest took part, and quickly despatched him.

In the court below, Guise was impatiently waiting to hear that his mortal enemy was dead. "Besme," he cried out at last, "have you finished?" "It is done," the assassin replied. "Monsieur le Chevalier (the Bastard of Angoulême) will not believe it," again said Guise, "unless he sees him with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window!" Besme and Sarlaboux promptly obeyed the command. When the lifeless remains lay upon the pavement of the court, Henry of Guise stooped down and with his handkerchief wiped away the blood from the admiral's face. "I recognize him," he said; "it is he himself!" Then, after ignobly kicking the face of his fallen antagonist, he went out gayly encouraging his followers: "Come, soldiers, take courage; we have begun well. Let us go on to the others, for so the king commands!" And often through the day Guise repeated the words, "The king commands; it is the king's pleasure; it is his express command!" Just then a bell was heard, and the cry was raised that the Huguenots were in arms to kill the king.

As for Admiral Coligny's body, after the head had been cut off by an Italian of the guard of the Duke de Nevers, the trunk was treated with every indignity. The hands were cut off, and it was otherwise mutilated in a shameless manner. Three days was it dragged about the streets by a band of inhuman boys. Meantime the head had been carried to the Louvre, where, after Catherine and Charles had sufficiently feasted their eyes on the spectacle, it was embalmed and sent to Rome, a grateful present to the Cardinal of Lorraine and Pope Gregory the Thirteenth. It has been questioned whether the ghastly trophy ever reached its destination. Indeed, the French court seems to have become ashamed of its inhumanity, and to have regretted that so startling a token of its barbarous hatred had been allowed to go abroad. Accordingly, soon after the departure of the courier, a second courier was despatched in great haste to Mandelot, governor of Lyons, bidding him stop the first and take away from him the admiral's head. He arrived too late, however; four hours before Mandelot received the king's letter, "a squire of the Duke of Guise, named Pauli," had passed through the city, doubtless carrying the precious relic. That it was actually placed in the hands of the Cardinal of Lorraine at Rome need not be doubted.

Gaspard de Coligny was in his fifty-sixth year at the time of his death. For twelve years he had been the most prominent man in the Huguenot party, occupying a position secured to him not more by his resplendent abilities as a general than by the respect exacted by high moral principles. With the light and frivolous side of French character he had little in common. It was to a sterner and more severe class that he belonged —a class of which Michel de l'Hospital might be regarded as the type. Men who had little affinity with them, and bore them still less resemblance, but who could not fail to admire their excellence, were wont to liken both the great Huguenot warrior and the chancellor to that Cato whose grave demeanor and imposing dignity were a perpetual censure upon the flippancy and lax morality of his countrymen. Although not above the ordinary height of men, his appearance was dignified and commanding. In speech he was slow and deliberate. His prudence, never carried to the extreme of over-caution, was signalized on many occasions. Success did not elate him; reverses did not dishearten him. The siege of the city of St. Quentin, into which he threw himself with a handful of troops, and which he long defended against the best soldiers of Spain, displayed on a conspicuous stage his military sagacity, his indomitable determination, and the marvellous control he maintained over his followers. It did much to prevent Philip from reaping more substantial fruits from the brilliant victory gained by Count Egmont on the feast-day of St. Lawrence. It was, however, above all in the civil wars that his abilities shone forth resplendent. Equally averse to beginning war without absolute necessity, and to ending it without securing the objects for which it had been undertaken, he was the good genius whose wholesome advice was frequently disregarded, but never without subsequent regret on the part of those who had slighted it. We have seen, in a former chapter, the touching account given by Agrippa d' Aubigné of the appeal of the admiral's wife, which alone was successful in moving him to overcome his almost invincible repugnance to taking up arms, even in behalf of a cause which he knew to be most holy. I find a striking confirmation of the accuracy of the report in a passage of his will, wherein he defends himself from the calumnies of his enemies. "And forasmuch as I have learned that the attempt has been made to impute to me a purpose to attack the persons of the king, the queen, and the king's brothers, I protest before God that I never had any such will or desire, and that I never was present at any place where such plans were ever proposed or discussed. And as I have also been accused of ambition in taking up arms with those of the reformed religion, I make the same protestation, that only zeal for religion, together with fear for my own life, compelled me to assume them. And, indeed, I must confess my weakness, and that the greatest fault which I have

always committed in this respect has been that I have not been sufficiently alive to the acts of injustice and the slaughter to which my brethren were subjected, and that the dangers and the traps that were laid for myself were necessary to move me to do what I have done. But I also declare before God, that I tried every means in my power, in order so long as possible to maintain peace, fearing nothing so much as civil disturbances and wars, and clearly foreseeing that these would bring after them the ruin of this kingdom, whose preservation I have always desired and labored for to the utmost of my ability."

To Coligny's strategy too much praise could scarcely be accorded. The Venetian ambassador, Contarini, in the report of his mission to the senate, in the early part of the year 1572, expressed his amazement that the admiral, a simple gentleman with slender resources, had waged war against his own powerful sovereign, who was assisted by the King of Spain and by a few German and several Italian princes; and that, in spite of many battles lost, he preserved so great a reputation that the reiters and lansquenets never rebelled, although their wages were much in arrears, and their booty was often lost in adverse combats. He was, in fact, said the enthusiastic Italian, entitled to be held in higher esteem than Hannibal, inasmuch as the Carthaginian general retained the respect of foreign nations by being uniformly victorious; but the admiral retained it, although his cause was almost always unsuccessful.

But all Coligny's military achievements pale in the light of his manly and unaffected piety. It is as a type of the best class among the Huguenot nobility that he deserves everlasting remembrance. From his youth he had been plunged in the engrossing pursuits of a soldier's life; but he was not ashamed, so soon as he embraced the views of the reformers, to acknowledge the superior claims of religion upon his time and his allegiance. He gloried in being a Christian. The influence of his faith was felt in every action of his life. In the busiest part of an active life, he yet found time for the recognition of God; and, whether in the camp or in his castle of Châtillon-sur Loing, he consecrated no insignificant portion of the day to devotion.

Mary Ashley Townsend.

Born in Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1832.

DOWN THE BAYOU.

[*Down the Bayou, and Other Poems.* 1882.]

WE drifted down the long lagoon,
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Far out of sight of all the town,
The old Cathedral sinking down,
With spire and cross, from view below
The borders of St. John's bayou,
As toward the ancient Spanish Fort,
With steady prow and helm a-port,
We drifted down, my Love and I,
Beneath an azure April sky,—
My Love and I, My Love and I,
Just at the hour of noon.

. . . . . .

We drifted down, and drifted down,
My Love, my Summer Love and I.
The wild bee sought the shadowed flower,
Yet wet with morning's dewy dower,
While here and there across the stream
A daring vine its frail bridge builded,
As fair, as fragile as some dream
Which Hope with hollow hand hath gilded.
Now here, now there, some fisher's boat,
By trudging fisher towed, would float
Toward the town beyond our eyes;
The drowsy steersman in the sun,
Chanting meanwhile, in drowsy tone,—
Under the smiling April skies,
To which the earth smiled back replies,—
Beside his helm some barcarole,
Or, in the common patois known
To such as he before his day,
Sang out some gay *chanson créole*,
And held his bark upon its way.
Slowly along the old shell-road
Some aged negro, 'neath his load
Of gathered moss and *latanier*
Went shuffling on his homeward way;
While purple, cool, beneath the blue
Of that hot noontide, bravely smiled,
With bright and iridescent hue,
Whole acres of the blue-flag flower,

The breathy Iris, sweet and wild,
That floral savage unsubdued,
The gypsy April's gypsy child.

Now from some point of weedy shore
An Indian woman darts before
The light bow of our idle boat,
In which, like figures in a dream,
My Love, my Summer Love and I,
Adown the sluggish bayou float;
While she, in whose still face we see
Traits of a chieftain ancestry,
Paddles her pirogue down the stream
Swiftly, and with the flexile grace
Of some dusk Dian in the chase.

As nears our boat the tangled shore,
Where the wild mango weaves its boughs,
And early willows stoop their hair
To meet the sullen bayou's kiss;
Where the luxuriant "creeper" throws
Its eager clasp round rough and fair
To climb toward the coming June;
Where the sly serpent's sudden hiss
Startles sometimes the drowsy noon,—
There the rude hut, banana-thatched,
Stands with its ever open door;
Its yellow gourd hung up beside
The crippled crone who, half asleep,
In garments most grotesquely patched,
Grim watch and ward pretends to keep
Where there is naught to be denied.

. . . . . .

Still darkly winding on before,
For half a dozen miles or more,
Past leagues and leagues of lilied marsh,
The murky bayou swerved and slid,
Was lost, and found itself again,
And yet again was quickly hid
Among the grasses of the plain.
As gazed we o'er the sedgy swerves,
The wild and weedy water curves,
Toward sheets of shining canvas spread
High o'er the lilies blue and red,
So low the shores on either hand,
The sloops seemed sailing on the land.

. . . .

We drifted on, and drifted on,
My Love, my Summer Love and I.
All youth seemed like an April land,
All life seemed like a morning sky.

Like the white fervor of a star
That burns in twilight skies afar,
Between the azure of the day
And gates that shut the night away;
Bright as an Ophir jewel's gleam
On some Egyptian's swarthy hand,
About my heart one radiant dream
Shone with a glow intense, supreme,
Yet vague, withal, like some sweet sky
We trust for sunshine, nor know why.
The reed-birds chippered in the reeds,
As drifted on my Love and I;
The sleepy saurian by the bank
Slid from his sunny log, and sank
Beneath the dank, luxuriant weeds
That lay upon the bayou's breast,
Like vernal argosies at rest.

Like some blind Homer of the wood,—
A king in beggared solitude,—
Upon the wide, palmettoed plain,
A giant cypress here and there
Stood in impoverished despair;
With leafless crown, with outstretched limbs,
With mien of woe, with voiceless hymns,
With mossy raiment, tattered, gray,
Waiting in dumb and sightless pain,
A model posing for Doré.
Aloft, on horizontal wing,
We saw the buzzard rock and swing;
That sturdy sailor of the air,
Whose agile pinions have a grace
That prouder plumes might proudly wear,
And claim it for a kinglier race.

From distant oak-groves, sweet and strong,
The voicy mocking-bird gave song,—
That plagiarist whose note is known
As every bird's, yet all his own.
As shuttles of the Persian looms
Catch all of Nature's subtlest blooms,
Alike her bounty and her dole
To weave in one bewildering whole,
So has this subtile singer caught
All sweetest songs, and deftly wrought
Them into one entrancing score
From his rejoicing heart to pour.

Remembering that song, that sky,
"My Love," I say, "my Love and I"—
"My Summer Love"—yet know not why.

We had been friends, we still were friends;
Where love begins and friendship ends,
To both was like some new strange shore
Which hesitating feet explore.
There had we met, surprised to meet
And glad to find surprise so sweet;
But not a word, nor sigh, nor token,
Nor tender word unconscious spoken,
Nor lingering clasp, nor sudden kiss,
Had shown Love born of Friendship's broken,
Golden, glorious chrysalis.

Each well content with each to dream,
We drifted down that silent stream,
Searching the book of Nature fair,
To find each other's picture there,
  Lifting our eyes
  To name the skies
Prophets of cloudless destinies,
As down and down the long lagoon
We swept that semi-tropic noon,
Each one as sure love lay below
The careless thoughts our lips might breathe,
Or lighter laughter might unfold,
As doth the earnest alchemist know
Beneath his trusted crucibles glow
Fires to transmute his dross to gold.

Hubert Howe Bancroft.

Born in Granville, Ohio, 1832.

HOW THEY FOUND THE PACIFIC GOLD.

[*History of the Pacific States of North America. Volume XXIII.* 1888.]

TWOSCORE miles above Sutter's Fort, a short distance up the south branch of American River, the rocky gateway opens, and the mountains recede to the south, leaving in their wake softly rounded hills covered with pine, balsam, and oak, while on the north are somewhat abrupt and rocky slopes, patched with grease-wood and chemisal, and streaked with the deepening shades of narrow gulches. Between these bounds is a valley four miles in circumference, with red soil now covered by a thin verdure, shaded here and there by low bushes and stately groves. Culuma, "beautiful vale," the place was called. At times sunk in isolation,

at times it was stirred by the presence of a tribe of savages bearing its name, whose several generations here cradled, after weary roaming, sought repose upon the banks of a useful, happy, and sometimes frolicsome stream. Within the half-year civilization had penetrated these precincts, to break the periodic solitude with the sound of axe and rifle; for here the saw-mill men had come, marking their course by a tree-blazed route, presently to show the way to the place where was now to be played the first scene of a drama which had for its audience the world.

Among the retainers of the Swiss hacendado at this time was a native of New Jersey, James Wilson Marshall, a man of thirty-three years, who after drifting in the western states as carpenter and farmer, came hither by way of Oregon to California. In July 1845 he entered the service of Sutter, and was duly valued as a good mechanic. By and by he secured a grant of land on Butte Creek, on which he placed some live-stock, and went to work. During his absence in the war southward, this was lost or stolen; and somewhat discouraged, he turned again to Sutter, and readily entered into his views for building a saw-mill.

The old difficulty of finding a site still remained, and several exploring excursions were now made by Marshall, sometimes accompanied by Sutter, and by others in Sutter's service. On the 16th of May, 1847, Marshall set out on one of these journeys, accompanied by an Indian guide and two white men, Treador and Graves. On the 20th they were joined by one Gingery, who had been exploring with the same object on the Cosumnes. They travelled up the stream now called Weber Creek to its head, pushed on to the American River, discovered Culuma, and settled upon this place as the best they had found, uniting as it did the requisite water-power and timber, with a possible roadway to the fort. Sutter resolved to lose no time in erecting the mill, and invited Marshall to join him as partner. The agreement was signed in the latter part of August, and shortly afterward Marshall set out with his party, carrying tools and supplies on Mexican ox-carts, and driving a flock of sheep for food. A week was occupied by the journey. Shelter being the first thing required on arrival, a double log-house was erected, with a passage-way between the two parts, distant a quarter of a mile or more from the mill-site. Subsequently two other cabins were constructed nearer the site. By New-Year's day the mill-frame had risen, and a fortnight later the brush-dam was finished, although not till the fortitude of Marshall and his men had been tried by a flood which threatened to sweep away the whole structure. . . . .

They were a cheerful set, working with a will, yet with a touch of insouciance, imparted to some extent by the picturesque Mexican sombrero and sashes, and sustained by an interchange of banter at the simplicity or awkwardness of the savages. In Marshall they had a passable

Hubert H Bancroft

master, though sometimes called queer. He was a man fitted by physique and temperament for the backwoods life, which had lured and held him. Of medium size, strong rather than well developed, his features were coarse, with a thin beard round the chin and mouth, cut short like the brown hair; broad forehead and penetrating eyes, by no means unintelligent, yet lacking intellectuality, at times gloomily bent on vacancy, at times flashing with impatience. He was essentially a man of moods; his mind was of dual complexion. In the plain and proximate, he was sensible and skilful; in the obscure and remote, he was utterly lost. In temper it was so; with his companions and subordinates he was free and friendly; with his superiors and the world at large he was morbidly ill-tempered and surly. He was taciturn, with visionary ideas, linked to spiritualism, that repelled confidence, and made him appear eccentric and morbid; he was restless, yet capable of self-denying perseverance that was frequently stamped as obstinacy.

Early in the afternoon of Monday, the 24th of January, 1848, while sauntering along the tail-race inspecting the work, Marshall noticed yellow particles mingled with the excavated earth which had been washed by the late rains. He gave it little heed at first; but presently seeing more, and some in scales, the thought occurred to him that possibly it might be gold. Sending an Indian to his cabin for a tin plate, he washed out some of the dirt, separating thereby as much of the dust as a ten-cent piece would hold; then he went about his business, stopping a while to ponder on the matter. During the evening he remarked once or twice quietly, somewhat doubtingly, "Boys, I believe I have found a gold mine." "I reckon not," was the response; "no such luck."

Up betimes next morning, according to his custom, he walked down by the race to see the effect of the night's sluicing, the head-gate being closed at daybreak as usual. Other motives prompted his investigation, as may be supposed, and led to a closer examination of the débris. On reaching the end of the race a glitter from beneath the water caught his eye, and bending down he picked from its lodgment against a projection of soft granite, some six inches below the surface, a larger piece of the yellow substance than any he had seen. If gold, it was in value equal to about half a dollar. As he examined it his heart began to throb. Could it indeed be gold! Or was it only mica, or sulphuret of copper, or other ignis fatuus! Marshall was no metallurgist, yet he had practical sense enough to know that gold is heavy and malleable; so he turned it over, and weighed it in his hand; then he bit it; and then he hammered it between two stones. It must be gold! And the mighty secret of the Sierra stood revealed!

Marshall took the matter coolly; he was a cool enough man except where his pet lunacy was touched. On further examination he found

more of the metal. He went to his companions and showed it to them, and they collected some three ounces of it, flaky and in grains, the largest piece not quite so large as a pea, and from that down to less than a pin-head in size. Half of this he put in his pouch, and two days later mounted his horse and rode over to the fort. . . . .

It was late in the afternoon of the 28th of January when Marshall dismounted at New Helvetia, entered the office where Sutter was busy writing, and abruptly requested a private interview. The horseman was dripping wet, for it was raining. Wondering what could have happened, as but the day before he had sent to the mill all that was required, Sutter led the way into a private room. "Are you alone?" demanded the visitor. "Yes," was the reply. "Did you lock the door?" "No, but I will if you wish it." "I want two bowls of water," said Marshall. Sutter rang the bell and the bowls were brought. "Now I want a stick of redwood, and some twine, and some sheet copper." "What do you want of all these things, Marshall?" "To make scales." "But I have scales enough in the apothecary's shop," said Sutter; and he brought a pair. Drawing forth his pouch, Marshall emptied the contents into his hand, and held it before Sutter's eyes, remarking, "I believe this is gold; but the people at the mill laughed at me and called me crazy." Sutter examined the stuff attentively, and finally said: "It certainly looks like it; we will try it." First aqua-fortis was applied; and the substance stood the test. Next three dollars in silver coin were put into one of the scales, and balanced by gold-dust in the other. Both were then immersed in water, when down went the dust and up the silver coin. Finally a volume of the "American Encyclopædia," of which the fort contained a copy, was brought out, and the article on gold carefully studied, whereupon all doubts vanished.

Marshall proposed that Sutter should return with him to the mill that night, but the latter declined, saying that he would be over the next day. It was now supper-time, and still drizzling; would not the visitor rest himself till morning? No, he must be off immediately; and without even waiting to eat, he wrapped his serape about him, mounted his horse, and rode off into the rain and darkness. Sutter slept little that night. Though he knew nothing of the magnitude of the affair, and did not fully realize the evils he had presently to face, yet he felt there would soon be enough of the fascination abroad to turn the heads of his men, and to disarrange his plans. In a word, with prophetic eye, as he expressed himself to me, he saw that night the curse of the thing upon him.

On the morning of the 29th of January Sutter started for the saw-mill. When half-way there, or more, he saw an object moving in the bushes at one side. "What is that?" demanded Sutter of his attendant.

"The man who was with you yesterday," was the reply. It was still raining. "Have you been here all night?" asked Sutter of Marshall; for it was indeed he. "No," Marshall said, "I slept at the mill, and came back to meet you." As they rode along Marshall expressed the opinion that the whole country was rich in gold. Arrived at the mill, Sutter took up his quarters at a house Marshall had lately built for himself, a little way up the mountain, and yet not far from the mill. During the night the water ran in the race, and in the morning it was shut off. All present then proceeded down the channel, and jumping into it at various points began to gather gold. With some contributions by the men, added to what he himself picked up, Sutter secured enough for a ring weighing an ounce and a half, which he soon after exhibited with great pride as a specimen of the first gold. A private examination by the partners up the river disclosed gold all along its course, and in the tributary ravines and creeks.

Sutter regarded the discovery as a misfortune. Without laborers his extensive works must come to a stop, presaging ruin. Gladly would he have shut the knowledge from the world, for a time, at least. With the men at the mill the best he could do was to make them promise to continue their work, and say nothing of the gold discovery for six weeks, by which time he hoped to have his flour-mill completed, and his other affairs so arranged as to enable him to withstand the result. The men, indeed, were not yet prepared to relinquish good wages for the uncertainties of gold-gathering.

If only the land could be secured on which this gold was scattered—for probably it did not extend far in any direction—then interloping might be prevented, mining controlled, and the discovery made profitable. It was worth trying, at all events. Mexican grants being no longer possible, Sutter began by opening negotiations with the natives, after the manner of the English colonists on the other side of the continent. Calling a council of the Culumas and some of their neighbors, the lords aboriginal of those lands, Sutter and Marshall obtained from them a three years' lease of a tract some ten or twelve miles square, on payment of some shirts, hats, handkerchiefs, flour, and other articles of no great value, the natives meanwhile to be left unmolested in their homes. Sutter then returned to New Helvetia, and the great discovery was consummated.

ARGONAUT LIFE AND CHARACTER.

[*From the Same.*]

CERTAIN distinctiveness of dress and manner assisted the physical type in marking nationalities; but idiosyncrasies were less conspicuous here than in conventional circles, owing to the prevalence of the miner's garb—checked or woolen shirts, with a predominance of red and blue, open at the bosom, which could boast of shaggy robustness, or loosely secured by a kerchief; pantaloons half tucked into high and wrinkled boots, and belted at the waist, where bristled an arsenal of knife and pistols. Beard and hair, emancipated from thraldom, revelled in long and bushy tufts, which rather harmonized with the slouched and dingy hat. Later, a species of foppery broke out in the flourishing towns; on Sundays particularly gay colors predominated. The gamblers, taking the lead, affected the Mexican style of dress: white shirt with diamond studs, or breastpin of native gold, chain of native golden specimens, broad-brimmed hat with sometimes a feather or squirrel's tail under the band, top-boots, and a rich scarlet sash or silk handkerchief thrown over the shoulder or wound round the waist. San Francisco took early a step further. Traders and clerks drew forth their creased suits of civilization, till the shooting-jacket of the Briton, the universal black of the Yankee, the tapering cut of the Parisian, the stove-pipe hat and stand-up collar of the professional, appeared upon the street to rival or eclipse the prostitute and cognate fraternity which at first monopolized elegance in drapery.

Miners, however, made a resolute stand against any approach to dandyism, as they termed the concomitants of shaven face and white shirt, as antagonistic to their own foppery of rags and undress which attended deified labor. Clean, white, soft hands were an abomination, for such were the gambler's and the preacher's, not to speak of worshipful femininity. But horny were the honest miner's hands, whose one only soft touch was the revolver's trigger. A storekeeper in the mines was a necessary evil, a cross between a cattle-thief and a constable; if a fair trader, free to give credit, and popular, he was quite respectable, more so than the saloon-keeper or the loafer, but let him not aspire to the dignity of digger.

Nor was the conceit illusive; for the finest specimens of manhood unfolded in these rugged forms, some stanch and broad-shouldered, some gaunt and wiry; their bronzed, hairy features weather-bleached and furrowed, their deep rolling voices laden with oaths, though each ejaculation was tempered by the frankness and humor of the twinkling eye. All this dissolution of old conventionalities and adoption of new

forms, which was really the creation of an original type, was merely a part of the overflowing sarcasm and fun started by the dissolution of prejudice and the liberation of thought.

A marked trait of the Californians was exuberance in work and play, in enterprise or pastime—an exuberance full of vigor. To reach this country was in itself a task which implied energy, self-reliance, self-denial, and similar qualities; but moderation was not a virtue consonant with the new environment. The climate was stimulating. Man breathed quicker and moved faster; the very windmills whirled here with a velocity that would make a Hollander's head swim. And so like boys escaped from school, from supervision, the adventurer yielded to the impulse, and allowed the spirit within him to run riot. The excitement, moreover, brought out the latent strength hitherto confined by lack of opportunity and conventional rules. Chances presented themselves in different directions to vaulting ambition. Thrown upon his own resources midst strange surroundings, with quickened observation and thought, the enterprising new-comer cast aside traditional caution, and launched into the current of speculation; for everything seemed to promise success whatever course might be pursued, so abnormal were the times and place which set at naught all calculations formulated by wisdom and precedent. Amid the general free and magnificent disorder, recklessness had its votaries, which led to a widespread emphasis in language, and to a full indulgence in exciting pastimes. All this, however, was but the bubble and spray of the river hurrying onward to a grander and calmer future.

This frenzied haste, no less than the absence of families, denoted that the mania was for enrichment, with hopes rather of a speedy return to the old home than of building a new one. San Francisco and other towns remained under this idea, as well as temporary camps and depots for the gold-fields, whither went not only diggers, but in their wake a vast following of traders, purveyors, gamblers, and other ravenous non-producers to absorb substance.

The struggle for wealth, however, untarnished by sordidness, stood redeemed by a whole-souled liberality, even though the origin of this ideal Californian trait, like many another virtue, may be traced to less noble sources; here partly to the desire to cover up the main stimulant —greed; partly to the prodigality bred by easy acquisition; partly to the absence of restraining family cares. Even traders scorned to haggle. A half-dollar was the smallest coin that could be tendered for any service, and many hesitated to offer a quarter for the smallest article. Everything proceeded on a grand scale; even boot-blacking assumed big proportions, with neatly fitted recesses, cushioned chairs, and a supply of entertaining journals. Wages rose to a dollar an hour for labor-

ers, and to twelve and twenty dollars a day for artisans. With them was raised the dignity of labor, sanctified by the application of all classes, by the independence of mining life, and by the worshipful results—gold.

A natural consequence was the levelling of rank, a democratic equalization hitherto unapproached, and shattering the conservative notions more or less prevalent. The primary range of classes was not so varied as in the older countries; for the rich and powerful would not come to toil, and the very poor could not well gain the distant land; but where riches lay so near the reach of all, their accumulation conferred less advantage. Aptitude was the esteemed and distinguishing trait. The aspiring man could break away from drudgery at home, and here find many an open field with independence The laborer might gain the footing of employer; the clerk the position of principal; while former doctors, lawyers, and army officers could be seen toiling for wages, even as waiters and shoe-blacks. Thus were grades reversed, fitness to grasp opportunity giving the ascendency.

The levelling process left indelible traces; yet from the first the mental reservation and consequent effort were made to rise above any enforced subjection. The idea of abasement was sometimes softened by the disguise of name, which served also for fugitives from misfortune or disgrace, while it flattered imitators of humble origin. This habit received wide acknowledgment and application, especially in the mines, where nicknames became the rule, with a preference for abbreviated baptismal names, particularized by an epithet descriptive of the person, character, nationality; as Sandy Pete, Long-legged Jack, Dutchy. The cause here may be sought chiefly in the blunt unrestrained good-fellowship of the camp, which banished all formality and superfluous courtesy.

The requirements of mining life favored partnership; and while few of the associations formed for the journey out kept together, new unions were made for mutual aid in danger, sickness, and labor. Sacred like the marriage bonds, as illustrated by the softening of partner into the familiar "pard," were the ties which oft united men vastly different in physique and temperament, the weak and strong, the lively and sedate, thus yoking themselves together. It presented the affinity of opposites, with the heroic possibilities of a Damon or Patroclus. Those already connected with benevolent societies sought out one another to revive them for the practice of charity, led by the Odd Fellows, who united as early as 1847. . . . .

Obviously in a community of men the few women present were very conspicuous. There were whole groups of camps which could be searched in vain for the presence of a single woman, and where one was found she proved too often only the fallen image, the centre of gyrating

revelry and discord. In San Francisco and other large towns, families began to settle, yet for a long time the disreputable element outshone the virtuous by loudness in dress and manner, especially in public resorts. In the scarcity men assumed the heroic, and women became worshipful. The few present wore an Aphrodite girdle, which shed a glamour over imperfections, till they found themselves divinities, centres of chivalric adorers. In the mining region men would travel from afar for a glance at a newly arrived female, or handle in mock or real ecstasy some fragment of female apparel. Even in the cities passers-by would turn to salute a female stranger, while the appearance of a little girl would be heralded like that of an angel, many a rugged fellow bending with tears of recollection to give her a kiss and press a golden ounce into her hand. The effects of these tender sentiments remained rooted in the hearts of Californians long after the romance age, the only mellow trait with many a one, the only thing sacred being some base imitation of the divine image. . . . .

Distance did not seem to weaken the bond with the old home, to judge especially by the general excitement created by the arrival of a mail-steamer. What a straining of eyes toward the signal-station on Telegraph hill, as the time of her coming drew nigh! What a rush toward the landing! What a struggle to secure the month-old newspaper, which sold readily for a dollar! For letters patience had to be curbed, owing to the scanty provisions at the post-office for sorting the bulky mail. Such was the anxiety, however, that numbers took their position in the long line before the delivery-window during the preceding day or night, fortified with stools and creature comforts. There were boys and men who made a business of taking a place in the post-office line to sell it to later comers, who would find the file probably extending round more than one block. There was ample time for reflection while thus waiting before the post-office window, not to mention the agony of suspense, heightened by the occasional demonstration of joy or sorrow on the part of others on reading their letters.

The departure of a steamer presented scenes hardly less stirring, the mercantile class being especially earnest in efforts to collect outstanding debts for remittance. At the wharf stood preëminent sturdy miners girdled with well-filled belts, their complacent faces turned eastward. Old Californians they boasted themselves, though counting, perhaps, less than a half-year sojourn; many strutting in their coarse and soiled camp attire, glorying in their rags like Antisthenes, through the holes of whose clothes Socrates saw such rank pride peering. Conspicuous by contrast were many haggard and dejected faces, stamped by broken constitutions, soured by disappointment. Others no less unhappy, without even the means to follow them, were left behind, stranded; with hope

fled, and having relinquished the struggle to sink perhaps into the outcast's grave.

Housekeeping in these days, even in the cities, was attended by many discomforts. The difficulty of obtaining female servants, which prevailed even in later years, gave rise to the phenomenon of male house-servants, first in Irish, French, or Italian, and later in Chinese form. Fleas, rats, and other vermin abounded; laundry expenses often exceeded the price of new underwear; water and other conveniences were lacking, and dwelling accommodations most deficient, the flimsy cloth partitions in hotels forbidding privacy.

For the unmarried men any hovel answered the purpose, fitted as they were for privation by the hardships of a sea-voyage or a transcontinental journey. The bunk-lined room of the ordinary lodging-house, the wooden shed, or canvas tent, could hardly have been more uncomfortable than the foul-smelling and musty ship-hold. Thus the high price prevalent for board and lodging, as well as the discomforts attending housekeeping and home life, tended to heighten the allurements of vice-breeding resorts. . . . .

The miners were a nomadic race, with prospectors for advance guard. Prospecting, the search for new gold-fields, was partly compulsory, for the overcrowded camp or district obliged the new-comer to pass onward, or a claim worked out left no alternative. But in early days the incentive lay greatly in the cravings of a feverish imagination, excited by fanciful camp-fire tales of huge ledges and glittering nuggets, the sources of these bare sprinklings of precious metals which cost so much toil to collect. Distance assists to conjure up mirages of ever-increasing enchantment, encircled by the romance of adventure, until growing unrest makes hitherto well-yielding and valued claims seem unworthy of attention, and drives the holder forth to rove. He bakes bread for the requirements of several days, takes a little salt, and the cheering flask, and with cup and pan, pick and shovel, attached to the blanket strapped to his back, he sallies forth, a trusty rifle in hand for defence and for providing meat. If well off, he transfers the increased burden to a pack-animal; but as often he may be obliged to eke it out with effects borrowed from a confiding friend or storekeeper.

Following a line parallel to the range, northward or south, across ridges and ravines, through dark gorges, or up some rushing stream, at one time he is seized with a consciousness of slumbering nuggets beneath his feet, at another he is impelled onward to seek the parent mass; but prudence prevails upon him not to neglect the indications of experience, the hypothetical watercourses and their confluences in dry tracts, the undisturbed bars of the living streams, where its eddies have thrown up sand and gravel, the softly-rounded gravel-bearing hill, the

crevices of exposed rocks, or the outcropping quartz veins along the bank and hillside. Often the revelation comes by accident, which upsets sober-minded calculation; for where a child may stumble upon pounds of metal, human nature can hardly be content to toil for a pitiful ounce.

Rumors of success are quickly started, despite all care by the finder to keep a discovery secret, at least for a time. The compulsion to replenish the larder is sufficient to point the trail, and the fox-hound's scent for its prey is not keener than that of the miner for gold. One report starts another; and some morning an encampment is roused by files of men hurrying away across the ridge to new-found treasures.

Then spring up a camp of leafy arbors, brush huts, and peaked tents, in bold relief upon the naked bar, dotting the hillside in picturesque confusion, or nestling beneath the foliage. The sounds of crowbar and pick reëcho from the cliffs, and roll off upon the breeze mingled with the hum of voices from bronzed and hairy men, who delve into the banks and hill-slope, coyote into the mountain side, burrow in the gloom of tunnels and shafts, and breast the river currents. Soon drill and blast increase the din; flumes and ditches creep along the cañon walls to turn great wheels and creaking pumps. Over the ridges come the mule-trains, winding to the jingle of the leader's bell and the shouts of arrieros, with fresh wanderers in the wake, bringing supplies and consumers for the stores, drinking-saloons, and hotels that form the solitary main street. Here is the valve for the pent-up spirit of the toilers, lured nightly by the illumined canvas walls, and the boisterous mirth of revellers, noisy, oath-breathing, and shaggy; the richer the more dissolute, yet as a rule good-natured and law-abiding. The chief cause for trouble lay in the cup, for the general display of arms served to awe criminals by the intimation of summary punishment; yet theft found a certain encouragement in the ease of escape among the ever-moving crowds, with little prospect of pursuit by preoccupied miners.

The great gathering in the main street was on Sundays, when after a restful morning, though unbroken by the peal of church-bells, the miners gathered from hills and ravines for miles around for marketing and relaxation. It was the harvest day for the gamblers, who raked in regularly the weekly earnings of the improvident, and then sent them to the store for credit to work out another gambling-stake. Drinking-saloons were crowded all day, drawing pinch after pinch of gold-dust from the buckskin bags of the miners, who felt lonely if they could not share their gains with barkeepers as well as friends. And enough there were of these to drain their purses and sustain their rags. Besides the gambler, whose abundance of means, leisure, and self-possession gave him an influence second in this respect only to that of the storekeeper, the general referee, adviser, and provider, there was the bully, who gen-

erally boasted of his prowess as a scalp-hunter and duellist with fist or pistol, and whose following of reckless loafers acquired for him an unenviable power in the less reputable camps, which at times extended to terrorism. His opposite was the effeminate dandy, whose regard for dress seldom reconciled him to the rough shirt, sash-bound, tucked pantaloons, awry boots, and slouchy bespattered hat of the honest, unshaved miner, and whose gingerly handling of implements bespoke an equal consideration for his hands and back. Midway stood the somewhat turbulent Irishman, ever atoning for his weakness by an infectious humor; the rotund Dutchman ready to join in the laugh raised at his own expense; the rollicking sailor, widely esteemed as a favorite of fortune. This reputation was allowed also to the Hispano-Californians, and tended here to create the prejudice which fostered their clannishness. Around flitted Indians, some half-naked, others in gaudy and ill-assorted covering, cast-off like themselves, and fit subjects for the priests and deacons, who, after preaching long and fervently against the root of evil, had come to tear it out by hand.

On week-days dullness settled upon the camp, and life was distributed among clusters of tents and huts, some of them sanctified by the presence of woman, as indicated by the garden-patch with flowers. For winter, log and clapboard houses replaced to a great extent the precarious tent and brush hut, although frequently left with sodded floor, bark roof, and a split log for the door. The interior was scantily provided with a fixed frame of sticks supporting a stretched canvas bed, or bolster of leaves and straw. A similarly rooted table was at times supplemented by an old chest, with a bench or blocks of wood for seats. A shelf with some dingy books and papers, a broken mirror, and newspaper illustrations adorned the walls, and at one end gaped a rude hearth of stones and mud, with its indispensable frying-pan and pot, and in the corner a flour-bag, a keg or two, and some cans with preserved food. The disorder indicated a bachelor's quarters, the trusty rifle and the indispensable flask and tobacco at times playing hide and seek in the scattered rubbish.

The inmates were early astir, and the cabin stood deserted throughout the day, save when some friend or wanderer might enter its unlocked precincts, welcome to its comforts, or when the owners could afford to return for a siesta during the midday heat. Toward sunset the miners came filing back along the ravines, gathering sticks for the kitchen fire, and merrily speeding their halloos along the cliffs, whatsoever may have been the fortune of the day. If several belonged to the mess, each took his turn as cook, and preceded the rest to prepare the simple food of salt pork and beans, perhaps a chop or steak, tea or coffee, and the bread or flapjack, the former baked with saleratus, the lat-

ter consisting of mere flour and water and a pinch of salt, mixed in the gold-pan and fried with some grease. Many a solitary miner devoted Sunday to prepare supplies of bread and coffee for the week. Exhausted nature joined with custom in sustaining a change of routine for this day, and here it became one for renovation, bodily and mental, foremost in mending and washing, brushing up the cabin, and preparing for the coming week's campaign, then for recreation at the village. Every evening also, the camp-fire, replenished by the cook, drew convivial souls to the feast on startling tales or yarns of treasure-troves, on merry songs with pan and kettle accompaniment, on the varying fortunes of the cards. A few found greater interest in a book, and others, lulled by the hum around, sank into reverie of home and boyhood scenes.

The young and unmated could not fail to find allurement in this free and bracing life, with its nature environment, devoid of conventionalisms and fettering artificiality, with its appeal to the roving instinct and love of adventure, and its fascinating vistas of enrichment. Little mattered to them occasional privations and exposure, which were generally self-imposed and soon forgotten midst the excitement of gold-hunting. Even sickness passed out of mind like a fleeting nightmare. And so they kept on in pursuit of the will-o'-the-wisp of their fancy, neglecting moderate prospects from which prudent men were constantly getting a competency. At times alighting upon a little "pile," which, too small for the rising expectation, was lavishly squandered; at times descending to wage-working for relief. Thus they drifted along in semi-beggary, from snow-clad ranges to burning plain, brave and hardy, gay and careless, till lonely age crept up to confine them to some ruined hamlet, emblematic of their shattered hopes—to find an unnoticed grave in the auriferous soil which they had loved too well. Shrewder men with better-directed energy took what fortune gave, or combining with others for vast enterprises, in tunnels and ditches, hydraulic and quartz mining, then turning, with declining prospects, to different pursuits to aid in unfolding latent resources, introducing new industries, and adding their quota to progress, throwing aside with a roaming life the loose habits of dress and manner. This was the American adaptability and self-reliance which, though preferring independence of action, could organize and fraternize with true spirit, could build up the greatest of mining commonwealths, give laws to distant states, impart fresh impulse to the world's commerce, and foster the development of resources and industries throughout the Pacific.

The broader effect of prospecting, in opening new fields, was attended by the peculiar excitement known as rushes, for which Californians evinced a remarkable tendency, possessed as they were by an excitable temperament and love of change, with a propensity for speculation.

This spirit, indeed, had guided them on the journey to the distant shores of the Pacific, and perhaps one step farther might bring them to the glittering goal. The discoveries and troves made daily around them were so interesting as to render any tale of gold credible. An effervescing society, whose day's work was but a wager against the hidden treasure of nature, was readily excited by every breeze of rumor. Even men with valuable claims, yielding perhaps twenty or forty dollars a day, would be seized by the vision and follow it, in hopes of still greater returns. Others had exhausted their working-ground, or lay under enforced inactivity for lack or excess of water, according to the nature of the field, and were consequently prepared to join the current of less fortunate adventurers.

Moncure Daniel Conway.

Born at "Middleton," Stafford Co., Va., 1832.

DEATH AS FOE, AND AS FRIEND.

[*Demonology and Devil-Lore.* 1879.]

THE Skeleton Death has the advantage over earlier forms of suggesting the naturalness of death. The gradual discovery by the people that death is not caused by sin has largely dissipated its horrors in regions where the ignorance and impostures of priestcraft are of daily observation; and although the reaction may not be expressed with good taste, there would seem to be in it a certain vigor of nature, reasserting itself in simplicity.

In the northern world we are all too sombre in the matter. It is the ages of superstition which have moulded our brains, and too generally given to our natural love of life the unnatural counterpart of a terror of death. What has been artificially bred into us can be cultivated out of us. There are indeed deaths corresponding to the two Angels—the death that comes by lingering disease and pain, and that which comes by old age. There are indeed Azraëls in our cities who poison the food and drink of the people, and mingle death in the cup of water; and of them there should be increasing horror until the gentler angel abides with us, and death by old age becomes normal. The departure from life being a natural condition of entering upon it, it is melancholy indeed that it should be ideally confused with the pains and sorrows often attending it. It is fabled that Menippus the Cynic, travelling through Hades, knew which were the kings there by their howling louder than

the rest. They howled loudest because they had parted from most pleasures on earth. But all the happy and young have more reason to lament untimely death than kings. The only tragedy of Death is the ruin of living Love. Mr. Watts in his great picture of Love and Death revealed the real horror. Not that skeleton, which has its right time and place, not the winged demon (called angel), who has no right time or place, is here, but a huge, hard, heartless form, as of man half-blocked out of marble; a terrible emblem of the remorseless force that embodies the incompleteness and ignorance of mankind—a force that steadily crushes hearts where intellects are devoting their energies to alien worlds. Poor Love has little enough science; his puny arm stretched out to resist the colossal form is weak as the prayers of agonized parents and lovers directed against never-swerving laws; he is almost exhausted; his lustrous wings are broken and torn in the struggle; the dove at his feet crouches mateless; the rose that climbed on his door is prostrate; over his shoulder the beam-like arm has set the stony hand against the door where the rose of joy must fall.

The aged when they die do but follow the treasures that have gone before. One by one the old friends have left them, the sweet ties parted, and the powers to enjoy and help become feeble. When of the garden that once bloomed around them memory alone is left, friendly is death to scatter also the leaves of that last rose where the loved ones are sleeping. This is the real office of death. Nay, even when it comes to the young and happy it is not Death but Disease that is the real enemy; in disease there is almost no compensation at all but learning its art of war; but Death is Nature's pity for helpless pain; where love and knowledge can do no more, it comes as a release from sufferings which were sheer torture if prolonged. The presence of death is recognized oftenest by the cessation of pain. Superstition has done few heavier wrongs to humanity than by the mysterious terrors with which it has invested that change which, to the simpler ages, was pictured as the gentle river Lethe, flowing from the abode of sleep, from which the shades drank oblivion alike of their woes and of the joys from which they were torn.

AFRICAN SERPENT-DRAMA IN AMERICA.

[*From the Same.*]

ON the eve of January 1, 1863,—that historic New Year's Day on which President Lincoln proclaimed freedom to American slaves,—I was present at a Watch-night held by negroes in the city of Boston,

Mass. In opening the meeting the preacher said,—though in words whose eloquent shortcomings I cannot reproduce:—"Brethren and sisters, the President of the United States has promised that if the Confederates do not lay down their arms, he will free all their slaves to-morrow. They have not laid down their arms. To-morrow will be the day of liberty to the oppressed. But we all know that evil powers are around the President. While we sit here they are trying to make him break his word. But we have come together to watch, and see that he does not break his word. Brethren, the bad influences around the President to-night are stronger than any Copperheads. The Old Serpent is abroad to-night, with all his emissaries, in great power. His wrath is great, because he knows his hour is near. He will be in this church this evening. As midnight comes on we shall hear his rage. But, brethren and sisters, don't be alarmed. Our prayers will prevail. His head will be bruised. His back will be broken. He will go raging to hell, and God Almighty's New Year will make the United States a true land of freedom."

The sensation caused among the hundreds of negroes present by these words was profound; they were frequently interrupted by cries of "Glory!" and there were tears of joy. But the scene and excitement which followed were indescribable. A few moments before midnight the congregation were requested to kneel, which they did, and prayer succeeded prayer with increasing fervor. Presently a loud, prolonged hiss was heard. There were cries—"He's here! he's here!" Then came a volley of hisses; they seemed to proceed from every part of the room, hisses so entirely like those of huge serpents that the strongest nerves were shaken; above them rose the preacher's prayer that had become a wild incantation, and ecstatic ejaculations became so universal that it was a marvel what voices were left to make the hisses. Finally, from a neighboring steeple the twelve strokes of midnight sounded on the frosty air, and immediately the hisses diminished, and presently died away altogether, and the New Year that brought freedom to four millions of slaves was ushered in by the jubilant chorus of all present singing a hymn of victory.

Far had come those hisses and that song of victory, terminating the dragon-drama of America. In them was the burden of Ezekiel: "Son of man, set thy face against Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and prophesy against him and against all Egypt, saying, Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of the rivers. . . . I will put a hook in thy jaws." In them was the burden of Isaiah: "In that day Jehovah with his sore and great and strong sword shall punish Leviathan the piercing serpent, even Leviathan that crooked serpent: he shall slay the dragon that is in

the sea." In it was the cry of Zophar: "His meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him. He hath swallowed down riches, and he shall vomit them up again. God shall cast them out of his belly." And these Hebrew utterances, again, were but the distant echoes of far earlier voices of those African slaves still seen pictured with their chains on the ruined walls of Egypt,—voices that gathered courage at last to announce the never-ending struggle of man with Oppression, as that combat between god and serpent, which never had a nobler event than when the dying hiss of Slavery was heard in America, and the victorious Sun rose upon a New World of free and equal men.

The Serpent thus exalted in America to a type of oppression is very different from any snake that may this day be found worshipped as a deity by the African in his native land. The swarthy snake-worshipper in his migration took his god along with him in his chest or basket—at once ark and altar—and in that hiding-place it underwent transformations. He emerged as the protean emblem of both good and evil. In a mythologic sense the serpent certainly held its tail in its mouth. No civilization has reached the end of its typical supremacy.

PORTIA.

[*The Wandering Jew.* 1881.]

AMONG all these representative figures of the Venetian court-room, transformations from the flying doves and pursuing hawks, bound victims and exacting deities of ancient mythology, there is one who possesses a significance yet to be considered. That is Portia. Who is this gentle woman in judicial costume? She is that human heart which in every age, amid hard dogmatic systems and priestly intolerance, has steadily appealed against the whole vindictive system—whether Jewish or Christian—and, even while outwardly conforming, managed to rescue human love and virtue from it. With his wonted yet ever-marvellous felicity, Shakspeare has made the genius of this human sentiment slipping through the technicalities of priest-made law a woman. In the mythology of dooms and spells it is often that by the seed of the woman they are broken: the Prince must remain a Bear till Beauty shall offer to be his bride; the Flying Dutchman shall find repose if a maiden shall voluntarily share his sorrow. It is, indeed the woman-soul which has silently veiled the rude hereditary gods and laws of barbarism—the pitiless ones—with a host of gentle saints and intercessors, until the heart-

less systems have been left to theologians. Inside the frowning buttresses of dogmatic theology the heart of woman has built up for the home a religion of sympathy and charity.

Portia does not argue against the technique of the law. She agrees to call the old system justice—so much the worse for justice. In the outcome she shows that this so-called justice is no justice at all. And when she has shown that the letter of "justice" kills, and warned Shylock that he can be saved from the fatal principle he has raised only by the spirit that gives life, she is out of the case, save for a last effort to save him from the blind law he has invoked. The Jew now sues before a Christian Shylock. And Portia—like Mary, and all sweet interceding spirits that ever softened stern gods in human hope—turns from the judicial Jahves of the bench to the one forgiving spirit there. "What mercy can you render him, Antonio?" The Christian Gratiano interposes. "A halter gratis: nothing else, for God's sake." A natural appeal for the victim-loving God; but the forgiving Jesus is heard, however faintly, above the Christian, and Antonio forgives his part of Shylock's penalty.

"Vengeance is mine," says the deity derived by fear from the remorseless course of sun and star, ebb and flow, frost and fire. Forgiveness is the attribute of man. We may reverse Portia's statement, and say that, instead of Mercy dropping as the gentle rain from heaven, it is projected into heaven from compassionate human hearts beneath. And heavenly power doth then show likest man's when mercy seasons the vengeance of nature. From the wild forces above not only droppeth gentle rain, but thunder and lightning, famine and pestilence; it is man with his lightning-rod, his sympathy, his healing art, who turns them from their path and interposes a shield from their fury. When, as the two walked together in the night, Leigh Hunt looked up to the heaven of stars, and said, "God, the Beautiful," Carlyle looked, and said, "God, the Terrible." It was the ancient worshipper of the Laws of Nature beside Abou ben Adhem, who, loving not the Lord, yet loved his fellow-men, and sees a human sweetness in the stars. All religions, beginning with trembling sacrifices to elemental powers personified—powers that never forgive—end with the worship of an ideal man, the human lover and Saviour. That evolution is invariable. Criticism may find this or that particular deified man limited and imperfect, and may discard him. It may take refuge in pure theism, as it is called. But it amounts to the same thing. What it worships is still a man—an invisible, vast man, but still a man. To worship eternal love, supreme wisdom, ideal moral perfection, is still to worship man, for we know such attributes only in man. Therefore the Shylock-principle is non-human nature, hard natural law moving remorselessly on its path from cause to effect; the

Portia-principle, the quality of Mercy, means the purely human religion, which, albeit for a time using the terms of ancient nature-worship and alloyed with its spirit, must be steadily detached from these, and on the ruins of every sacrificial altar and dogma build the temple whose only services shall be man's service to man.

John Albee.

Born in Bellingham, Mass., 1833.

A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

[*Poems.* 1883.]

BREAK not his sweet repose—
Thou whom chance brings to this sequestered ground,
The sacred yard his ashes close,
But go thy way in silence; here no sound
Is ever heard but from the murmuring pines,
Answering the sea's near murmur;
Nor ever here comes rumor
Of anxious world or war's foregathering signs.
The bleaching flag, the faded wreath,
Mark the dead soldier's dust beneath,
And show the death he chose;
Forgotten save by her who weeps alone,
And wrote his fameless name on this low stone:
Break not his sweet repose.

DANDELIONS.

NOW dandelions in the short, new grass,
Through all their rapid stages daily pass;
No bee yet visits them; each has its place,
Still near enough to see the other's face.
Unkenned the bud, so like the grass and ground
In our old country yards where thickest found;
Some morn it opes a little golden sun,
And sets in its own west when day is done.
In few days more 'tis old and silvery gray,
And though so close to earth it made its stay,
Lo! now it findeth wings and lightly flies,
A spirit form, till on the sight it dies.

BOS'N HILL.

THE wind blows wild on Bos'n Hill,
Far off is heard the ocean's rote;
Low overhead the gulls scream shrill,
And homeward scuds each little boat.

Then the dead Bos'n wakes in glee
To hear the storm-king's song;
And from the top of mast-pine tree
He blows his whistle loud and long.

The village sailors hear the call,
Lips pale and eyes grow dim;
Well know they, though he pipes them all,
He means but one shall answer him.

He pipes the dead up from their graves,
Whose bones the tansy hides;
He pipes the dead beneath the waves,
They hear and cleave the rising tides.

But sailors know when next they sail
Beyond the Hilltop's view,
There's one amongst them shall not fail
To join the Bos'n's Crew.

GOETHE.

[*From "Goethe's Self-Culture," a Lecture at the Concord School of Philosophy.* 1885.]

IN the moral world, as in the natural, we shall not go far wrong if we seek for truth and reality in the direct opposite of what appears. The apparent is something adjusted to the measure of the senses. Although Goethe laid strong hold of this apparent, there was for once a man who turned it, not half or quarter, but clear round, and saw the other, the real spirit, or ideal face.

He turned the plant clear round, and discovered its secret, the law of its life. And as ever appearances are confusing, while the reality is simple and satisfying, so now botany, which, when one looks into a text-book or upon a garden of flowers, is the most bewildering of studies, becomes by Goethe's discovery as clear and beautiful as a remembered single line of perfect poetry. In fact it is poetic; and it distinguishes nearly all of his scientific investigation that it is resolved into poetry. He is the first modern man who has well succeeded in working this

transformation; thus restoring for us the manner of the most ancient natural philosophers, who rendered everything in verse. It seems to have been his aim in natural science to satisfy the desire for a productive thought,—one that should be a further means of self-cultivation. His investigations in osteology resulted in nearly the same law as in botany,—a simple principle on which the structure of animals and plants is built up alike. What is its value? Chiefly to the imagination in man. There is no final good in scientific discoveries unless they furnish us something beyond the useful; this also has its value, but not the entire. As Goethe himself said, "Whatever is useful is only a part of what is significant." When a simple, pregnant generalization, like Goethe's in botany, is given us, we are not hindered by default of technical knowledge from the highest possible perception of the central idea in the plant world. We no more stand before the simplest flower ashamed of our ignorance because we cannot call it by name; or when we can, satisfied with our knowledge. But there is now freedom for the imagination, and an invitation to reflection. Then truly pansies will be for thoughts; and the "flower in the crannied wall" will answer, not what God and man is, but as much as it knows about itself. And though some flowers recommend themselves by their beauty or rarity, and others by their commonness, and some even because they are fashionable, all of them, when we are acquainted with the law of their inward being, help us to draw nearer to the spiritual symbols and resemblances which connect each province of nature with every other, and all with man.

Goethe teaches us after a method, and to a point where we can teach ourselves. In every direction to which he turned his mind, this is one of his chief merits, that he takes you where you can go alone if you will. This makes him for adults, for poets and writers especially, the most helpful master that has ever lived. How he becomes so is easy to see; it is because he is trying to teach himself; in short, we come again upon his self-culture as the fruitful source of his achievements and influence. His studies and investigations were private, unprofessional, with no worldly or ulterior aim. What he puts into the mouth of Makaria in "Wilhelm Meister's Travels" expresses his habit very nearly: "We do not want to establish anything, or to produce any outward effect, but only to enlighten ourselves." When, therefore, Goethe, a man of ample acquirements and genius, sits down to study something that he wishes to know, and gives us not only the results, but the steps and the method of his effort, he becomes a great teacher.

Yet we do not wish to follow any master too far; he is the best who leads us from himself to self-reliance. A man needs many, to whose influence he can surrender himself, and recover himself again and again.

In Goethe's self-cultivation it is striking how often he meets with persons and objects, and gives himself up to them until he has learned all they have to impart which can help him, or discovers his own false tendency or position. Then he abandons them without regret or apology. Without regret, except the poetic, inspiring regrets of his love affairs, which cannot be omitted from the account of the sources and circumstances of his inward culture. In these there were usually two productive phases or periods; one while elevated by passion, the other when tormented by remorse. It is said by H. Grimm that Margaret grew out of the latter. But usually he had no time or taste for repenting himself of anything that had happened. In his self-complacent way he foresaw compensation, and was not afflicted to know all sides of himself, the weak, the strong, the excellent, and the evil. He confessed that his striving to become an artist was a mistake, but added that mistakes also give us insight. This calm, quite superhuman characteristic has prejudiced many good people against Goethe; they think that he sacrificed everybody to his own selfish purposes. The French call love the egoism of two; but some say Goethe's love was still no more than that of one, —self-love, in short.

William Douglas O'Connor.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1832. Died in Washington, D. C., 1889.

THE PRETTY PASS THINGS CAME TO.

[*Harrington: a Story of True Love.* 1860.]

IN the mean time things had come to a pretty pass in the private counting-room of Mr. Atkins's office on Long Wharf.

"Yes, sir, things have come to a pretty pass when such an infernal rascal undertakes to let a black beggar loose from aboard my brig," foamed Captain Bangham, red with passion, and pounding the desk with his fist.

The merchant sat in an arm-chair near the desk, looking at the captain, with iron-clenched jaws, his eyes sparkling with rage in his set blanched face.

"If I ever heard of such a thing in all my life, Bangham!" he exclaimed, slapping both arms of his chair with his palms, and glaring all around the little mahogany-furnished office. "But where were you when this was done?"

"I, sir? Asleep in the cabin, Mr. Atkins. Never knew a thing about

it, sir, till this morning. Just for special safety I didn't have the brig hauled up to the dock yesterday, but let her lay in the stream. 'Jones,' says I, 'have you seen the nigger this morning?' 'No I haven't,' says he, cool as you please. 'I guess I'll take a look at him,' says I, and so I took a biscuit and a can of water, and toted down to the hole where I had the nasty devil tied up, and begod, he was gone! I tumbled up on deck: 'Jones,' I shouted, 'where's the nigger?' 'I don't know where he is now,' says he, lazy as a ship in the doldrums. 'All I know is,' says he, 'that I rowed him ashore about midnight, and told him to put for it.' By"—gasped Captain Bangham, with a frightful oath, "I was so mad that I couldn't say a word. I just ran into the cabin, and when I came out, Jones wasn't to be seen.—Hallo, there he is now!" cried the captain, starting to his feet and pointing out of the window to a tall figure lounging along the wharf, and looking at the shipping.

The merchant jumped from his chair, threw up the window, and shouted, "Here, you, Jones! Come in here."

The figure looked up nonchalantly, and lounged across the street toward the office.

"He's coming," said the merchant, purple with excitement, and sinking back into his chair.

They waited in silence, and presently the tall figure of the mate was seen in the outer office, through the glass door, lounging toward them. He opened the door in a minute, and came in carelessly, chewing slowly, and nodding once to Mr. Atkins. A tall man, dressed sailor-fashion, in a blue shirt and pea-jacket, with a straw hat set negligently on his head, and a grave, inscrutable, sunburnt face, with straight manly features and dull-blue eyes.

"Mr. Jones," said the merchant, his face a deeper purple, but his voice constrained to the calm of settled rage, "this is a fine liberty you have taken. I want to know what you mean by it."

"What do you refer to, Mr. Atkins?" returned the mate, stolidly.

"What do I refer to, sir? You know what I refer to. I refer to your taking that man from my brig," roared the merchant.

"Mr. Atkins," replied the mate, phlegmatically, "Bangham, there, was going to take that poor devil back to Orleans. You don't mean to tell me that you meant he should do it?"

"Yes, sir, I *did* mean he should do it!" the merchant vociferated.

"Then you're a damned scoundrel," said the mate, with the utmost composure.

Captain Bangham gave a long whistle, and sat mute with stupefaction. Mr. Atkins turned perfectly livid, and stared at the mate with his mouth pursed into an oval hole, perfectly aghast at this insolence, and almost wondering whether he had heard aright.

"You infernal rascal," he howled, springing to his feet the next instant, purple with rage, "do you dare to apply such an epithet to *me? You—to me?*"

"To you?" thundered the seaman, in a voice that made Mr. Atkins drop into his chair as if he were shot. "To you? And who are you? You damned lubberly, purse-proud aristocrat, do you want me to take you by the heels and throw you out of that window? Call me that name again, and I'll do it as soon as I'd eat. *You*, indeed! You're the Lord High Brown, aint you? You're the Lord Knows Who, you blasted old money-grubber, aint you? *You*, indeed!"

In all his life, Mr. Atkins had never been so spoken to. He sat in a sort of horror, gazing with open mouth and glassy eyes at the sturdy face of the seaman, on which a brown flush had burned out, and the firm, lit eyes of which held him spell-bound. Bangham, too—horror-stricken, wonder-stricken, thunder-stricken—sat staring at Jones for a minute, then burst into a short, rattling laugh, and jumping to his feet, cried, "Oh, he's mad, he's mad, he's mad, he's got a calenture, he's got a calenture, he's mad as a March hare," capering and hopping and prancing, meanwhile, in his narrow confine, as if he would jump out of his skin.

"You, too, Bangham," said the mate, making a step toward him, with a menacing gesture, at which the captain stopped capering, and shrank, while Mr. Atkins slightly started in his chair, "you just clap a stopper on that ugly mug of yours, and stop your monkey capers, or you'll have me afoul of you. I haven't forgot your didoes with the men aboard the *Soliman*. Just you say another word now, and I'll put in a complaint that'll lay you by the heels in the State Prison, where you ought to have been long ago, you ugly pirate, you!"

The captain evidently winced under this threat, which Mr. Jones delivered with ominous gravity, slowly shaking, meanwhile, his clenched fist at him.

"And now look here, you brace of bloody buccaneers," continued the irreverent seaman, "short words are best words with such as you. I untied that poor old moke of a nigger last night, and rowed him ashore. What are ye going to do about it?"

Evidently a question hard to answer. Merchant and captain, stupefied and staring, gave him no reply.

"Hark you, now, Atkins," he went on. "We found that man half dead in the hold when we were three days out—a sight to make one's flesh crawl. The bloody old pirate he'd run away from had put a spiked collar on his neck, just as if he was a brute, with no soul to be saved. I'm an old sea-dog—I am; and I've seen men ill-treated in my time, but I'm damned if I ever seen a man ill-treated like that God-for-

saken nigger. He'd run away, and no blame to him for running away. He'd been livin' in swamps with snakes and alligators, and if he hadn't no right to his freedom, he'd earned one fifty times over, and it's my opinion that a man who goes through what he did has more right to his freedom than two beggars like you, who have never done the first thing to deserve it. Mind that now, both of ye!"

The mate paused a moment, hitching up his trousers, and rolling his tobacco from one side of his twitching mouth to the other, and then, with his face flushed, and his blue eyes gleaming savagely, went on:

"What's the first thing that brute there did to him? Kicked him, and he lyin' half dead. Then in a day or two, when the poor devil got his tongue, he told how he'd got away, and the sort of pirate he'd got away from. God! when we all a'most blubbered like babes, what did that curse there do? Knocked the man down, and beat his head on the deck, till we felt like mutiny and murder, every man of us! And then when we'd got the poor devil below, sorter comfortable, down comes Bangham, and hauls him off to stick him into a nasty hole under hatches, and there he kep' him the whole passage, half-starved, among the rats and cockroaches. Scarce a day of his life aboard that he didn't go down and kick and maul him. He couldn't keep his hands off him—no, he couldn't. When I took the man ashore in the dead o' night, he was nothin' but a bundle o' bones and nasty rags, and he made me so sick I couldn't touch him. That's the state he was in. Now, then, look here."

The mate paused again for a moment, turning his quid, with his face working, and laying the fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left, began again in a voice gruff and grum:

"That infernal buccaneer, Bangham," he said, "was bent on takin' the poor devil back to Orleans, after all he'd gone through to get away. Well, he's a brute, and we don't expect nothin' of brutes like him. But you're a Boston merchant, Atkins, and callin' yourself a Christian man, you put in your oar in this dirty business, and was goin' to help Bangham. You thought I was goin' to stand by and see you do it. No!" he thundered, with a tremendous slap of his right hand on the palm of his left, which made both the merchant and the captain start, "no! I wasn't goin' to stand by and see you do it! I'm an old sea-dog and my heart is tough and hard, but I'm damned if it's hard enough to stand by when such a sin as that's afoot, and never lend a hand to stop it. I took that man out of your clutches, you brace of pirates, and I set him adrift! You think I'm afraid to own it? No, I'm not, begod! I did it. Ephraim Jones is my name, and I come from Barnstable. There's where I come from. I'm a Yankee sailor, and, so help me God, I could never see the bunting of my country flying at the peak again, if I let you

two bloody Algerine thieves carry off that man to his murder. That's all I've got to say. Take the law of me now, if you like. I won't skulk. You'll find me when you look for me. And if James Flatfoot don't have his harpoon into both of you one of these days, then there's no God, that's all!"

Turning on his heel with this valediction, which consigned the merchant and the captain's future beyond the grave to the Devil, who, under the name of James Flatfoot, occupies a prominent place in marine theology, Mr. Jones carelessly lounged out of the private room, leaving the glass door open, and with a nonchalant glance at the three or four startled clerks and book-keepers who sat and stood at their desks wondering what had been going on within, for they had only caught confused scraps of the stormy colloquy, he went down stairs, with a load off his mind which had been gathering there during the whole voyage of the *Soliman*.

For a moment after his departure, Mr. Atkins sat mute and still, feeling like one in a horrid dream. Roused presently by a deep-drawn breath from Captain Bangham, he wheeled his chair around to the desk, and taking out his white handkerchief, wiped away the cold sweat which had started out on his face and forehead.

THE CARPENTER.

[*From "The Carpenter: A Christmas Story."—Putnam's Magazine.* 1868.]

FOR a little while there was complete silence in the hollied room, only broken by the murmur of distant voices and laughter from the other apartments.

"Grandpa," at length said little Lilian, in her plaintive voice, "I want to hear my 'Olian harp very, very much indeed."

The old man smiled.

"Do you, darling? And so you shall, if the wind wills," he answered. "Let's see. Where shall we put it, so that you won't get the draught? Here, I reckon."

He had risen as he spoke, and, taking from a shelf near by the Æolian harp, he opened the window on the left-hand side of the fire-place a little way, and set the instrument in the aperture; then resumed his seat and attitude beside the child.

For a minute all was still. But presently stole up on the silence, holy and solitary as the breaking dawn, the long, low strain of remote and thrilling sweetness, wild, delicate, and lonely, and hung hovering for a

moment in the charmed air, then failed away in a dim, mysterious cadence, which, ended, yet seemed to linger, like the spirit of bright things departed, of tender summers gone.

Little Lilian listened with a face of breathless ecstasy. The wind-harp was again still, remaining soundless in the minutes that followed, and the child finally resigned herself with a little sigh.

"Grandpa," she said presently, "what *was* Jesus Christ?"

The old man glanced at her smilingly, with his never-failing surprise at the oddity of her abrupt questions.

"A mechanic, my dear," he presently answered. "What our fine Southern gentlemen call a common mud-sill," he added, sardonically. "A carpenter—God bless him!"

Lilian quietly sat, cogitating his reply, while the old man wagged his sturdy head, grimly chuckling over the significance of his response with an enjoyment beyond words.

"Grandpa," the silver elfin-voice began again, "will Jesus Christ come here this evening?"

Elkanah stared at her in blank wonderment, then burst into a bellow of laughter.

"Well, you *are* a young one!" he said, wagging his old head with hearty amusement. "If I ever heard the like of that! Now, what put that into your noddle, Lilykin?"

"I put it in my own self," she answered with intense positiveness. "But will he, grandpa?"

"Well, I don't know. He might," replied Elkanah, jocosely.

"Because he's alive, grandpa," earnestly pursued the child. "Old uncle Peter always said he was alive, and going 'round doing good. Only that he'd grown old and gray walking in the world so many hundred years—just as old loafer Tomeny painted his picture in there on the fire-place. And that's all true, grandpa; ain't it?"

"Of course," replied the waggish Elkanah, tickled to his very midriff.

"Well, then, I guess he might come," continued the little prattler, with a satisfied air. "And I wish he would, for I want to see him very, very much."

Elkanah laid back his head, and roared and shook with merriment. Finally, subsiding, mellowed to the core with mirth, he relapsed into his former position, his hands between his knees, his head bent forward, gazing at the elk-horned flames, and tittering secretly. The little girl sat sedately, taking it all with perfect seriousness.

"Now, supposing he was to come here this evening," she resumed, "and we was sitting here, and talking, and he should knock at the door —and then, you know, we wouldn't hear him, grandpa."

The flames suddenly died down, involved in light-blue smoke, and the

hearth gave forth a strange and lovely amber light upon the darkening room. At the same moment there was a faint, sweet chord of mysterious, trembling music from the harp.

"Well," said Elkanah, "what then?"

"Then," continued the child, "he would say, 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock.'"

The fire became so strangely low, and cast so weird a light, that the old man felt a sort of wonder creeping over him, and, without replying, or moving from his crouching attitude, turned his face slowly around, with the singular glow and cross-bars of shade upon his features, and scanned the shadowed room, embowered in holy foliage, and hallowed by that dusky, amber radiance. The distant voices had ceased, and the house was still. The unusual light, the breathless hush that lay upon all, surprised him, and he slowly turned his head back again, with a secret thrill.

At that moment there was a gentle knock at the door.

Elkanah did not move, but only revolved his great eyes and stared in blank astonishment at the little girl. She sat very placidly, looking at the fire. There was a moment's pause.

"Come in," he boomed, in a stentorian tone.

At that instant a red cinder flew from the hearth, with a loud crack, upon Lilian's dress, and in the momentary alarmed diversion of his attention, as he hastened to fillip it back into the fire, the old man heard the opening and shutting of the door. It was with a feeling of vacant amaze, almost rising into fright, that, turning his head, as he did immediately, he saw a large, gray stranger standing in the room.

The old man rose slowly from his seat to his full height, with wondering eyes astare upon the new-comer. The latter stood composedly gazing at him. He was tall and stalwart, with uncovered head; a brow not large, but full, and seamed with kindly wrinkles; a complexion of rosy clearness; heavy-lidded, firm blue eyes, which had a steadfast and draining regard; a short, thick, gray beard almost white, and thinly-flowing dark-gray hair. His countenance expressed a rude sweetness. He was dressed in a long, dark overcoat, much worn, and of such uncertain fashion that it almost seemed a gaberdine. As he stood there in the gracious darkling light, he looked an image of long and loving experience with men, of immovable composure and charity, of serene wisdom, of immortal rosy youth in reverend age. A faint perfume exhaled from his garments. In the lapel of his coat he wore a sprig of holly. His left hand, in which he also held his shapeless hat, carried a carpenter's plane.

Elkanah stood, almost quaking inwardly in the presence of this

august stranger, in whose aspect were singularly blended the prophet and the child. The child in him inspired love; the prophet, awe. He drew and he repelled.

"This must be yours," said the stranger, in clear, slow accents, sweet and vibrating, extending, as he spoke, the implement in his hand. "I found it at your gate-post on the highway."

"Why, yes," faltered Elkanah, with a slight start, taking the plane. "Tom's work, I know. He was shaving away there where the gate shut hard, and, just like the little love-daft noddy, he leaves the tool behind him."

"I am a wayfarer," said the stranger, after a pause, "and would like permission to remain with you a little while."

"Why, certainly. God bless me! what am I thinking of?" abruptly broke forth Elkanah, recovering immediately at the chance of offering hospitality, and beaming into smiles. "You are welcome, sir, right welcome. My name is Elkanah Dyzer. Sit ye down, sir—sit ye down. Hah! spang! Up goes the merry fire!" he cried, laying the plane upon the mantel, and bustling forward his own oak chair for the stranger, as the blaze laughed upward with a flood of light. "You are right welcome. Your hand, sir," and, bowing with stately courtesy, he extended his own.

The stranger slowly took the proffered hand, with a pressure so gradual, so cordial, and so strong, that Elkanah felt it down deep into his very heart. As the sublime Scripture phrase has it, his bowels yearned to this new friend, and, despite the reverent distance which the lofty and sweet reserve of the stranger maintained, he felt a sudden intimacy as of many years, born from his quality of manly love. At the same time, his old brain was still in a daze of wondering confusion.

"Sit ye down, sir—sit ye down," he chirruped, stepping backward with a wave of both hands; while the stranger, slow in all his motions, paused standing beside the chair. "And if I might not be thought over-bold, sir," he went on, confusedly engaged with the odd coincidence of the stranger's advent and personal aspect with the child's words, "what might I call your na—occupation—the name of your occupation —no—yes—O dear me, dear me!"

And Elkanah tweaked his great eagle nose in comical bewilderment, somewhat dubious what he had asked for, but impressed that it was the name, after all, as he intended.

"I am a carpenter," said the stranger, simply, in a rather low but distinct voice. "My name—"

"Ah, yes; excuse me," said Elkanah, unaware that he was interrupting, in the haste of his flurried belief that he had got the information he meant to ask for. "Carpenter. A name I like well—as I do you, sir,

if you'll excuse an old man's frankness. Sit ye down, Mr. Carpenter. You are right welcome."

The stranger bent his grand and gentle head with a slow smile, like one amused at the new name accidently conferred upon him, yet well content to let it be so; and, tossing his shapeless hat upon a footstool in the angle behind the fire-place, took the oaken chair.

Little Lilian, who had been intently looking at him with an air of breathless satisfaction, and had not uttered one word, now rose, deposited dolly carefully upon his hat, limped back between his knees, and stood a-tiptoe with her small arms upreached to him. He took her up instantly on his breast, and kissed her with a long kiss upon the mouth.

"I know who you are," she whispered eagerly. "And I won't tell nobody."

The stranger made no answer. She snuggled close upon his bosom, and into his beard, for a minute or so, in perfect quietude; then suddenly clambered down, and resumed her seat in the little chair, with an air of confidential and solemn gratification.

"I declare," said Elkanah, softly laughing, and rubbing his hands as he sat down before the fire near the stranger, "it's the queerest thing I ever knew. Do you know, Mr. Carpenter, you quite gave me a turn when you came in? I've got the nerves of an ox, anyway, but I tell you I felt queerish for about the first time in my life. Well, now, it was the oddest thing! And by Gee and Dee, odd it is still!

"I'll tell you how it was," he continued, after a pause, before the slow-speaking carpenter could reply. "Little magpie there was twittering a lot of stuff we have over here a good deal in the family. Of course, you never heard of my old uncle, Peter Dyzer:

> "'Old miser Dyzer, skin a fly, sir,
> Sell the skin, and turn the money in.'

as the boys used to rhyme it about him. I inherited this fine old place from him. Well, of all the queer, odd, eccentric, funny old chaps that ever were—my, my! But he wasn't loony on a bargain, sir—no, indeed; and he'd plenty of hard horse-sense, and took good care of his property, you can rely: but he had notions, sir, on some subjects, that would make you think him mad as any March hare you ever knew."

The old man paused, shaking with restrained mirth.

"You ought to have seen him," he resumed. "Tall, big-boned, dry as a chip in all his speech and ways. And plumed himself on a kind of resemblance he had to President Washington. On Sundays, sir—he never went to church—read Tom Paine, Volney, Diderot, Voltaire, and all the French fellows of those days, and hated clergymen (priests as he called 'em) worse than p'ison—swore by Tom Jefferson, too, in politics,

and in everything else, except his knuckling under to slavery—and there I'm with him, sir, there I'm with him:—well, sir, as I was saying, on Sundays he'd rig himself out like President Washington, claret-colored, square-tailed coat, long satin vest, ruffles, knee-breeches, black-silk stockings, buckled shoes, cocked hat, and so forth—and take a walk all over the place, flourishing a gold-headed cane, peert as a lizard, sir—peert as any lizard you ever saw. With a train of his darkeys behind him (he'd buy 'em, take out their manumission papers, and keep 'em on wages; 'Lesson for bloody aristocrats,' he'd say)—with a train of 'em behind him, in even line, the women first—'mothers before men,' he'd say; then the male adults; then the little girls; then the boys, ranged in their order down to the smallest walking piccaninny—'Brothers in Adam, sisters in Eve,' he'd say. He at the head, flourishing his gold-headed stick, every now and then turning, and halting them to see if they were in exact line. 'Keep the straight line!' he'd bawl; 'every real trouble in life comes from not keeping the straight line!' And if he saw one of 'em out of line, he'd march down, pull ears if it was a girl; rap pates if it was a boy; punch her in the ribs with the gold head of his cane if it was a woman; and if it was a man, by George! he'd pull him out, and thrash him like a sack, sir!"

And Elkanah drooped his head, shaking with silent inward laughter.

"That's a sample-lot of old Peter Dyzer," he resumed. Lord, sir! I could sit here all night and tell ye stories about him! Well, as I was going on to say, one of old Peter's fancies was pictures. He'd got hold of an old loafer, Tomeny by name, a house-painter, as near as I could ever gather, with the strongest taste for apple-jack you ever knew in your life, and he kept him here to paint pictures for him. The horridest old daubs—my sakes! I'd like to show you a lot of 'em up garret, though they're pretty well faded out now. But uncle Peter thought Tomeny the prince of painters, an unappreciated genius, and all that—Tomeny the Great, he always called him;—and when he died, he buried him with a handsome gravestone at his poor old apple-brandy soaked head, and on it just the words, 'Simon Tomeny, Painter,' as if that was enough for all posterity. Now, one of old Peter's maddest notions was that Jesus Christ was still alive, and grown old and gray with walking the earth for eighteen hundred years, as well he might, indeed. He'd got hold of the old story of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, d'ye see. 'That's him—that's Christ,' says old Peter. 'But, Mr. Dyzer,' one would say, 'that's the man the story says Christ put a curse on, bidding him walk the world till he came again.' 'All a flam,' says rough old Peter; 'the Good Man'—he commonly spoke of Christ as the Good Man—'the Good Man never put a curse on any one. It's Christ himself, I tell you.' Or, perhaps one might say, 'Why, Mr. Dyzer, what should Christ be

going 'round the world for?' 'Going 'round doing good,' snaps uncle Peter. Ah, my Lord, my Lord! the mad old fellow! Well, sir, with his own hands—for old Peter was a shifty man—he put a facing of prime old oak on the chimney-place in yonder; and d'ye know, he got old loafer Tomeny to paint on the right-hand side of it—an ugly thing to tell, sir, but it's true—a portrait of himself as Judas, grasping the bag—did you ever hear the like of that now?—and on the other side a figure of Christ, old and gray, as he fancied him. Tomeny's master-piece, he called it. Well, little humming-bird there was bringing up all this in my mind, as I said, and you can perhaps fancy the turn it gave me when you came in, with your gray hair and beard, and long coat, and the plane, and all that. And the queerest thing of all is—I hope you'll excuse me for saying so, for the picture is a wretched piece of imagery, as much as you can see of it for the faded colors—the queerest thing is, that you *do* look something like the figure of Christ as old Tomeny has painted it."

And Elkanah again laughed softly, rubbing his hands, with his eyes on the silent-smiling carpenter, who had listened, as the old man vaguely thought, with the air of one to whom the story was not entirely new.

"It's a sort of pretty notion, too, that of old Peter's," presently resumed Elkanah. "And little chattering blue-jay there gave it quite a fairy turn in my mind by asking, just before you came, sir, if Jesus Christ, old and gray, was coming here to-night. Dear me! it made me laugh till I felt juicy all through; but it grew in me afterwards what a pretty thing it was, and for so young a child to say. Such a pretty thing! And how would *you* think of Christ, sir, as coming here to-night, if such a thing could be?"

"I think of him always," said the carpenter, slowly, in solemn sweet vibrations, "as the all-loving man. Yes, he might come, perhaps as you fancy him in this house, gray and old—come as cheer-bringer, dispeller of evil, uniter of the estranged, assuager of sorrows, reconciler, consoler. Always the wise friend, the lover true. Something so."

The old man silently cogitated the reply, with eyes poring on the fire.

"Pardon the liberty," he said suddenly, "but what might your profession be?"

"I walk the hospitals," returned the stranger, quietly.

"Nursing the Union soldiers?"

"Union and rebel," was the answer.

"I hope," said the old man, after a moment's pause, kindling and flushing a little with a faint misgiving, "I hope that you stand by the country, sir. Sir, this is a loyal house. One son only, my boy that once was, Rupert—but we never mention his name here, sir, never, for

he's in the ranks of the rebels—he only brings dishonor on the breed of old Elkanah Dyzer. But we strive to atone for it. My boy John served in the Union army, and he's going again. My boy Tom wants to go, and shall. 'Wait, laddie,' I said a year ago, 'till your bones harden a little more; you'll fight the better for it'; and the time's come for him. My boy George"—his voice faltered—"was lost at Fredericksburg—and blown to bloody atoms on the field of battle, or alive rotting in some rebel prison, I'm content and proud, for it's in the service of his country. And I myself, old as I am, I'm going too. The young eyes that saw the bright flag dance so long when everything laughed with promise, shall see it now, now they're old, flap defiance to the last as all goes down in war. There's but one flag, one country in the world for me. I stand by them both forever."

"What you say is well," answered the stranger. "I like what you say."

"Well!" retorted the fiery old man, "is there anything better?"

"There is nothing better than what you say," replied the other firmly.

Elkanah cooled down instantly, a little perplexed with the air the stranger had of cherishing some equal, perhaps more comprehending, truth.

WHAT A WITCH AND A THIEF MADE.

[*From his Allegretto Capriccioso, "To Fanny."—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1871.]

INTO a grand conservatory,
Lit by the moon of summer's glory,
The thief stole deep in the midnight hours,
And from a mass of camellias there,
Plucked the splendid candid flowers,—
Never a one did he spare;
And lone in her aromatic saloon,—
Where in the darks and lights of the moon,
Slept shapes of parian, buhl, and pearl,
And rich-hued ottoman and fauteuil;—
Where wind-moved draperies' shadow-play
Crossed and confused the sumptuous ray,
And shadowy flames from tripods made
Delicious shimmerings kin to shade;—
A temple of bloom and dusk and gleam,
An alabaster and velvet dream;—
The bright witch, smiling and debonair,
Sat and charmed in the magic night,
The petals into a lady white,—
Glowing white and fair.

Still they bloom, brilliant and fresh,
In your camellia flesh;
They are the splendor and grace
Of your japonica face;
And the glossy camellia leaves are seen
In the dress you wear of silken green.

And the thief went off where night uncloses
Her sleeping wild white roses.
He left them slumbering on the stem,
But he stole the odor out of them,
And brought it all to the fay.
She was singing a melody sweet and gay
Of tender and dreamful sound;
And as she sang there breathed around
Some rich confusion, dim and strange;
And change that was and was not change
Perplext the semblance of her hall
To a doubtful bowery garden tall;—
The columns and wavering tapestries
To indeterminate shapes of trees,
With darkling foliage swaying slow;
And checkering shadows strown below
On the pile enflowered of Persian looms,
Becoming vague parterres of blooms;
And glittering ormolu, green divan,
Fauteuil, and lounge, and ottoman,
Half-merged, transfiguring yet thereto,
In forms of bushes gemmed with dew,
Shrubs blossomy-bright or freaked with gleams,
Dark banks and hillocks touched with beams;
With vase and statue here and there,
As in some ordered garden rare.
And what o'er all did stream and flee,
Lifted and dropt perpetually,—
Flame-shimmerings and the flooding ray,—
Half-seemed the revel of sun and May.
A wilder life began to show;
A wilder air began to blow;
Subtly through all, like a soul,
The breath of the wild-rose stole;
But suddenly the song did swoon,
And the place was again a grand saloon,
With the small witch, smiling and debonair,
O'er the work she had wrought in secret there.
What was it? Where was the odor gone?—
O arch, gay face I am dreaming on,—
Sweet face that tenderly shows
In its delicate paly glows,
It was moulded from the perfume of the wild white rose,—

He who gazes sees, if he but will,
The dream of the roses on it still!
The wild-rose fragrance haunts the face so fair,
And the witch's song is there.

Horace Howard Furness.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1833.

A KINDRED DRAMATIC METHOD, IN THEIR USE OF DOUBLE TIME, PURSUED BY ÆSCHYLUS AND SHAKESPEARE.

[*A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare.— Vol. VII. The Merchant of Venice.* 1888.]

IT seems to me that whatever Professor Wilson says of the Double Time in *Othello* is applicable to the Double Time in the *Merchant of Venice*, and that Shakespeare's consummate art is shown here no less than there. Wilson claimed for Shakespeare originality in the use, or in the invention, of this art. Original it unquestionably was, as far as Shakespeare's knowledge of it was concerned, but I think it can be shown that the same art was employed in *The Agamemnon*, by Shakespeare's greatest predecessor in Tragedy.

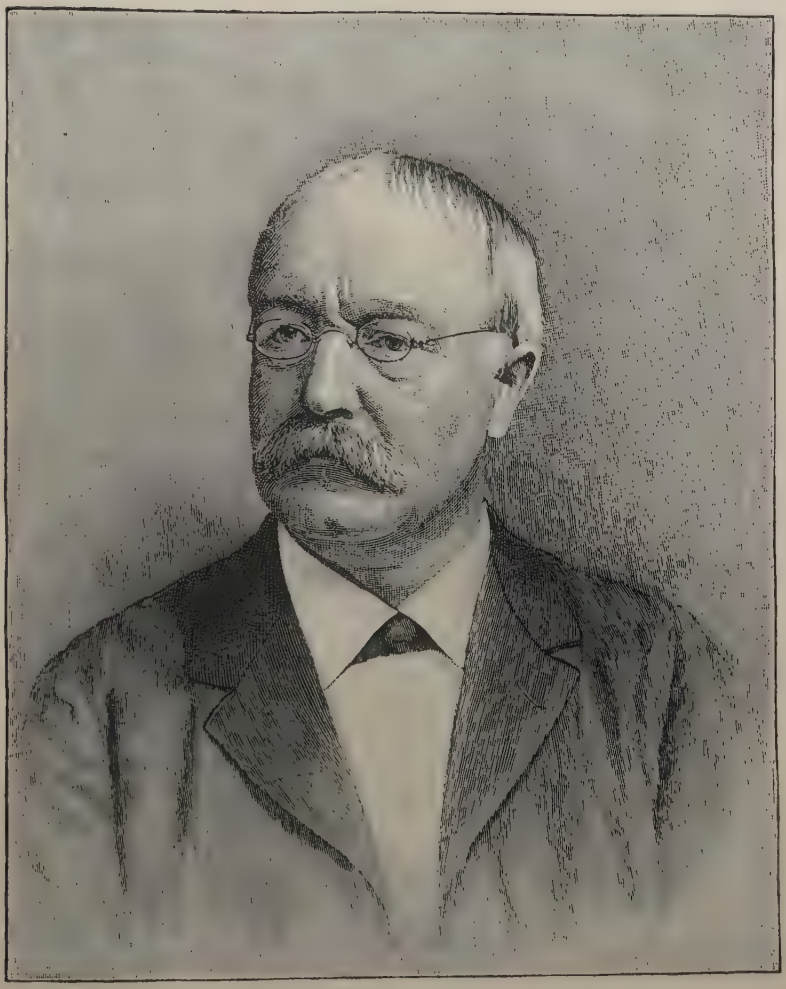
In *Othello*, through this art, we accept as perfectly natural the gradual change of intense love to a murderous frenzy of jealousy, all within the space of thirty-six hours. Days and weeks are compressed into minutes and hours, not only without our detecting any improbability, but with a full faith that events have followed their natural, orderly course.

Here in the *Merchant of Venice*, by the same thaumaturgy, three months are to be compressed into as many days, a harder task than in *Othello*, in so far as the limit is fixed. At the very outset we are told that the bond is to be for so much money "*and for three months.*" There is no attempt to weaken the impression. As soon as it is firmly fixed, then Shakespeare begins at once to "hurl his dazzling spells into the spongy air." He knew, none better, that just as soon as the ducats were pursed, Bassanio, swift as the thoughts of love, must fly to Portia. Did not Bassanio know, had he not himself told Anthonio, that the wide world knew Portia's worth, and the four winds blew in from every coast renowned suitors? Could he afford to risk an hour's delay? In that longing sigh, "Oh, my Anthonio," did he not breathe his soul out for the means to hold a rival place with the many Jasons? As soon, therefore, as he has received the means from Shylock, he comes before us full of eager, bustling haste,—supper must be ready, at the very farthest, by

five of the clock,—letters must be delivered,—his servant must make purchases and stow them aboard,—he must return in haste,—he must go for Gratiano to come at once to his lodging,—and then after all these commissions, full of feverish impatience, he bids his servant,—"hie thee,—go." But—and here we catch the first glimpse of Shakespeare's spell—the three months have begun to run, and against the swift current of Bassanio's haste there must be some check. Bassanio tells his servant to "put the liveries to making." This takes time. Liveries are not made in a day. Next, Bassanio tells Launcelot that Shylock had spoken with him that very day about Launcelot's change of masters. This sounds as though Bassanio and Shylock had met casually in the street; surely they would not mingle the business of signing such a bond and of handing over so large a sum of money with discussing the qualities of servants. But these two checks will serve well enough for the thin edge of the wedge; and Bassanio's eager haste returns again, and he excuses himself to Gratiano on the plea that he has "business." In this bustling, feverish, hurrying mood we leave him, and do not see him or hear him again until he has reached Belmont, and is entreating Portia to let him choose, to let him to his fortune and the caskets, for, as he is, he "*lives upon the rack.*" What man is there, whose blood is not snow-broth, but knows that Bassanio has sped to Belmont with all speed of wind and tide.

But Shakespeare's magic will be busy with us before we see Bassanio again. Nearly a fourth of the play is carried on (herein revealing Shakespeare's art in the mere construction of his dramas), and days and weeks and months must pass before us, consuming the time of the Bond.

A new interest is excited. Jessica and her fortunes are introduced. Time obliterates Shylock's antipathy to eating with Christians. We are taken to Belmont to see the Prince of Morocco and watch his choice of the casket. We are brought back to Venice to find Shylock so publicly furious over the loss of his ducats and his daughter that "all the boys in Venice follow him." Rumors, too, are in the air of the loss of Anthonio's ships. Salarino talked with a Frenchman about it "yesterday." Again we are taken to Belmont; by this mere shifting of scenes, back and forth, from Belmont to Venice, and from Venice to Belmont, is conveyed an impression of the flight of time. The deliberate fool, the Prince of Arragon, fails in his choice, and departs. Lest we should be too much absorbed in all this by-play and lose our interest in Bassanio, we are told immediately after Arragon has left that a young Venetian has alighted at the gate. We are not told outright that it is Bassanio, yet we know that he is on the way, and it must be he. But before we actually see him, fresh from Venice as we know he is, although it is so long since we saw him and so much has happened,



Yours faithfully
Horace Howard Furness

more spells must be woven round us; there must be the very riping of the time.

One is always conscious that between the Acts of a play a certain space of time elapses. To convey this impression is one of the purposes for which a drama is divided into Acts. Thus here, after merely intimating that Bassanio has reached Belmont, an entr'acte artfully intervenes, and when the curtain again rises we are all the more ready to accept any intimations of the flight of time which may be thrown out. Accordingly, when the Third Act opens with Salanio's question: "What news on the Rialto?" Salarino replies that "*it yet lives there unchecked*" that Anthonio has lost a ship. Furthermore, the wreck has taken place not on any sea-coast near at hand, from which communication could be speedy, but on the remote Goodwins, almost as far off as it could be, within the limits of Europe; even for rumor to reach Venice from so remote a quarter implies much time; it could be brought only by slow argosies or heavy carracks, and days and weeks might elapse before any arrived direct from the scene of the disaster, and for many a long day the rumor might live unchecked. Much more time was implied to an Elizabethan audience, in this distance between the Goodwins and Venice, than it is to us.

Then Shylock enters, still so deeply cut by his daughter's flight that his first words are reproaches to Salarino and Salanio for being privy to it; but evidently his first ebullition has cooled, and time has brought some self-control. It must have been days, nay, weeks. Have not Anthonio's bearing and deportment undergone a gradual change that only time can bring about? Shylock says, that Anthonio scarce dare show his head on the Rialto; this is not the work of hours, but of days, perhaps weeks. Anthonio's smug air upon the mart is spoken of as a thing long past: "he *that was used* to come so smug upon the mart." Then comes in with startling effect, "*let him look to his bond.*" By this one allusion the three months shrink; we feel the first cold chill of Anthonio's fast-approaching peril, and this impression is deepened with every repetition of the allusion by Shylock: "let him look to his bond! He was wont [again, how long ago that seems!] to call me usurer. Let him look to his bond! *he was wont* to lend money for a Christian courtesy. Let him look to his bond!" This is one of the masterstrokes of art in the play. Except one fleeting allusion to it by Salarino, we have heard nothing of the bond. We have watched Jessica elope with her lover, and gilded with ducats glide out of sight in a gondola, the Prince of Morocco has come and gone, the Prince of Arragon has strutted forth and back, the Rialto, with its busy life and whispered rumors of Anthonio's losses, has passed before us day after day, week after week, the smug merchant has broken down, and now all of a sudden looms up the

fateful bond, and its term is shrivelling as a scroll. To deepen this impression of the Long Time that has elapsed, Tubal returns from his weary quest after Jessica; he tells Shylock that he *often* came where he heard of her; he must have kept moving from place to place, because Shylock groans over the money that was spent in the search. Then, too, another of Anthonio's ships has been cast away coming from Tripolis, much nearer home than the Goodwins; and some of the shipwrecked sailors have reached Genoa, nay, have even talked with Tubal. There is no hope for Anthonio now, his bankruptcy is sure; and so close has the limit come that Tubal must go, and go at once, to secure an officer for Anthonio's arrest; within a fortnight the term will have expired and the bond be forfeit.

The minute-hand that has recorded for us so many varied events is fast catching up with the hour-hand.

There is no entr'acte now. We are taken at once to Belmont, at last to meet Bassanio in happy torment, full of eagerness and haste, fresh from Venice, unwilling to piece the time or stay one minute from his election. With the success of Bassanio's hazard and with the winning of his prize, the only obstacle to the completion of the full term of the bond disappears. There is no longer need of further delay. Time's steeds may now be fiery-footed and gallop apace. Yet even at this last minute two more spells from the past are to be cast around the present, and our imaginations must untread again the long weeks that have passed since the bond was signed. Salerio brings word from Venice that *morning and night* Shylock is plying the Duke for justice, and that twenty merchants, the Duke himself, and the magnificoes, have been pleading with the Jew for mercy. And Jessica, too, who left Venice when Bassanio left it, has reached Belmont after her merry junketings at Genoa (which we accept without questioning their possibility), and adds a masterstroke of legerdemain by saying that she had heard her Father swear to Tubal and to Chus that he would rather have Anthonio's flesh than twenty times the value of the bond. We never stop to think that she left Venice within a few hours after the signing of the bond, and had seen her Father but once, and then for only a few minutes. Her words summon up pictures of many a discussion between the three old usurers in the seclusion of Shylock's house, and tell plainly enough of the gradual hardening of Shylock's heart. Thus the mighty magician "winds him into us easy-hearted men, and hugs us into snares"; and so completely entangled are we that there is no jar now when Anthonio's letter says that his ships have all miscarried, his creditors grow cruel, his estate is very low, and *his bond to the Jew forfeit!*

The minute-hand is on the stroke of the hour. But one more fleeting impression and the hammer falls. Anthonio says that his griefs and

losses have so bated him that he will hardly have a pound of flesh to spare for his "bloody creditor *to-morrow*." The royal Merchant's gaunt and haggard looks tell of many a weary week, and the bond expires to-morrow!

Although it was necessary that Portia should hasten to Venice as rapidly as Bassanio, yet some time must be given to her to master her brief; she might have done it while on the ferry, after receiving Bellario's notes and garments from Balthasar at the Traject, and probably did do so; but Bellario's letter to the Duke supplies the requisite time, if any be needed, in our imagination, by saying that he and the young Doctor "had turned over many books together," evidently a faithful and prolonged consultation, ending in an "opinion," the result of laborious and learned research.

How long the home journey from Venice to Belmont lasted, whether it took one day or two days, is a matter of small moment. Nothing was at stake, no art is demanded, nothing has to be smoothed away; we need neither Long Time nor Short Time. For aught that concerns the dramatic action, it might have taken a month. All that is needed is that Portia should reach home first, and that Bassanio should follow hard after. When Nerissa tells Gratiano that the Doctor's Clerk had been in her company "last night," she had already given Gratiano the ring, or was in the act of handing it to him; the jest was revealed, her eyes were dancing with merriment, and he would know in a flash that what was true of *last night*, be it in Belmont or Venice, was equally true of every night since she had been born.

It is to Dr. W. W. Goodwin, of Harvard College, that I owe the suggestion that in *The Agamemnon* an illustration might be possibly found of a treatment of Dramatic Time similar to Shakespeare's Double Time. In representing the arrival of Agamemnon at Argos within a few hours of the fall of Troy, Æschylus has been charged by many an Editor with a violation of the Unity of Time. Dr. Goodwin suggested that a solution of the difficulty might be traced in the Herald's speech to the Chorus. It is greatly to be regretted that a pressure of many duties has kept these pages from being enriched with Dr. Goodwin's promised investigation of the question, and that the task has therefore fallen, instead, to my unskilful hands.

In the first place, if there be in *The Agamemnon* a violation of the Unity of Time, Æschylus committed it either wittingly or unwittingly. To say that he committed it unwittingly is almost unthinkable. From the very structure of a Greek tragedy, a downright violation of the Unity of Time, during the continued presence of the Chorus, would be a defect glaring alike to auditors and author; if to our eyes there appears to be such a violation, the presumption is strong, so strong as to

amount almost to a certainty, that the defect lies in our vision, not in the play itself.

This apparent violation, then, Æschylus must have committed wittingly; and if so, an analysis of the tragedy will show, I think, that in dealing with time he waved over his audience, with a master's art, the same magician's wand that Shakespeare wields, and that by subtle, fleeting impressions of the flight of time a false show of time is created, which is accepted by us for the real. We must remember that in listening to Shakespeare or to Æschylus we are subject to their omnipotent sway, and that when they come to us "with fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms," we are powerless to "fence our ears against their sorceries."

The opening Scene of *The Agamemnon* reveals the tired Watchman on the Palace top at Argos. Of a sudden he sees on the distant horizon the flash of the fire on Mt. Arachnæum, the signal that Troy is taken.

The Chorus enters, and the Watchman hastens to tell Clytemnestra.

When the Queen enters, and is asked by the Chorus to tell how long it is since the city had fallen, she replies that "it was this night, the mother of this very day" (*Τῆς νῦν τεκούσης φῶς τόδ' εὐφρόνης, λέγω*, line 279.)

The Chorus, knowing how far it is from Troy, and how many days and nights must pass in journeying thither, expresses surprise that the news could travel so fast; whereupon Clytemnestra explains that it was through the aid of Hephaistos; a fire was lit on Ida, then on the Hermæan crag of Lemnos, then on Mount Athos, and so on, till "the great beard of flame" flashed on the roof of the Atreidæ, and "this very day the Achæans hold Troy" (*Τροίαν Ἀχαιοὶ τῇδ' ἔχουσ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ*, line 320).

The opening hour of the Tragedy has struck. It is the morning after the night during which Troy was taken. The release of the weary Watchman from his sleepless years, Clytemnestra's description of the speed, the speed of light, with which the beacon-fires had brought the news, her rejoicings over the end of the warrior's hardships, all emphasize it. No impression with regard to Anthonio's three months' bond is conveyed more clearly than that here, in Argos, it is but a few hours since Troy had fallen.

"The voyage from Troy to the bay of Argos," says Dr. Goodwin, in a letter, "would now be a good day's journey for a fast steamship. So I think we are entitled to at least a week of good weather for the mere voyage, leaving out the storm and the delays." That much time, then, will it take Agamemnon to reach his home, if he starts within an hour after he has conquered Troy. But the drama has begun, the Chorus is on the stage, and before it leaves the stage Agamemnon must arrive,

here in Argos, and yet all traces of improbability must, if possible, be concealed.

The time during which the Chorus is on the stage is Æschylus's Short Time, and corresponds to Bassanio's journey from Venice to Belmont. Æschylus's Long Time is Agamemnon's week's voyage from Troy to Argos, corresponding to Anthonio's three months' bond. The same power that can compress three months at Venice into one day at Belmont, must expand a few hours at Argos into a se'en night's voyage from Troy.

The task in *The Agamemnon* is the reverse of the task in *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare must compress a long term into a short one, while Æschylus must dilate a short time into a long one. Shakespeare presents to us the spy-glass, and bids us see what is distant close at at hand; while Æschylus reverses the glass, and what is but an arm's length from us recedes to the verge of the horizon.

To a certain extent and for many purposes, what Shakespeare can effect by Acts and the shifting of Scenes, Æschylus can bring about by means of the Chorus. Yet here it is not easy to see how the Chorus can help him; nothing that the Chorus could say would lessen the shock to our sense of the fitness of things if Agamemnon himself were to be brought at once upon the scene. Old Argive citizens compose this Chorus; they have remained here quietly in Argos; of Agamemnon, or of his journey, they can tell us nothing.

Of a sudden Clytemnestra sees a Herald hastening from the shore. In thus introducing a Herald, art is shown. Heralds always travel in advance of their lords, and this Herald, as far as we know, may possibly have left Troy before its fall. That it is a Herald from the Argive king we feel sure, and having accepted the fact of his presence, we sink into a receptive mood for any impression which his story can impart. But while he is yet at a distance, Clytemnestra sees that he is travel-stained with dust and grime. Thus is the spell begun, the magician is at work. We accept the Herald without a shade of suspicion; what can be more natural than that he should have travelled with extreme haste? The thrill of joy at the sight of one who can bring us news is heightened by waving olive branches, the pledges of peace and victory, which he bears aloft. Thus artfully is the Herald announced before he enters on the stage; when at last he does enter and breaks out into a thrilling greeting of his home, criticism is forgotten in joy and sympathy.

We must remember, and we cannot too deeply remember, that both *The Agamemnon* and *The Merchant of Venice* were written, not to be studied and pored over, line by line, and analyzed sentence by sentence, but to be acted; to be communicated by the speaking voice to the hearing ear and interpreted by the quick thought. It is by a repetition of

faint, fleeting, subtle impressions, felt but scarcely heeded at the time, that a deep, abiding effect may be at last produced. The "snowflake on the river" may be but "a moment there, then gone forever"; yet let but enough fall and the stream is locked in frost.

What need to hurry with our questionings how the Herald came hither; he stands before us, and his story will tell us all.

In order to appreciate the delicacy with which Æschylus smooths away the objections to this speedy appearance of the Herald, we must bear in mind that every allusion to the flight of time since the hour that Troy has fallen, however light and evanescent the allusion may be, helps to make that hour recede into the past; and, for my purpose, I think I may be permitted to claim every possible impression which I can detect, of this nature, however fleeting, and then to multiply its effect on Grecian ears many times over. How clearly must it not have spoken to those ears, when it can penetrate even my adder's sense!

Thus, when the Herald in his first speech (lines 523 *et seq.*) says that Agamemnon must be welcomed back, who has, with the crowbars of the just gods, levelled Troy to the ground, with all its towers and fanes, and that all earth's seed lie scattered on the ground, is not Time's thievish progress intimated here? Can walls, and towers, and temples be toppled over in a minute? Can harvests be burnt, and acres ploughed up, for leagues around, in an hour? Lost in the thought of these great tasks and of the mighty victory, we never stop to count the days; but the succession of pictures creates the flight of time, and the hour of Troy's fall begins to recede.

Too much, however, is not demanded of us at once; the Chorus here speaks; and then Clytemnestra exults in the assurance that the beacon-fires are true, and we are gently prepared for Agamemnon's approach by the message which the Chorus is to deliver when he arrives, telling him of her fidelity during his absence. Hereupon the Chorus asks after Menelaus, and the Herald reluctantly confesses that his fate is unknown. The Chorus presses for a more exact reply, and asks whether *he set sail with all the rest of the fleet* and then left them, or whether a storm snatched him away, but the Herald only ambiguously replies that it was even so. The Chorus returns to the point, and asks *what rumors* there were about him in the fleet, among the sailors. "No one knows anything about him," replies the Herald; "the sun, the nourisher of the earth, alone can tell his fate."

It seems needless to point out how insidiously, up to this point, the passage of time has been worked in by a succession of pictures, every one of which is suggested by a word or phrase which could not have fallen unheeded on Grecian ears. Troy has been conquered; and burnt; and razed to the ground; and reduced to a desolate ruin; the

Greeks have divided the spoils; and allotted the trophies to be hung up in temples (577); the armies have been gathered together; and embarked in their fleet; and have advanced on their voyage; and been overtaken by a storm; and after the storm sufficient time has elapsed for the fleet to be collected; their losses counted; and rumors to "live unchecked" as to the fate of their companions.

(*And Troy fell only last night!*)

Trusting to the effect already produced, the Poet advances more boldly. Moreover, on the emotion, the uncritical emotion, excited in his auditors by the absorbing interest of the Tragedy he has a right to count.

Urged by the Chorus, the Herald hereupon describes this frightful storm which fell upon the fleet "*by night*" (line 653 *et seq.*), when fire and sea combined against it, and Thracian blasts dashed all the ships together; and "when *the fair light of the sun arose*, we saw the Ægean Sea enamelled like a meadow (ἀνθοῦν) with the drowned corpses of sailors and of Greeks."

To all the previous indications of the flight of time, which were but delicate, artful hints, there must be now added the explicit description of a *night* of storm, when the fleet was well on its way (the blasts came down from Thrace), and the next *morning afterwards* when the sun shone bright and clear.

Is not the goal won? The days of gloom, the night of storm, the smiling morrow, have passed before us; we have lived through them all, and the journey from Troy to Argos is accomplished. To Grecian eyes has not every league been measured?

Not to disturb this impression, but to deepen it by repose, the Chorus breaks in with four Strophes and four Antistrophes, wherein no allusion to the journey is found,—that is left as something fixed and settled; but it anathematizes Helen, and at the close, so far away have our thoughts been carried that any allusion to the journey from Troy to Argos seems like a thrice-told tale; that journey has become a fact around which no shadow of mistrust can cling.

Thus heralded, thus prepared for, Agamemnon enters, and the task is done. After the spells that have been woven around us, we find no more violation of probability in Agamemnon's appearance, from Troy, at that minute than in the expiration of the three months' Bond within the hour after Bassanio has chosen the leaden casket; and is there a man, who, when sitting at the play, can say with truth that, on that score, he ever felt a jar?

I do not think it is claiming too much thus to urge that the two greatest dramatic poets of the world used a kindred skill in producing kindred dramatic effects. If we find those effects in their dramas, their

hands put them there, and to imagine that we can see them and that the mighty poets themselves did not, is to usurp a position which I can scarcely conceive of any one as willing to occupy.

"IT HATH THE EXCUSE OF YOUTH."

[*From the Same.*]

IN Dixon's *Story of Lord Bacon's Life*, p. 98, Lady Anne Bacon tells her son Anthony that she sends him "xij pigeons, my last flight, and one ringdove beside, and a black coney taken by John Knight this day, and pigeons, too, to-day." This incident I am sure that I have seen, in some attempted proof that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, cited (in conclusive answer to C. A. Brown's question) as the genuine dovecote whence issued Gobbo's doves. I mistrust the fitness of spending any time in search for it. My editorial conscience is rendered placid by the simple allusion; merely begging to be allowed to remark that if Bacon wrote this passage, I fully respond to Pope's estimate of Bacon's baseness, and find herein even a lower depth, in thus introducing his Mother as a prototype of old Gobbo. One is sometimes inclined to say to those who dispute the authorship of these plays, as the Cockney did to the eels, "down, wantons, down!" but a little calm reflection reveals to us that this attempt to dethrone Shakespeare, so far from being treason, or *lèse majesté*, is, in fact, most devout and respectful homage to him. In our salad days, when first we begin to study Shakespeare, who does not remember his bewildering efforts to attribute to mortal hand these immortal plays? Then follows the fruitless attempt to discern in that Stratford youth, the Emperor, by the grace of God, of all literature. In our despair of marrying, as Emerson says, the man to the verse, we wed the verse to the greatest known intellect of that age. Can homage be more profound? But, as I have said, this we do when we are young in judgment. The older we grow in this study, and the further we advance in it, the clearer becomes our vision that, if the royal robes do not fit Shakespeare, they certainly do not, and cannot, fit any one else. Wherefore, I conceive that we have here a not altogether inaccurate gauge of the depth, or duration, or persistence of Shakespearian study, and, measuring by a scale of maturity, or growth, in this study, I have come to look upon all attempts to prove that Bacon wrote these dramas, merely as indications of youth, possibly, of extreme youth, and that they find their comforting parallels in the transitory ailments incident to childhood, like the chicken-pox or the measles. The attack is pretty sure to come, but we know

that it is neither dangerous nor chronic, that time will effect a cure, and that, when once well over it, there is no likelihood whatever of its recurrence.

George E. Waring, Jr.

BORN in Poundridge, Westchester Co., N. Y., 1833.

VIX.

[*Whip and Spur*. 1875.]

WHEN the work on the Central Park had fairly commenced, in the spring of 1858, I found—or I fancied—that proper attention to my scattered duties made it necessary that I should have a saddle-horse.

How easily, by the way, the arguments that convince us of these pleasant necessities find their way to the understanding!

Yet, how to subsist a horse after buying one, and how to buy? The memory of a well-bred and keen-eyed gray, dating back to the earliest days of my boyhood, and forming the chief feature of my recollection of play-time for years; an idle propensity, not a whit dulled yet, to linger over Leech's long-necked hunters, and Herring's field scenes; an almost superstitious faith in the different analyses of the bones of the racer and of the cart-horse; a firm belief in Frank Forester's teachings of the value of "blood,"—all these conspired to narrow my range of selection, and, unfortunately, to confine it to a very expensive class of horses.

Unfortunately, again, the commissioners of the Park had extremely inconvenient ideas of economy, and evidently did not consider, in fixing their schedule of salaries, how much more satisfactory our positions would have been with more generous emolument.

How a man with only a Park salary, and with a family to support, could set up a saddle-horse,—and not ride to the dogs,—was a question that exercised not a little of my engineering talent for weeks; and many an odd corner of plans and estimates was figured over with calculations of the cost of forage and shoeing.

Stable-room was plenty and free in the condemned buildings of the former occupants, and a little "over-time" of one of the men would suffice for the grooming.

I finally concluded that, by giving up cigars, and devoting my energies to the pipe in their stead, I could save enough to pay for my horse's keep; and so, the ways and means having been, in this somewhat vague

manner, provided, the next step was to buy a horse. To tell of the days passed at auction sales in the hope (never there realized) of finding goodness and cheapness combined,—of the stationery wasted in answering advertisements based on every conceivable form of false pretence; to describe the numberless broken-kneed, broken-winded, and broken-down brutes that came under inspection, would be tedious and disheartening.

Good horses there were, of course, though very few good saddle-horses (America is not productive in this direction),—and the possible animals were held at impossible prices.

Those who rode over the new Park lands usually rode anything but good saddle-horses. Fast trotters, stout ponies, tolerable carriage-horses, capital cart-horses, there were in plenty. But the clean-cut, thin-crested, bright-eyed, fine-eared, steel-limbed saddle-horse, the saddle-horse *par excellence*,—may I say the only saddle-horse?—rarely came under observation; and when, by exception, such a one did appear, he was usually so ridden that his light was sadly dimmed. It was hard to recognize an elastic step under such an unelastic seat.

Finally, in the days of my despair, a kind saddler,—kept to his daily awl by a too keen eye for sport, and still, I believe, a victim to his propensity for laying his money on the horse that ought to win but don't,—hearing of my ambition (to him the most laudable of all ambitions), came to put me on the long-sought path.

He knew a mare, or he had known one, that would exactly suit me. She was in a bad way now, and a good deal run down, but he always thought she "had it in her," and that some gentleman ought to keep her for the saddle,—"which, in my mind, sir, she be the finest bit of 'orse-flesh that was hever imported, sir." That was enough. "Imported" decided my case, and I listened eagerly to the enthusiastic story,—a story to which this man's life was bound with threads of hard-earned silver, and not less by a real honest love for a fine animal. He had never been much given to saving, but he was a good workman, and the little he had saved had been blown away in the dust that clouded his favorite at the tail of the race.

Still, he attached himself to her person, and followed her in her disgrace. "She weren't quite quick enough for the turf, sir, but she be a good 'un for a gentleman's 'ack."

He had watched her for years, and scraped acquaintance with her different owners as fast as she had changed them, and finally, when she was far gone with pneumonia, he had accepted her as a gift, and, by careful nursing, had cured her. Then, for a time, he rode her himself, and his eye brightened as he told of her leaps and her stride. Of course he rode her to the races, and—one luckless day—when he had lost every-

thing, and his passion had got the better of his prudence, he staked the mare herself on a perfectly sure thing in two-mile heats. Like most of the sure things of life, this venture went to the bad, and the mare was lost,—lost to a Bull's Head dealer in single driving-horses. "I see her in his stable ahfter that, sir; and, forbieten she were twelve year old, sir, and 'ad 'ad a 'ard life of it, she were the youngest and likeliest of the lot,—you'd swore she were a three-year-old, sir."

If that dealer had had a soul above trotting-wagons, my story would never have been written; but all was fish that came to his net, and this thoroughbred racer, this beautiful creature who had never worn harness in her life, must be shown to a purchaser who was seeking something to drive. She was always quick to decide, and her actions followed close on the heels of her thought. She did not complicate matters by waiting for the gentleman to get into the wagon, but then and there—on the instant—kicked it to kindlings. This ended the story. She had been shown at a high figure, and was subsequently sold for a song,—he could tell me no more. She had passed to the lower sphere of equine life and usefulness,—he *had* heard of a fish-wagon, but he knew nothing about it. What he did know was, that the dealer was a dreadful jockey, and that it would never do to ask him. Now, here was something to live for,—a sort of princess in disgrace, whom it would be an honor to rescue, and my horse-hunting acquired a new interest.

By easy stages, I cultivated the friendship of the youth who, in those days, did the morning's sweeping-out at the Bull's Head Hotel. He had grown up in the alluring shades of the horse-market, and his daily communion from childhood had been with that "noble animal." To him horses were the individuals of the world,—men their necessary attendants, and of only attendant importance. Of course he knew of this black she-devil; and he thought that "a hoss that could trot like she could on the halter" must be crazy not to go in harness.

However, he thought she had got her deserts now, for he had seen her, only a few weeks before, "a draggin' clams for a feller in the Tenth Avener." Here was a clew at last,—clams and the Tenth Avenue. For several days the scent grew cold. The people of the Licensed Vender part of this street seemed to have little interest in their neighbors' horses; but I found one man, an Irish grocer, who had been bred a stable-boy to the Marquis of Waterford, and who did know of a "poor old screw of a black mare" that had a good head, and might be the one I was looking for; but, if she was, he thought I might as well give it up, for she was all broken down, and would never be good for anything again.

Taking the address, I went to a stable-yard, in what was then the very edge of the town, and here I found a knowing young man, who devoted his time to peddling clams and potatoes between New York and Sing

Sing. Clams up, and potatoes down,—twice every week,—distance thirty miles; road hilly; and that was the wagon he did it with,—a heavy wagon with a heavy arched top, and room for a heavy load, and only shafts for a single horse. In reply to my question, he said he changed horses pretty often, because the work broke them down; but he had a mare now that had been at it for three months, and he thought she would last some time longer. "She's pretty thin, but you ought to see her trot with that wagon." With an air of idle curiosity, I asked to see her,—I had gone shabbily dressed, not to excite suspicion; for men of the class I had to treat with are usually sharp horse-traders,—and this fellow, clam-pedler though he was, showed an enthusiastic alacrity in taking me to her stall. She had won even his dull heart, and he spoke of her gently, as he made the most of her good points, and glossed over her wretched condition.

Poor Vixen (that had been her name in her better days, and it was to be her name again), she had found it hard kicking against the pricks! Clam-carts are stronger than trotting-wagons, and even her efforts had been vain. She had succumbed to dire necessity, and earned her ignoble oats with dogged fidelity. She had a little warm corner in her driver's affections,—as she always had in the affections of all who came to know her well,—but her lot was a very hard one. Worn to a skeleton, with sore galls wherever the harness had pressed her, her pasterns bruised by clumsy shoes, her silky coat burned brown by the sun, and her neck curved upward, it would have needed more than my knowledge of anatomy to see anything good in her but for her wonderful head. This was the perfection of a horse's head,—small, bony, and of perfect shape, with keen, deer-like eyes, and thin, active ears; it told the whole story of her virtues, and showed no trace of her sufferings. Her royal blood shone out from her face, and kept it beautiful.

My mind was made up, and Vixen must be mine at any cost. Still, it was important to me to buy as cheaply as I could,—and desirable, above all, not to be jockeyed in a horse-trade; so it required some diplomacy (an account of which would not be edifying here) to bring the transaction to its successful close. The pendulum which swung between offer and demand finally rested at seventy-five dollars.

She was brought to me at the Park on a bright moonlight evening in June, and we were called out to see her. I think she knew that her harness days were over, and she danced off to her new quarters as gay as a colt in training. That night my wakefulness would have done credit to a boy of sixteen; and I was up with the dawn, and bound for a ride; but when I examined poor Vix again in her stable, it seemed almost cruel to think of using her at all for a month. She was so thin, so worn, so bruised, that I determined to give her a long rest and good

care,—only I must try her once, just to get a leg over her for five minutes, and then she should come back and be cared for until really well. It was a weak thing to do, and I confess it with all needful humiliation, but I mounted her at once; and, although I had been a rider all my days, this was the first time I had ever really ridden. For the first time in my life I felt as though I had four whalebone legs of my own, worked by steel muscles in accordance with my will, but without even a conscious effort of will.

That that anatomy of a horse should so easily, so playfully, handle my heavy weight was a mystery, and is a mystery still. She carried me in the same high, long-reaching, elastic trot that we sometimes see a young horse strike when first turned into a field. A low fence was near by, and I turned her toward it. She cleared it with a bound that sent all my blood thrilling through my veins, and trotted on again as though nothing had occurred. The five minutes' turn was taken with so much ease, with such evident delight, that I made it a virtue to indulge her with a longer course and a longer stride. We went to the far corners of the Park, and tried all our paces; all were marvellous for the power so easily exerted and the evident power in reserve.

Yes, Frank Forester was right, blood-horses are made of finer stuff than others. My intention of giving the poor old mare a month's rest was never carried out, because each return to her old recreation—it was never work—made it more evident that the simple change in her life was all she needed; and, although in constant use from the first, she soon put on the flesh and form of a sound horse. Her minor bruises were obliterated, and her more grievous ones grew into permanent scars, —blemishes, but only skin deep; for every fibre of every muscle, and every tendon and bone in her whole body, was as strong and supple as spring-steel.

The Park afforded good leaping in those days. Some of the fences were still standing around the abandoned gardens, and new ditches and old brooks were plenty. Vixen gave me lessons in fencing which a few years later, in time of graver need, stood me in good stead. She weighed less than four times the weight that she carried; yet she cleared a four-foot fence with apparent ease, and once, in a moment of excitement, she carried me over a brook, with a clear leap of twenty-six feet, measured from the taking-off to the landing.

Her feats of endurance were equal to her feats of strength. I once rode her from Yorkville to Rye (twenty-one miles) in an hour and forty-five minutes, including a rest of twenty minutes at Pelham Bridge, and I frequently rode twenty-five miles out in the morning and back in the afternoon. When put to her work, her steady road-gallop (mostly on the grassy sides) was fifteen miles an hour.

Of course these were extreme cases; but she never showed fatigue from them, and she did good service nearly every day, winter and summer, from her twelfth to her fifteenth year, keeping always in good condition, though thin as a racer, and looking like a colt at the end of the time. Horsemen never guessed her age at more than half of what it actually was.

Beyond the average of even the most intelligent horses, she showed some almost human traits. Above all was she fond of children, and would quiet down from her wildest moods to allow a child to be carried on the pommel. When engaged in this serious duty, it was difficult to excite her, or to urge her out of a slow and measured pace, although usually ready for any extravagance. Not the least marked of her peculiarities was her inordinate vanity. On a country road, or among the workmen of the Park, she was as staid and business-like as a parson's cob; but let a carriage or a party of visitors come in sight, and she would give herself the prancing airs of a circus horse, seeming to watch as eagerly for some sign of approval, and to be made as happy by it, as though she only lived to be admired. Many a time have I heard the exclamation, "What a beautiful horse!" and Vix seemed to hear it too, and to appreciate it quite as keenly as I did. A trip down the Fifth Avenue in the afternoon was an immense excitement to her, and she was more fatigued by it than by a twenty-mile gallop. However slowly she travelled, it was always with the high springing action of a fast trot, or with that long-stepping, sidelong action that the French call *à deux pistes*. Few people allowed her to pass without admiring notice.

Her most satisfactory trait was her fondness for her master; she was as good company as a dog,—better, perhaps, because she seemed more really a part of one's self; and she was quick to respond to my changing moods. I have sometimes, when unable to sleep, got up in the night and saddled for a ride, usually ending in a long walk home, with the bridle over my arm, and the old mare's kind face close beside my own, in something akin to human sympathy; she had a way of sighing, when things were especially sad, that made her very comforting to have about. So we went on for three years, always together, and always very much to each other. We had our little unhappy episodes, when she was pettish and I was harsh,—sometimes her feminine freaks were the cause, sometimes my masculine blundering,—but we always made it up, and were soon good friends again, and, on the whole, we were both better for the friendship. I am sure that I was, and some of my more grateful recollections are connected with this dumb companion.

The spring of 1861 opened a new life for both of us,—a sad and a short one for poor Vix.

I never knew just how much influence she had in getting my commis-

sion, but, judging by the manner of the other field-officers of the regiment, she was evidently regarded as the better half of the new acquisition. The pomp and circumstance of glorious war suited her temper exactly, and it was ludicrous to see her satisfaction in first wearing her gorgeous red-bordered shabrack; for a time she carried her head on one side to see it. She conceived a new affection for me from the moment when she saw me bedecked with the dazzling bloom that preceded the serious fruitage of the early New York volunteer organizations.

At last the thrilling day came. Broadway was alive from end to end with flags and white cambric and sad faces. Another thousand were going to the war. With "Swiss Bugle March" and chanted "Marseillaise," we made our solemn way through the grave and anxious throng. To us it was naturally a day of sore trial; but with brilliant, happy Vixen it was far different; she was leaving no friends behind, was going to meet no unknown peril. She was showing her royal, stylish beauty to an admiring crowd, and she acted as though she took to her own especial behoof every cheer that rang from Union Square to Cortlandt Street. It was the glorious day of her life, and, as we dismounted at the Jersey ferry, she was trembling still with the delightful excitement.

At Washington we were encamped east of the Capitol, and for a month were busy in getting settled in the new harness. Mr. Lincoln used to drive out sometimes to our evening drill, and he always had a pleasant word—as he always had for every one, and as every one had for her—for my charming thoroughbred, who had made herself perfectly at home with the troops, and enjoyed every display of the marvellous raiment of the regiment.

On the 4th of July we crossed the Potomac and went below Alexandria, where we lay in idle preparation for the coming disaster. On the 16th we marched, in Blenker's brigade of Miles's division, and we passed the night in a hay-field, with a confusion of horses' feed and riders' bed, that brought Vix and me very closely together. On the 18th we reached the valley this side of Centreville, while the skirmish of Blackburn's Ford was going on,—a skirmish now, but a battle then. For three nights and two days we lay in the bushes, waiting for rations and orders. On Sunday morning McDowell's army moved out;—we all know the rest. Miles's thirteen thousand fresh troops lay within sight and sound of the lost battle-field.—he drunk and unable, even if not unwilling, to take them to the rescue,—and all we did was, late in the evening, to turn back a few troopers of the Black Horse Cavalry, the moral effect of whose unseen terrors was driving our herds, panting, back to the Potomac. Late in the night we turned our backs on our idle field, and brought up the rear of the sad retreat. Our regiment was the last to move out, and Vix and I were with the rear-guard. Wet, cold, tired,

hungry, unpursued, we crept slowly through the scattered débris of the broken-up camp equipage, and dismally crossed the Long Bridge in a pitiless rain, as Monday's evening was closing in. Oh, the dreadful days that followed, when a dozen resolute men might have taken Washington, and have driven the army across the Chesapeake, when everything was filled with gloom and rain and grave uncertainty!

Again the old mare came to my aid. My regiment was not a pleasant one to be with, for its excellent material did not redeem its very bad commander, and I longed for service with the cavalry. Fremont was going to St. Louis, and his chief of staff was looking for cavalry officers. He had long known Vixen, and was kind enough to tell me that he wanted *her* for the new organization, and (as I was her necessary appendage) he procured my transfer, and we set out for the West. It was not especially flattering to me to be taken on these grounds; but it was flattering to Vixen, and that was quite as pleasant.

Arrived at St. Louis, we set about the organization of the enthusiastic thousands who rushed to serve under Fremont. Whatever there was of ostentatious display, Vixen and I took part in, but this was not much. Once we turned out in great state to receive Prince Plon-Plon, but that was in the night, and he didn't come after all. Once again there was a review of all the troops, and that *was* magnificent. This was all. There was no coach and four, nor anything else but downright hard work from early morning till late bedtime, from Sunday morning till Saturday night. For six weeks, while my regiment of German horsemen was fitting up and drilling at the Abbey Race-track, I rode a cart-horse, and kept the mare in training for the hard work ahead.

At last we were off, going up the Missouri, sticking in its mud, poling over its shoals, and being bored generally. At Jefferson City Vixen made her last appearance in ladies' society, as by the twilight fires of the General's camp she went through her graceful paces before Mrs. Fremont and her daughter. I pass over the eventful pursuit of Price's army, because the subject of my story played only a passive part in it. At Springfield I tried her nerve by jumping her over the dead horses on brave Zagonyi's bloody field; and, although distastefully, she did my bidding without flinching, when she found it must be done. The camp-life at Springfield was full of excitement and earnestness; Price, with his army, was near at hand (or we believed that he was, which was essentially the same). Our work in the cavalry was very active, and Vix had hard service on insufficient food,—she seemed to be sustained by sheer nervous strength.

At last the order to advance was given, and we were to move out at daybreak; then came a countermanding order; and then, late in the evening, Fremont's farewell. He had been relieved. There was genu-

ine and universal grief. Good or bad, competent or incompetent,—this is not the place to argue that,—he was the life and the soul of his army, and it was cruelly wronged in his removal. Spiritless and full of disappointment, we again turned back from our aim;—then would have been Price's opportunity.

It was the loveliest Indian-summer weather, and the wonderful opal atmosphere of the Ozark Mountains was redolent with the freshness of a second spring. As had always been my habit in dreamy or unhappy moods, I rode my poor tired mare for companionship's sake,—I ought not to have done it,—I would give much not to have done it, for I never rode her again. The march was long, and the noonday sun was oppressive. She who had never faltered before grew nervous and shaky now, and once, after fording the Pomme-de-Terre in deep water, she behaved wildly; but when I talked to her, called her a good girl, and combed her silken mane with my fingers, she came back to her old way, and went on nicely. Still she perspired unnaturally, and I felt uneasy about her when I dismounted and gave her rein to Rudolf, my orderly.

Late in the night, when the moon was in mid-heaven, he came to my tent, and told me that something was the matter with Vixen. My adjutant and I hastened out, and there we beheld her in the agony of a brain fever. She was the most painfully magnificent animal I ever saw. Crouched on the ground, with her forelegs stretched out and wide apart, she was swaying to and fro, with hard and stertorous breath,—every vein swollen and throbbing in the moonlight. De Grandèle, our quiet veterinary surgeon, had been called while it was yet time to apply the lancet. As the hot stream spurted from her neck she grew easier; her eye recovered its gentleness, and she laid her head against my breast with the old sigh, and seemed to know and to return all my love for her. I sat with her until the first gray of dawn, when she had grown quite calm, and then I left her with De Grandèle and Rudolf while I went to my duties. We must march at five o'clock, and poor Vixen could not be moved. The thought of leaving her was very bitter, but I feared it must be done, and I asked De Grandèle how he could best end her sufferings,—or was there still some hope? He shook his head mournfully, like a kind-hearted doctor as he was, and said that he feared not; but still, as I was so fond of her, if I would leave him six men, he would do his best to bring her on, and, if he could not, he would not leave her alive. I have had few harder duties than to march that morning. Four days after, De Grandèle sent a message to me at our station near Rolla, that he was coming on nicely, and hoped to be in at nightfall. "Vixen seems to be better and stronger." At nightfall they came, the poor old creature stepping slowly and timidly over the rough road, all the old fire and force gone out of her, and with only a feeble whinny as she saw

me walking to meet her. We built for her the best quarters we could under the mountain-side, and spread her a soft bed of leaves. There was now hope that she would recover sufficiently to be sent to St. Louis to be nursed.

That night, an infernal brute of a troop-horse that had already killed Ludlow's charger, led by some fiendish spirit, broke into Vixen's enclosure and with one kick laid open her hock joint.

In vain they told me that she was incurable. I could not let her die now, when she was just restored to me; and I forced from De Grandèle the confession that she *might* be slung up and so bound that the wound would heal, although the joint must be stiff. She could never carry me again, but she could be my pet; and I would send her home, and make her happy for many a long year yet. We moved camp two miles, to the edge of the town, and she followed, painfully and slowly, the injured limb dragging behind her; I could not give her up. She was picketed near my tent, and for some days grew no worse.

Finally, one lovely Sunday morning, I found her sitting on her haunches like a dog, patient and gentle, and wondering at her pain. She remained in this position all day, refusing food. I stroked her velvet crest, and coaxed her with sugar. She rubbed her nose against my arm, and was evidently thankful for my caresses, but she showed no disposition to rise. The adjutant led me into my tent as he would have led me from the bedside of a dying friend. I turned to look back at poor Vixen, and she gave me a little neigh of farewell.

They told me then, and they told it very tenderly, that there was no possibility that she could get well in camp, and that they wanted me to give her over to them. The adjutant sat by me, and talked of the old days when I had had her at home, and when he had known her well. We brought back all of her pleasant ways, and agreed that her trouble ought to be ended.

As we talked, a single shot was fired, and all was over. The setting sun was shining through the bare November branches, and lay warm in my open tent-front. The band, which had been brought out for the only funeral ceremony, breathed softly Kreutzer's touching "Die Kapelle," and the sun went down on one of the very sad days of my life.

The next morning I carved deeply in the bark of a great oak-tree, at the side of the Pacific Railroad, beneath which they had buried my lovely mare, a simple VIX; and some day I shall go to scrape the moss from the inscription.

Albert Deane Richardson.

Born in Franklin, Mass., 1833. Died in New York, N. Y., 1869.

JOHN.

[*Garnered Sheaves, from the Writings of Albert D. Richardson. Collected and Arranged by his Wife.* 1871.]

JOHN presides over several large establishments filled with knick-knacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvellous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly-polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resembling *papier maché*, which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass-cloth embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various material; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper and as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-pounder; chop-sticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting upon American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much.* He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in the prices, and perhaps throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.

His advance into the highly-skilled industries is sharply contested, but his sure progress demonstrates that all things are his who has patience. Thus far, in the anomalous life of California, labor has been stronger than capital, and has had things much in its own way. In hand- or placer-mining John has been graciously allowed the gleanings; but quartz-mining has been closed to him. Not only has he been kept from digging ore in the shafts and reducing it under the stamps, but even when owners have employed him to cut and haul wood for the mills he has been driven away with riot and bloodshed. California workingmen are in many respects the most intelligent in the world; but they

sometimes show a narrowness and ignorance worthy of the dark ages. More than once they have presented the astonishing spectacle of skilled laborers, in a country of free schools and cheap newspapers, resisting with violence the introduction of a new invention, on the ground that it diminished the necessity for hand-labor. . . . .

His path has been smoother toward the raising of silk-worms and of olives, the culture of the tea-plant, the making of wine, and the other new and peculiar industries of the coast, which seem capable of boundless expansion, and are well adapted to his training and capacity. He has pushed his way into many paths which are not noted here. He begins to buy land, instead of leasing it, for the production of fruits and vegetables. Negro minstrelsy, which, like so many other things, grows more luxuriantly in California than in the East, and is more an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, already makes him the central figure in its broadest burlesques, the putative father of its most atrocious jokes. He has become a part of the warp and woof of life on the Pacific coast.

What manner of man is he? Very black of hair, very low of stature, and not a thing of beauty. In laughter he shows his gums horribly. But he is seldom The Man Who Laughs, except among his own mates. With Americans, when he is not addressed, he is immovably serene, silent, and serious.

He is a born gambler. Whatever his age or condition, games of chance—with ludicrously trifling stakes—possess a wild fascination for him. Every California town has its Chinese quarter; every Chinese quarter abounds in gambling-houses. On the subject of opium, too, the variance between his theory and his practice reveals the human nature strong within him. Opium-smoking, he invariably avers, is bad, very bad; and yet, six out of every seven idlers whom one meets on an evening walk through the Chinese quarter, bear indelible evidence of the habit written on their jaded, ghastly faces.

He is gregarious. He must have, not one, but several friends, to whom to whisper, "Solitude is sweet." No practicable pecuniary temptation will induce him to come to the Eastern States, unless half a dozen or a dozen of his comrades are to accompany him and to live with him. He loves to dwell in towns. Even as a house-servant, he does not sleep under his master's roof, if he can possibly avoid it, but goes to the Chinese quarter to spend every night with his comrades. He will work as late as he is wanted, however, without complaint, and he will be on hand at any required hour in the morning. He is a great night-bird, and his turn is convivial. He and his mates join in frequent little suppers, which they keep up until nearly daylight. The materials for these nocturnal banquets are believed to be contributed, unwittingly, by John's

employer, and brought away surreptitiously in John's basket. His mistress often keeps her most valuable stores locked up, and issues only a week's supply to him at a time; but he is frugality embodied, and can make gleanings enough for the midnight suppers, and sometimes, perhaps, for supplying himself with pocket-money besides.

Ask him why he will not lodge in his employer's house, and he replies that he and his friends like to meet at night, and tell each other what they have learned during the day. It is doubtless their custom to instruct newly arrived servants in household matters. Just as he is going away at night, John will often question his mistress as to how she compounds a particular kind of cake, or accomplishes some other triumph of cookery, and, in answer to her inquiring look, will explain that he wishes to tell a friend who has not been here long.

John prizes the pennies. An offer of half a dollar more per month may take him away from a household to which he seemed warmly attached. But his people are so numerous in California that it is easy to fill his place. . . .

John has the true Oriental tendency to mysticism, and the Oriental vein of poetry cropping out in the most prosaic places. At home he has proverbs and exhortations to virtue written on his tea-cups, fans, chairs, and the walls of his inns. In San Francisco his sign-board literature is a study. "Virtue and Felicity," "Sincerity and Faith," are common inscriptions over his shop-doors. A recent writer in "The Overland Monthly" introduces us to a meat-market bearing the label "Virtue abounding"; a drug-store named "Benevolence-and-Longevity-Hall," and a restaurant styled "The Garden of the Golden Valley."

He is quick and eager to learn. He reckons nimbly and accurately, not with the pencil and paper, but with marbles strung upon wires, as in the abacus used for teaching arithmetic to young learners. He does not readily catch our idioms or pronunciations, but soon learns to make himself intelligible in his jaw-wrenching pigeon-English,—"Me washe belly (very) muchee." He shows the same hunger for knowledge which was such a marked and touching trait in the contrabands during the war. Wherever night- and Sunday-schools are established for teaching him English he is prompt to attend. A Sacramento lady of my acquaintance has been compelled at different times to discharge two young Chinese servants, solely because, the moment her back was turned, they *would* devote themselves to the spelling-book, to the neglect of the wash-tub.

How do we treat him? Outrageously. So long as he stays at home we send missionaries to convert him; but when he throws himself upon our hospitality, we meet him with cruelty and oppression. And even while doing this we have been building chapels for him, and making

incoherent attempts to Christianize him. What a fascinating idea of the Christian religion our laws and practice, until very recently, must have given him! We do our best to make the witty proverb of his native country true here, at least in its application to him: "The temples are kept open, but they are always empty; the prisons are locked, but they are always full." In California, as elsewhere, nine people out of ten mean to be just and considerate; the trouble is in leaving John at the mercy of the brutal and cowardly tenth. One hears sickening stories of this everywhere. Even boys in the streets take the cue, and kick and cuff the little yellow-faces. When a new cargo of Chinamen arrives, there is a strong disposition to mob them; and the police of San Francisco, in bad emulation of the police of New Orleans in the negro massacre of 1866, have aided and participated in the diabolical work. John's advance into each new pursuit has been resisted, step by step, with assault, riot, arson, and murder. Not only have factories been destroyed for giving him employment, but school-houses and churches have actually been burned because they afforded him opportunity for learning to read. . . . .

What shall we do with him? This is the sphinx-riddle which we must solve if we would not be eaten. It concerns also his half-brother, the "Jap." The old restriction against emigration has been removed in Japan as well as in China. While I was in California last June, fifty Japanese families arrived to settle in one colony, and engage in silk- and tea-culture; and a Pacific-mail steamer found two hundred and fifty Japanese at Yokohama, waiting to embark for San Francisco, but was unable to take them, as she was already loaded down with twelve hundred Chinamen.

The problem is too large and serious to dogmatize upon. The significant fact about John, after his numerical strength, is, that he never lets go. There are Yankees, it is said, so thrifty and tenacious that they would take root and grow upon a marble slab. The same is true of this strange yellow man. We may extort tribute from him, and revile him, and smite him on both cheeks; but wherever his feet are once planted, there he stays. Into every industry he slowly works his way. In persistence, thoroughness, and precision, he is more than a match for us. Put him in a factory, and he works as systematically as the looms and spindles, every day in the year. He is a one-day clock, and when the dollar has wound him up he keeps perfect time. But it is only the time of the machine. He reads literally the old saw; we render it, "Whatever man has *not* done, man may do." He will stand beside the loom from childhood to old age, but his ears will never catch any whispered hint from its buzzing lips how to make it do its work quicker or better. Therein seems to lie our chief advantage over him. There are excep-

tional cases,—a Chinese servant in San Francisco lately assisted his mistress to perfect a great improvement in the sewing-machine, by which the needle can be threaded while running at full speed,—but in general John's ingenuity is imitative, not inventive.

Still he is an appalling problem. He has no radical objection to menial pursuits, but it is folly to expect that he will be permanently confined to them. He will swarm in all the avenues of our industrial life. California to-day is a faint prophecy of the whole country a few years hence. One cannot descend the broad stairway of the Lick House, or walk Montgomery Street, or enter a store or a factory, or penetrate the remotest mining-camp of the mountains, or land from steamboat or railway-train, but right at one's elbow stands like a fate this silent man, in his basket-hat, blue tunic, and cloth shoes with wooden soles,—this man of the long pigtail and bare neck, the restrained, eager eyes, and the yellow, serene, impassive face.

Mary Agnes Tincker.

Born in Ellsworth, Me., 1833.

IN THE HALL OF CYPRESSES.

[*Signor Monaldini's Niece.* 1879.]

THE steaming horses were urged to their utmost; and Don Filippo, leaning from the carriage every moment to see if the mountain city grew nearer, fancied that it receded instead of advancing.

It was already twilight when he reached the villa; and, on entering the garden, he saw Camilla's white figure on the terrace, looking pale and spirit-like in that dim light, for the moon had not yet risen.

She turned at sound of his step, and he knew that even at a distance he was recognized; but she stood immovable, and waited for him. She had always before come to meet him, and her failure to do so was significant. He could not know, nor even suspect, what had happened since the day of their parting; but he perceived at once that an entire change had taken place. The pallor which he noted was no longer radiant, the drooping no longer that of a flower over-full of dew. Yet she was more than friendly. The soft hand she gave him immediately, the low-voiced welcome, the serious regard, all were full of tenderness; but it was a tenderness that made him tremble, for it spoke of parting. She appeared like one who looks her last on the thing she best loves.

"What has happened, Camilla?" he exclaimed. "Something is the matter with you."

She gazed at him a moment, her eyes searching though tearful, her lips trembling.

"Yes, something *has* happened," she said, with that fainting of the voice which tells how the heart faints. "My uncle is angry with me for a fault which exists only in his imagination, and we have separated forever. Madame von Klenze is disappointed and dissatisfied with me to a degree which makes it unpleasant for me to stay with her longer; and some one on whom I depended has failed me utterly. I am friendless, Don Filippo!"

"Not while you have me! You shall never be friendless while I live!" He had not released her hand. He held it closer, and stood nearer to her. "Camilla, you must tell all, and trust all to me," he said. "This hour was sure to come, and it has come sooner than I expected."

She did not withdraw her hand nor herself. She stood still, and looked up into his face. But there was no joy nor relief in her own. Sorrow and tenderness alone were there.

The voice of Madame von Klenze interrupted them. "Camilla, it is very imprudent for you to be in the garden at this hour," she called out from the window. "You are taking in *malaria* with every breath."

"We must see each other without interruption," Don Filippo said hastily. "We will go to her now. Will you meet me, as soon as she frees you, in the Hall of Cypresses?"

Camilla assented, and they went toward the window. "Don Filippo is come," she said.

Madame was astonished, and asked a hundred questions, which he answered or parried with a gayety which jarred upon Camilla's mood. She forgot that, while she was bent under the heaviness of a painful certainty, he was excited by suspense.

After a little while, she excused herself, and hurried out into the dewy garden again. The way was dark, under trees and crowding shrubs; but she had learned every step, and she followed a clue of varied perfumes. Where the roses made the air delicious with their breath, she was to turn to the right; where the odor of heliotrope met her in a fragrant sigh, she must go straight on, till the sigh became a full breath, and the breath a heaviness too rich to be borne. Then the darkness cleared a little for a pine grove with its fine perfumes, then came a cloud of jasmine. And, after the jasmine, she had to stretch her hands out to right and left, and walk carefully, touching the thick hedge at either side, and turning with it, till there came one turn where a little gate barred the way. The gardener had given her the key to this gate.

When it was opened, she entered the semicircular green behind the great hall, went up the stair, and stepped into the Hall of Cypresses. As she entered, all the pointed tips around were catching fire from the risen moon, which looked over with a white face, shining in a mist of illuminated dewy air, like an Eastern bride in her saffron veil. The upper end of the fountain-basin was like trembling quicksilver, the rest a live black, and so polished that the tree-tops were reflected in it with every shining spire. Underneath the trees, an absolutely opaque darkness reigned. Anything or anybody might have lurked there without fear of being seen. For if a white face had leaned out to look at Camilla as she passed, it would have hidden itself quickly when her eyes turned that way. If a stealthy step had followed her, it would have timed itself carefully with her step. And, besides, the ground under the cypresses was as smooth as a floor, and slippery with fallen needles from the trees above. So that a footfall there would sound like a breath, or like a rustle of leaf to leaf in the chestnuts beyond.

Camilla glanced about the fairy-like place, and the weight lifted a little from her heart. It was impossible in such a scene to find the hard facts of every-day life all-important. The interests which were catching and crushing her in their cruel grasp appeared contemptible amid this splendor of fairy-land. Besides, in another moment she was to see Don Filippo!

For the first time in her life, she tasted the wild sweetness of a stolen pleasure. There was delight in hiding from jealous eyes, in walking softly, in speaking low. She began to feel temptation in its utmost force, when what is desired seems more beautiful, more noble, and more holy than any other earthly thing, and when all else is as ashes.

The gate below shut with a faint click, there was a step on the stair, and Don Filippo was at her side.

It may seem strange to some when I say that her temptation grew weaker with the presence of him who caused it, but it was so. She had the delicate shrinking of a woman who has never had an accepted lover; and, while she could stretch her arms out to him afar off, she shrank from him when near.

"Tell me at once what has happened!" he exclaimed. "I have been in an agony about you. I felt that something was the matter."

"I have been troubled by my relatives," she said gently, "and not for the first time; but now I am forced to feel that for the future I must depend upon myself. I must do something to earn money, and shall try to get pupils in the languages. I hope to succeed in the end; but it is not easy at first, and that has made me rather sad."

"Have you friends?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"I have acquaintances," she replied hesitatingly.

"Have you any influential friend, whose word is a shield in itself,—any woman friend?"

The question was like an arrow through her heart, though it did not surprise her. It showed that he considered a woman friend necessary.

"I have no one," she replied. "At present Madame von Klenze is too much disappointed, because I do not take her advice, to be willing to assist me. Maybe she will later."

"You have just given her a disappointment?" he asked quickly, thinking of Carlisle.

"Yes!"

Don Filippo took her hand, pressed it, then released it instantly. "Courage!" he said, and there was a breath of joy in his voice. "I know two distinguished ladies who will befriend you. They may advise you, perhaps, to adopt some other mode of freeing yourself; but they will help you in whatever course you choose. Courage, Camilla *mia!* You have, at least, one friend. No harm shall touch you. You are not alone and deserted. Leave all care to me. To-morrow morning I will go to these ladies. I have already spoken of you to them, and they have promised to aid you in case you should need it. Are you content?"

He spoke rapidly, warmly, and with a caressing softness in the concluding question. As he uttered it, he again took her hand. "Are you content?" he repeated.

She tried to speak, but could not. She had been sure that he would help her; yet his quick generosity almost broke her heart. It made him so much more dear, so much harder to lose.

Her head had drooped, and her face was in shadow. He could not see what emotion kept her silent. It might be disappointment.

"There is another way," he said in a lower voice. "I love you. If you consent, I will marry you, in spite of obstacles."

She drew quickly back, and raised her hand to silence him. "You have a wife, Don Filippo," she said; "and you have vowed to be true to her till death shall part you. She is not dead. There can be no talk of marriage between us. We could not be happy, remembering her. And the world would blame you, would think hardly of you. It would seem cruel to desert utterly one so feeble and unfortunate as she. True, she might never know. But, if a friend we loved were dying, we could not leave him till the last breath, though our going might not be perceived. You must not stain your noble name, which all the world sees."

Don Filippo was silent. He had not expected so decisive a refusal. The firmness of pain sounded to him like that of coldness.

"I thank and bless you for your goodness to me," she resumed in a trembling voice. "It will be a great charity if you assist me, as you

first proposed. If those ladies would enable me to go to France, and to go soon, recommending me to some one there, I shall be very grateful.

Her emotion touched him again with tenderness. He saw that she still suffered, in spite of the refuge he offered her.

"Why should you go away?" he asked eagerly. "You can stay here in a circle so different from that of your relatives that you need never meet them. Stay, Camilla! Have you no thought for me? I will not disturb you. I could not let you go. Have you no idea what you have become to me, dear love? Rome would be dust and ashes without you. Remain with friends of mine, where I can see you, and can know that you are well and content."

"I could not be contented so," she said. "I could not stop there. Once I thought that it would be enough for me to be near you, and to know that you wished me well; but now I have learned that I should desire more."

"Camilla!" he exclaimed, and blushed crimson all over his face.

She did not blush, but went on in the same tone of deep sadness.

"I thought it all over last night: I had thought of it before, but last night I freed myself from all illusions. There was no one near of whom I could ask advice; but I am not uninstructed, and, besides, God is always near. I was wishing that I could see some one like Saint Francis of Assisi. I thought of him, because he was poor and pure, and because he and Saint Clara were so fond of each other and so holy in their affection. It seemed to me that he would have told me how the spirits of two friends can embrace joyfully, and the flesh remain divided. I did understand, indeed, that with two saints it could be so. But I am not a saint, and am not ready to lead the life which subjects the human affections so utterly. I would, indeed, willingly have forsaken the world, if you had done the same; but that could not be. Well, I studied it all over, and tried to see my way clear. First, I said a prayer to the Holy Ghost, because he is the enlightener. Then I sat down by the window, with the moon shining over me, and no lamp in the room. I thought that the moonlight was like the Holy Ghost shining on me. It was necessary to have some rule to think by, and I remembered that of our Lord, that we should do by others what we would wish them to do by us. Then I imagined myself somebody's wife, as that poor lady is yours. I am smitten and ruined, I said. Well, so be it! He cannot take pleasure in me, and he only pities and shrinks from me. I am resigned to that. I cannot love him with a living love, because I am strange to myself, and lost, and dead in a way. Well, again. It was sad, but I could only submit. Then I said, there is another who is healthy, and has a clear will, and can guide herself, and rejoice in life, and she stands beside him, and pleases him, and they call each other

friends. Then it began to trouble me; but still I said, I am resigned. It pains me, but it is not wrong. We cannot live without human sympathies. But then I thought of the things this happier woman would wish to do, one by one; and I looked and imagined her doing them, and before I had finished them all, I cried out: 'She is a wicked woman! She has no such right. Her talk of friendship is a mask. That is love!'"

Camilla raised her eyes and looked at him. "It was all clear in the light of the Holy Ghost, Don Filippo. The only thing allowed was what I could no longer be content to be confined to. We must separate."

"What were the things you imagined this happier woman would wish to do?" he asked steadily, yet with a beating heart. He was incredulous of so much firmness.

"I will tell you, because I want you to know all," she replied, with a faint tremor in her voice. "I shall have a feeling of peace, knowing, being sure, that you read my whole heart. It is very childish, perhaps; but women and children love in that way. At first, it was not so; but, later, I have sometimes looked at your hair,—it is so soft and sunny,—and I have thought I would like to touch it, and to draw my fingers along the waves, which go, first a shadow, and then a golden light, and then a shadow again. And, then, once I sat behind you, and saw how fine your ear and cheek and neck are, and the little quick thought which came to me was like a flash. I wished that for an instant you and everybody could be stricken blind, so that I might run to you, and kiss you just under the ear."

"Camilla!" he exclaimed again, and flung himself forward at her feet, and lifted his arms to embrace her.

She put him back with a gentle hand, looking at him with startled, reproachful eyes.

"Do you think I could tell you this, if it were not impossible to be done!" she exclaimed. "See how I trust and love you. I talk to you as if you were my guardian angel. I conceal nothing. Could I insist on what gives you pain, could I resist a prayer of yours, without telling you everything that would make it clear that I must do so?"

Don Filippo's flushed face grew pale. He began to perceive something inexorable in her pure and sorrowful gentleness. He sank on the stone seat opposite her, and sat with his lip under his teeth, gazing at her, doubting if, indeed, he must give her up, or should snatch her by force away from the world she lived in, and by his pleading wear out her resolution where none could interfere.

"It would be most bold and indelicate, if I were to say this in any other circumstances," she said. "But it is almost as if my spirit should come back after my death to tell you. In one way, I am dead. My ignorant illusions have perished, and their loss has left me chilly. I saw

an English play once that comes to my mind now. In it there was a king who had killed a great many people. At last, one night, on the eve of battle, he dreamed; and, in his dream, all whom he had killed came back to him, one by one, and looked at him, and spoke, each one, his cruel word, and passed away. So it was with me last night. Every hope and wish and sweet vision which I was forced to destroy came back and looked at me, and stabbed me to the heart, and departed."

"My poor darling!" he exclaimed. "My poor darling! How I have ruined your life!"

"Not so!" she said with tender eagerness. "Do you not know that there is a sadness and pain sweeter than is most pleasure? I would not give the pain I have, knowing you, for any joy I could have had, not having known you. I sometimes think that suffering is a better possession than delight. You can hold a sweet pain all your life, and it may be as a shield between you and every other trouble; but pleasure may escape at any moment. See what precious thoughts I can cherish. I shall say, I know that he loved me tenderly, and he knew that he was all to me, and that I shall not change toward him, though we should not meet ever again. I shall say, we were together a little while, meaning no harm, and, as soon as we saw that ill would come of it, we separated, and it is well with us. Every day and night my thoughts will turn toward you, blessing you, and that part of the heavens over your dwelling will seem to me the place where the sun rises. I want a little picture of you, and you must put a ring on my finger the last time we meet. I am not going to try to forget you. Do not you see, Filippo *mio*, that there will be few married people in the world so perfectly united as we shall be? We shall have entered on the spiritual life. No misunderstandings can come between us. We shall live in the region above the clouds."

Something of her tranquillity communicated itself to him. He felt so sure of her love that even parting seemed bearable. But he was not yet satisfied.

"Camilla," he said, "will not you say that you could be happy as my wife, if it might be so?"

"Certainly," she replied, without hesitation. "And, if we stayed together, I could not be content in any other way. It is no sin. It is as natural that I should wish it as that I should breathe. Without it, it seems to me that I do not breathe any more, but only sigh."

He rose hastily from the seat, and stood beside her as she rose from the rocky basin-ledge, and stood looking down upon the water into which her tears were dropping.

"My love!" he exclaimed passionately, "I cannot give you up! We should suffer more in parting than in staying together. You forget that

we should be anxious about each other, if not doubting. In sickness, danger, or death, we should suffer too much if separated. I am not a slave of love, dear, and I will be guided by you. I yield to your decision, and will say nothing of marriage. But you must yield, and remain near me. If you refuse, you will fly me in vain; for I shall follow you to the world's end. In everything else I yield; in this I must be a tyrant. Never shall you hide your dear face and form from me. Death only shall hide you from me; life, never! Look up, darling! Give me your hand! Take courage, and trust me. I will be true and honest! At my first fault, you may leave me. I promise you that. Give me the trial!"

If only she might do so! Some hope and comfort sprang up in her heart at his words. She turned her face toward him, with a half-smile, and half-extended her hand, which he fell on his knees to clasp and kiss.

"Tell me what is right for me to do," she said. "I know that I am sometimes too uncompromising, and perhaps I have been so now. I love you humanly,—yes; but I love you as almost an angel. I trust you. You are to me all honor and nobleness. You will tell me what is truly best, what I may safely do. Tell me, and I will obey you."

He felt as if a mountain had been laid on his shoulders. Her trust in him swept from his hold the faintest excuse for self-deception. Bound by it, he was forced to choose an heroic course, which of himself he felt too weak to choose. In the bottom of his heart, he knew that they must separate. Theirs was the passion as well as the tenderness of love, and only the last terrible remedy remained for them. He could have dared to sue, he could have been led to hush the reproaches of his own conscience, but he could not abase himself in the eyes of the woman he adored. She loved him because she believed him heroic. She would cease to love him, if she found him capable of betraying her trust.

He kissed her hand again before replying; but, even as it touched his lips, it was snatched away from him. Some arrowy shadow sprang forward, and retreated while the words yet lingered on his tongue, and Camilla was swept from him as by a whirlwind. The smile had not died from her face when the plunge of her fall woke a hollow echo in the grove, and the waters had devoured her. All the shadows of the cypresses, with their lighted tips, ran crinkling across the pool, like serpents with fiery tongues.

Don Filippo remained paralyzed, gazing into the black water. He seemed to be gazing into eternity. The sudden echo died away, the ripples and shadows smoothed themselves, and the horror that had been receded into the past, as though a century had rolled away since it thus struck him to stone. How many years had he been asking himself if she would come back to him, or if he should go to her?

"Come back! Come back to me, my love!" he cried, at length finding voice.

There was no sound but the strange, muffled echo of his own words, and a footstep which fled down the hill. There was something inexorably stern in the place. The cypresses were swords; the moonlight was the glance of Medusa; the fountain jet laughed on, in spite of despair; the ripples chased each other round and round, like the slow spokes of a great wheel. There was nothing human in the scene but the bursting heart that waited and the strangled love below.

Two or three bubbles broke against the fountain-edge, there was a terrible receding motion in the dark wave, and up floated Camilla, as motionless as a stone but for that rising.

Almost falling into the water, Don Filippo leaned over, snatched desperately at her dress, and drew and lifted her out dripping. Clasping and kissing her, murmuring words of desperate fondness and distress, he ran toward the house, bearing her in his arms.

"Call a doctor!" he cried to the first servant he met. "Take a horse, and ride him to death! If the doctor loses an instant, I'll shoot him."

She had not stirred in his clasp while he bore her to the house. Her arms hung straight downward over his, her head dropped back on his shoulder, and a line of cold light parted her eyelids.

He hurried with her to the room where Madame von Klenze sat with her book, wondering over the cause of the sudden stir she heard.

"My God!" she cried, "what has happened? Has she fainted?"

But the face of Don Filippo was not that of one who bears a merely fainting woman. He did not answer. He only laid Camilla on a sofa, and began to try such means as he knew for her restoration. Her dripping garments and the wet hair, in which a long weed was tangled, told the story without words.

Madame von Klenze was a woman of great self-possession, and, after the first instant, went promptly to work. Don Filippo himself was scarcely more imperative than she. The whole household was put in motion; every possible help was procured. Servants came and went with flying feet, or stood whispering at the doors, ready for service. Madame's efforts were no more prompt than intelligent.

In the midst of all this stir, Camilla lay white and motionless, her arms hanging straight down from her side, and that line of frozen light parting her eyelids.

The doctor came. Hours went by.

From a frantic distress, Don Filippo passed to the silence of despair. Leaving all efforts of restoration to others, he threw himself on his knees at the head of the sofa, and buried his face in the pillow. There was no thought of concealment before those present. He cared not for them.

All who were there heard him call Camilla his angel, and beseech her to speak to him once more; all saw him weep over her, and kiss her hand. Not one but knew that it was the idol of his heart who lay there unanswering.

Unanswering. It was terrible to see how her cold silence resisted all their efforts. Death became infinitely more awful when it could make so much beauty and gentleness implacable to every prayer of agonized love. She was like a bird on which the tempest beats without being able to ruffle a feather.

Science and affection exhausted themselves. They struggled long after they knew that their struggles were vain.

At last, when the day began to break, the doctor dropped the cold hand from his grasp, and turned away. He did not dare to say anything, even to Madame von Klenze, who, all need for exertion past, gave way to her grief and self-reproach. Bending over Camilla and caressing her, she sobbed out her prayer for forgiveness. She felt, when too late, how false she had been to the real duty of friendship; how this poor dove, beaten hither and thither by the storm, had in vain sought a shelter with her.

Don Filippo was roused by the sound of her weeping, and lifted his head to look at her. He saw that all effort was abandoned, and that no one else was near. The doctor was just passing out through a group of servants clustered at the door. They whispered their question, and gazed anxiously in his face.

He answered them with a single word. "Dead!"

William Leighton.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1833.

ODIN DETHRONED.

[*At the Court of King Edwin. A Drama.* 1878.]

Scene: *The Great Hall of the Palace. The* King *and* Queen *in chairs of state; beside the King,* Earl Blecca, Coifi, *lords, and* Golddin; *beside the Queen, the Princess* Enid, *ladies,* Paulinus, *and priests. In front,* King Penda, Brian *disguised as a Mercian noble, Mercian lords, priests of Odin, etc. At sides and back, guards and attendants. On one side, an armed figure representing Odin; on the other, a great crucifix held by a priest.*

Paulinus. [*pointing to the crucifix.*] Here is a refuge in the heart of Love
From storm, and night, and death.

KING. Wise Lord of Lincoln,
Beneath thy painted mask of poetry
And skilful picturing of words appears
Question too great for our philosophy:
The ceaseless wash of nature's waves, the years,
Laves with uprising crests our solvent lives,
With sinking ebb bears off a part of us
Into the sea of time. Afar that sea
Looks smooth as summer lake, more near in storm
It breaks on man, a billowy dash of spray
And so wild tumult of mad agonies,
That death is rest and haven from its rage;
But storm or rest, a constant menstruum
Of human life—that life, for briefness, like
The fleeting moments a spent swimmer keeps
His head above the vast and pitiless flood:
Then shall we see, in death, a hand of Love
Stretched upward mid the boiling waves to save?
Or some huge kraken that all-hungrily
Sucks us adown to its insatiate maw?

PENDA. A nobler picture, if so brief be life,
A javelin's flight: it sings along the air
From Odin's hand, and, crashing through shield-rim,
Dies there, blood-drunken; to be caught anon
Out of pierced shield, and wing again its flight.
But, to my mind, this life hath space enough
For largest honors: if my hap to fill it
With glory such as Crida greatly won
Then glory shall assume enduring shape
Like lordly palace builded to the skies,
Speaking from lips of sculptured blazonings
Valor's great acts; its shining pinnacles
Neighboring the stars; its fame enduring ever
While love of glory stirs in hearts of men.
Nay, it is idle prattle of life's shortness;
Life is too long if filled with idleness;
Quite long enough for Valor's high renown
And thoughts and acts that live renewed in breath
Of minstrelsy, immortal in a song.
Lo! in the hall, the hungry feast is over,
And kitchen-knaves bear off the empty platters,
While warriors loosen belts, and cry aloud,
To fill the horn, and send it gaily round.
Then while bright drops are sparkling in each beard
The king calls up his minstrel, bidding him
Pour forth the soul of glory on the flood of song.
Now while he sweeps his harp, all bend intent
To catch sweet notes; but when in swelling tones
He sings of glory, lo! the warriors rise,
Push back huge benches; from bright baldrics pull
Their great swords out, and while the torchlight flickers

On flashing blades, shout till the oaken roof
Sends back, each rib reverberate with din,
A great response to glory. Life is short?
Nay, it is great and deathless when i lives
On minstrel lips, thus summoned back again
From hollow vase, sea-cave, rich, marble tomb,
Or the rough cairn that marks a hero's grave—
Ay, deathless through all fortunes save the chance
Of glory's death in man's degenerate heart.
What is the tame existence of dull years,
Though stretched by magic through unending time,
Crawling from bed to food, from food to bed,
Compared to life eternal in the breath
Of song?

QUEEN. So would you drown each gentler note,
That Peace may sing of sweet affection's joys,
In drums of battle. Pray, most warlike king,
Why do you seek a queen? a carven thing
Cut of white ivory, and crowned with gold,
Would fill your chair of state. O, set not there
A woman of warm heart, to feel that heart
Crushed in such iron keeping, if you know
No dearer yearning than a victor's hope,
No fonder thrill than comes of glory's song!

PENDA. My picture hangs with others on the wall;
What time hath frightened bird, or a spent swimmer,
To dream of love? Turn your reproachful eyes,
Fair queen, on him of Lincoln and the king;
Perhaps my heart hath pulse of love as great
As either. These are only pictures, lady,
And mine no more reality than theirs.

COIFI. I see not why we trifle thus with pictures
When great realities come face to face
With idle fancies, pushing these shadows forth
Out of our hearts. Too long have worshipped pictures
Held our obedience. Look, how Odin stands,
Picture of might! If he were might indeed,—
Not hollow seeming, empty, shining armor
Set up in fashion of an armored man,—
Would he not leap from marble pedestal
To smite our sacrilege? I long have served
This idle god; have set before his face
The fairest things; upon his altars burned
Gifts of great price; the blood of slaughtered captives
Poured at his feet; but yet he stood as now,
Only a picture; and the power, I dreamed
Shut up in his mailed bosom, never once
Gave me a sign; yet still I served, and worshipped,
Until the light of this new faith shone down,
And day dawned in my soul. Then I beheld,
In place of deity, an empty figure,

A shell of form and nothingness within,—
Nor like a shrivelled acorn with a germ
Of future life,—while prayerful at its feet
Knelt many nations offering sacrifice,
Burning rich gifts, and shedding human blood.
This sight, so strange, awakened my contempt;
I laughed at it, and, filled with scornful ire,
Snatched the great lance-shaft from his nerveless hand,
And beat his helmet till the roof-tree rung
With noisy clatter, and the dinted brass
Bent with my blows. O lords, is this a thing
To worship, this dull god that may be beaten
Like any drunken slave?

PENDA. Blaspheming dog!
Doth the round moon heed every snarling cur
That yelps at his great disk?

A PRIEST OF ODIN. Hear me, O king!
Nor deem great Odin's sleep, the sleep of death:
Worn with long vigils, at his mighty foot
I slumbered; waked to hear an awful voice,
Deep as the thunder,—while blue lightning played
About his helmet,—bid me bring his shield,
The sculptured stone a hundred men in vain
Might strive to move; I marvelled, but obeyed;
And when I touched the ponderous block, it stirred
As light as gossamer, that there I hung it
On the left arm of Odin; then he cried,
"Sleep on," and at his word I fell asleep;
But when I waked, looked upward tremblingly
Where on the arm of Odin still there hung
The carven stone—Then I cried out; at which
It fell with frightful sound as if the wind
Split into tatters an enormous sail;
And I beheld the marvellous shield roll back
To where I took it up; and many heard
The great stone fall, came hastily, and saw
The form of Odin shake, blue tongues of fire
Still flaming round his helmet, while I lay
In terror at his feet.

COIFI. A stupid dream!—
This god is moveless, voiceless, powerless.
Behold, I wage my arm against his might!
Give me an axe, and I will smite this image;
If it be not the senseless thing I say,
Let it smite back; but if I cast it down,
And stand unharmed, I have dethroned the god.

KING. Give him an axe.

[*One of the soldiers of the King's guard gives an axe to* COIFI, *who advances to the statue of Odin.*]

COIFI. So fall the Æsir gods!

[COIFI *raises the axe to strike.*]

PENDA. So Odin strikes!

[PENDA, *with a sword-thrust, kills* COIFI, *who falls at the feet of the statue of Odin.*]

KING. O traitor!—Ho! my guard!

[*The lords of Deira draw their swords, and, with the King's guard, press forward; the Mercian lords close about their King with drawn swords; while* KING EDWIN *advances in front of* PENDA. BRIAN *leads* ENID *among the Mercians.*]

PENDA. Here at your feet, O Christian king, I cast
My vassalage. Set up your cross of Peace
In Deira; Mercia knows no gods save those
Our fathers worshipped—"Traitor," do you say?
Nay, I am true unto my ancient faith,
And will not serve a traitor. There lies one
[*Pointing to the body of* COIFI.]
Whose purchased hand presumed to soil his god
With its vile touch—one, you would make a king
For treachery; he was unkingly ever,
And past your kingly power to crown him now.

KING. Thy head shall lie as low!

PENDA. Then shall these halls
Be red with slaughter. I have filled your court
With Mercians, and will cut a bloody track
Back to my land. I ask nor peace, nor war;
But stand prepared alike for either chance.

KING. A monstrous rebel!

QUEEN. Dear my lord, I pray thee,
Turn not thy court to a wild battle-field;
Because I am no warrior, swords affright me;
Let the fierce Penda and his Mercians go.

KING. Let it be so.
To KING PENDA. We give thee safely forth
To Mercia; there full well defend thyself;
For, by yon crucifix, we swear to plant
The cross in every village of thy land!

PENDA. Red will the soil of Mercia grow, O king,
About your plants. I take this offered truce;
And for the Princess Enid, who will go
With me to Mercia, will return the price
Of a king's ransom.

KING. Nay, we give her thee,
All ransomless, in payment of past service;
We would not owe an enemy so much
As is thy due; and thus we cancel it.
So, having paid old scores, we now may feel
The only debt we owe is present due
Of bold rebellion. Go; the path is clear
That leads to Mercia.

PENDA. Mercia, by my hand,
Now breaks her chains; no recreant to the gods
Shall claim her service. For this courtesy,
Your gift of Gwynedd's princess, 'tis set down

As a new debt to courtesy; all debts else
Cancelled, my country oweth naught but this.
Now, King of Deira, Penda, King of Mercia,
No more a vassal, giveth his farewells.
He gaily bids you to his wedding feast,
You and your court—a welcome unto all;
Or choosing rather war, come with your hosts,
And still he promises a kingly welcome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Isaac Hill Bromley.

Born in Norwich, Conn., 1833.

THE NOBLE TETON SIOUX.

[*The New-York Tribune.* 1875.]

HOW beautiful the picture of the Red Man of the Forest walking westward with measured tread and sometimes tangled locomotion, sustained and soothed by the unfaltering arm of the Indian agent. Barbarism falls back slowly before the onward march of Progress and Civilization, but Philanthropy sends out at the nation's expense a shining band of agents and traders, who smooth the Red Man's pathway to the setting sun with whiskey of an inferior quality but tremendous power, and who see to it that when the noble savage reaches the goal of his earthly career and wraps the drapery of his couch about him, the drapery shall be such as has paid several hundred per cent. profit to the trader, with the privilege of reversion. No finer picture could be than of the Indian and the agent walking westward together; Government supplying the Indian, the Indian supplying the agent, and the agent making remittances East. Complete and harmonious circle of operations. Here is no complication of relations, no balance of trade, no delicate adjustments; nothing but a simple process of drawing from the Treasury in the name of the untutored savage, on behalf of the tutored agent. It is the refinement of simplicity as well as philanthropy. . . . .

Nothing in the annals of our country can equal the generosity with which the American People have treated the original owners of the soil. The amount of money that has been paid for the maintenance and support of each individual Indian in the country would, if ciphered out and tabulated, astonish the effete monarchies. It has always been the policy of the Government to do the handsome thing by the Indians. For years

and years we have watched their retreating forms with unmixed sadness, have pursued them with our sympathies and emigrant trains, and for the sake of old associations in part and partly for agricultural purposes, have occupied the lands they abandoned. We have made large and frequent appropriations for their benefit, and some of the most brilliant and acute statesmen of this or any period have watched with constant interest the flow of money from the Treasury to the Red Man, and have amassed handsome fortunes by simply standing by and seeing that everything went right. We have made treaties with them as with independent nations, and at the same time maintained them as Government wards. We have sent them the agent and trader as examples in the process of Christianization, furnished them with rifles and ammunition to keep the peace, and promoted contentment and quiet with whiskey of the highest projectile force. We have tried various policies upon them in the determination to have them suited, and occasionally, to show there was nothing mean about us, have sent them a Major-General's scalp. More than all this, we have sent a class of men to deal with them with whom in vigor and dash and grip for currency the bounty-jumpers of the late war bear no comparison. . . . . .

And with all this the Indian is not happy.

He complains that there is not enough of him, and that he cannot repeat as he would. A noble Sioux, for instance, whose share of the appropriation, before it goes through the usual sweating process, is about sufficient to support a small family in Madison-avenue, finds that when the bounty which this great and glorious Government gives him for being red in color, and handy with hair, and wearing only one garment, reaches him, it will hardly buy a drink of the trader's commonest whiskey. So he moves away and organizes another tribe. The Department of the Interior hears of his dissatisfaction and forthwith sends a commission out to meet him and negotiate with him. Discovered in the stage of intoxication, at which the imagination is most active and numbers are of small consequence, he answers mathematical conundrums in the large way of a lord of the soil. The Department recognizes him as a tribe and calls him, for instance, the Teton Sioux. He says there are 1,400 lodges of him. The Department at once estimates eight souls to a lodge and computes him at 11,200. What could the Department do then but ask for an appropriation of $500,000 for him? The amount was voted. Parties were sent out from the Department to find this Teton Sioux and present him, on behalf of the Government, with $500,000, less mileage and expenses of the commission. The expedition failed. The Teton Sioux, who was 11,200, had gone away, and the Committee, which comprised some of the best talent in the Department, could not find him. They found another one, however, who was reasonably sober, and was

only about 6,000 Teton Sioux. They came back and made an appropriation of $200,000 to him, and sent it to him by the usual channels. Nothing has since been heard of him, but it is supposed that he got tired, as well of being so many as of waiting so long, and suffered absorption into some tribe, or perhaps a sea-change into something rich and strange. Nothing so kindles the enthusiasm of the Interior Department as the knowledge that a Teton Sioux is wandering through Montana or Dakota in a state of savage unrest. Immediately a committee from the Department goes for the Teton, finds him nomadic and discontented, says to him, "How many art thou, O Teton?" and conjures him by his expectation of a lodge in the happy hunting-grounds to enter into a treaty and consent to accept an appropriation from the Government. Having obtained his reluctant consent to receive aid from the oppressor, the Department gets an appropriation and divides it among deserving persons who support the Administration on account of its admirable Indian policy.

Who would not, under such circumstances, be an Indian—or at least an Indian agent? Who would not unite with the poet in the aspiration, "I want to be an Indian and with the Indians stand?" Let us mourn that the red men are disappearing from the whiskey shops of the frontier, but let us give the Interior Department the credit it deserves for making the most of them while they remain.

THE SEASON OF RAMPAGE.

[*The New-York Tribune.* 1874.]

FALLS now upon the crimson fringe of the flying October the flutter of unusual stationery, the printed "bugle blasts" with which the Committee rouses the apathetic voter to patriotic action. The poster and the handbill, the circular, the call, and the address fall as the leaves fall into the lap of Autumn, startling the sober citizen with reminders of his political privileges and duties and harrowing his feelings with conundrums of the gravest magnitude in type of the most serious and threatening character. The voice of the Committee is heard in the land. The man who saves his country and delivers the tax-payers from the grasp of plunderers and highwaymen leans gracefully at an angle of about forty-five against the bar of public opinion, or some other, and assuages his patriotic thirst with fluids of the most positive character while he declaims upon the subject of government, and his stately proboscis takes on the gorgeous hues of the American forest. "Headquar-

ters" break out with the most exasperating transparencies in the most unexpected places, or become confluent with the obtrusive saloon and the gilded gin-mill.

The reticent barkeeper recognizes the emergency and throws statesmanlike remarks into the swirl of discussion that eddies and gurgles around him. Now ablebodied persons offer bets at various odds, and beefy-cheeked sovereigns indulge in prophecies. Political economists gather in corner groceries, and in full view of the painted exhortation "Do not spit on the stove," proceed to expectorate wildly as they contemplate the bruised and bleeding condition of the Republic. And now shortly will come from all the organs a full chorus of appeals in behalf of the "aged and infirm voter." Communities will be urged to look out for him, to see to him, to get him out early in the morning, to send for him with wagons and phaetons and hacks and stage-coaches, and to keep at work upon him till all of him has voted, and voted right. Young persons will be addressed in the most eloquent terms upon the subject of their rights and duties, and no man of any age, complexion, or condition will escape the inquiry, "Have you registered?" It will be flung in his face at breakfast, it will meet him at his place of business, he will encounter it on his return to his fireside, he will have it in his soup. Dead walls will follow him with it, the curbstones will throw it up at him, and wagons with transparencies will accompany him up and down town wherever he goes, with the continual reminder.

For ten days coming there will be, every day with a sort of increasing emphasis and loudness, the suggestion that the day is coming and growing nearer all the time. Bets will increase, noses grow redder, a great many persons in political life will, as General Sharpe remarked the other evening, "feel the touch of elbows," and a great many more elbows will be crooked and uplifted afterwards; the country will draw near utter destruction, and still nearer, and then the voting will begin, that is to finish everything and close the last chapter in history. After that the votes will be counted, and there will be bonfires, and perhaps guns, and the next day a great many disinterested persons will have the headache. It is more than likely, too, that the country will go right on afterward very much as though it had not been ruined. Let us hope so.

David Ross Locke.

Born in Vestal, Broome Co., N. Y., 1833. Died at Toledo, Ohio, 1888.

MR. NASBY FINDS A NEW BUSINESS WHICH PROMISES AMPLE PROFITS.

[*The Struggles—Social, Financial, and Political—of Petroleum V. Nasby.* 1872.]

Post Offis, Confedrit × Roads,
(wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky),
January 20, 1869.

I HEV it at last! I see a lite! A grate lite! a brite lite! I shall not go to Noo York, nor shall I be forced to leave the Corners, at least permanently. I hev at last struck ile! I shel live like a gentleman; I shel pay for my likker, and be on an ekal footin with other men. Bascom, whose smile is happiness, but whose frown is death, will smile onto me wunst more.

To Miss Soosan Murphy I owe my present happiness. The minnit I notist that she hed put in a claim agin the Government for property yoosed doorin the war by Fedral soljery, I to-wunst saw where my finanshel salvashen wuz. Immejitly I histed my shingle ez a agent to prossekoot claims agin the Government for property destroyed or yoosed doorin the late onpleasantnis, by Fedral troops. That shingle hedn't bin out an hour before Joe Bigler hed red it to half the citizens uv the Corners, and in two hours I hed biznis on my hands, and money in my pockets. Ez a matter uv course, I insisted upon a retainin fee uv ten dollars in each case.

Issaker Gavitt and his two younger brothers wuz the first clients I hed. Their case is one uv pekoolyer hardship, and I feel ashoored that Congris will to-wunst afford em the releef they ask. The property destroyed wuz a barn and its contents, wich wuz destroyed by Buel in the second yeer uv the war; that is, the contents wood hev bin destroyed only they wuzn't in the barn, ez they hed bin sold jist previously to the Confedracy. But ez the Elder, peace to his ashes, took Confedrit munny for sed contents, wich munny he, in a moment uv enthoosiasm, invested in Confedrit bonds, wich finally got to be worth nothin, we put in a claim for the valyoo uv the contents ez well ez uv the barn. Bein 70 years uv age when the war broke out, he did not volunteer in the Confedrit service, and consequently never fired a shot at the Old Flag. His two youngest sons did, it is troo, but the Elder can't be held responsible for them boys. The estate is entitled to damage jist the same ez tho the Elder wuz alive.

Elder Pennibacker hez also claims to a considerable amount, wich is for fences, crops, barns, and sich, destroyed by Fedral armies. The Elder is not quite certain but that the fences wuz destroyed by order uv a Confedrit General, wich wuz retreetin, and it is possible that the crops, barns, and sich, wuz yoosed up at the same time. It wuz doorin the war, at any rate, and ez the Fedral Government wuz, in his opinyun, to blame for the war, wich never wood hev bin carried on hed it yeelded ez it ought to hev done, why the Fedral Government ought to pay all these losses. Uv course I shan't put all the Elder's talk into the petishen.

Miss Jane McGrath's case, wich is the one I shel push the hardest, is one wich, ef Congris does not consider favorably, it will show that Congris hez no bowels. Miss McGrath is a woman. Uv course doorin the war she wuz loyal, ez she understood loyalty. She beleeved in her State. She hed two brothers which went into the Confedrit servis, and she gave em both horses. But wood any sister let her brother go afoot? Them horses must be set down to the credit uv her sisterly affeckshun. It will be showed, I make no doubt, that when her oldest brother's regiment (he wuz a Colonel) left for the seat uv war, that Miss McGrath presented to it a soot uv colors wich she made with her own hands, wich soot included a black flag with skull and cross-bones onto it. Sposin she did? It wuz loyalty to wat she considered her State. And the fact that doorin the war she rode twelve miles to inform a Confedrit officer that four Fedral soljers wich hed escaped from Andersonville wuz hid in her barn, shood not operate agin her. Onto her piano ther wuz a choice collection uv Southern songs, and ther is a rumor that in Louisville wunst she did spit in the face uv a Fedral offiser: but wat uv that? Is a great Government goin to inquire closely into sich trifles? Miss McGrath give me the names uv three Fedral Generals who campt on her place doorin the last year uv the war, wich wood certify to her loyalty, wich, ef they didn't, wood show that there wuzn't any gratitood in humanity.

Deekin Pogram hez uv course a claim. The Deekin's horses wuz all taken by a Fedral offiser, wich wuz the more aggravatin, ez the Deekin hed, in addishen to his own, jist bought 25, wich he wuz to hev delivered to General Morgan, uv the Confedracy, the next day, who wuz to hev paid for em in gold. They were gobbled. For these horses the Deekin claims payment. He wuz, doorin the war, strictly nootral. Kentucky did not secede, neither did the Deekin. His boys went into the Confedrit service, and on several occasions he might hev cleaned his trusty rifle and gone out at nite to git a crack at Fedral pickets. Habit is strong, and ez ther were no schoolmasters to shoot, the Deekin must shoot somethin. He considered the war a great misforchoon, and many a time hez the old patriark, with teers streemin down his cheeks,

exclaimed, "Why won't Linkin withdraw his troops and let us alone?" He hez bin since the close uv the struggle a hankerin arter Peece. "Let us hev Peece!" is his cry. "Give me back my niggers; let me hev things ez they wunce wuz, and I shel be soothed into quietood." He voted for Micklellan in 1864, and for Seymour in 1868, but that uv course won't count agin him in the matter uv the claim. The minnit he decided to put in the claim he withdrew from the Ku-Klux, uv wich associashun he hez bin chief for this seckshun. He's sorry now that he shot any niggers since the close of the war. He is an inoffensive old man, whose pathway to the tomb needs soothin. The horses he lost he counts worth $10,000, and he uv course wants remuneration to the amount uv $10,000 more for the anguish he suffered seein uv em go.

Almost every white citizen uv the Corners hez a claim, uv wich I shel hev the prosekootin; that is them wich kin raise the retainin fee. Some hundred or more who never hed anything before or doorin the war, and who are in the same condishen now, hev put in claims for sums rangin from $10,000 to $20,000, offerin me the half I git. I may take em. They kin swear to each other's loyalty, wich will redoose the cost uv evidence to a mere nominal sum.

I shel hie me to Washinton and get Mrs. Cobb to take hold with me, givin her a share. Ef she succeeds with Congris ez well ez she did with the President, the result will be all that I kin desire.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, P. M.
(wich is Postmaster).

MR. NASBY LOSES HIS POST OFFICE.

[*From the Same.*]

ON A FARM, THREE MILES FROM CONFEDRIT × ROADS (wich is in the Stait uv Kentucky), June 29, 1869.

THE die is cast! The guilloteen hez fallen! I am no longer Postmaster at Confedrit × Roads, wich is in the State uv Kentucky. The place wich knowd me wunst will know me no more forever; the paper wich Deekin Pogram takes will be handed out by a nigger; a nigger will hev the openin uv letters addressed to parties residin hereabouts, containin remittances; a nigger will hev the riflin uv letters addrest to lottry managers, and extractin the sweets therefrom; a nigger will be.— But I can't dwell upon the disgustin theme no longer.

I hed bin in Washington two weeks assistin the Caucashens uv that city to put their foot upon the heads uv the cussid niggers who ain't

content to accept the situashen and remain ez they alluz hev bin, inferior beins. To say I hed succeeded, is a week expreshen. I organized a raid onto em so effectooally ez to drive no less than thirty uv em out uv employment, twenty-seven uv wich wuz compelled to steel their bread, wich give us a splendid opportoonity to show up the nateral cussidness uv the Afrikin race, wich we improved.

On my arrival at the Corners, I knew to-wunst that suthin wuz wrong. The bottles behind the bar wuz draped in black; the barrels wuz festooned gloomily (wich is our yoosual method of expressin grief at public calamities), and the premises generally wore a funeral aspeck.

"Wat is it?" gasped I.

Bascom returned not a word, but waved his hand towards the Post Offis.

Rushin thither, I bustid open the door, and reeled almost agin the wall. AT THE GENERAL DELIVERY WUZ THE GRINNIN FACE UV A NIGGER! and settin in my chair wuz Joe Bigler, with Pollock beside him, smokin pipes, and laffin over suthin in a noosepaper.

Bigler caught site uv me, and dartin out, pulled me inside them hitherto sacred precinks.

"Permit me," sed he, jeerinly, "to interdoose you to yoor successor, Mr. Ceezer Lubby."

"MY SUCCESSOR! Wat does this mean?"

"Show him, Ceezer!"

And the nigger, every tooth in his head shinin, handed me a commishn dooly made out and signed. I saw it all at a glance. I hed left my biznis in the hands uv a depetty. It arrived the day after I left, and Isaker Gavitt, who distribbited the mail, gave it to the cuss. Pollock made out the bonds and went onto em himself, and in ten days the commishn come all regler, whereupon Bigler backt the nigger and took forcible possession uv the office. While I wuz absent they hed hed a percession in honor uv the joyful event, sed perceshn consistin uv Pollock, Bigler, and the new Postmaster, who marched through the streets with the stars and stripes, banners and sich. Bigler remarkt that the percession wuzn't large, but it wuz talented, eminently respectable, and extremely versatcel. He (Bigler) carried the flag and played the fife; Pollock carried a banner with an inscripshen onto it, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," and played the bass drum; while the nigger bore aloft a banner inscribed, "Where Afric's sunny fountins roll down the golden sands," with his commission pinned onto it, playin in addishen a pair uv anshent cymbals. Bigler remarkt further that the perceshun created a positive sensashun at the Corners, wich I shood think it wood. "It wuzn't," sed the tormentin cuss, "very much like the grand percession wich took place when yoo received yoor commishn.

Then the whites at the Corners wuz elated, for they spectid to git wat yoo owed em in doo time, and the niggers wuz correspondinly deprest. They slunk into by-ways and side-ways; they didn't hold up their heads, and they dusted out ez fast ez they cood git. At this percession there wuz a change. The niggers lined the streets ez we passed, grinnin exultinly, and the whites wuz deprest correspondinly. It's singler that at the Corners the two races can't feel good both at the same time.

My arrival hevin become known, by the time I got back to Bascom's all my friends hed gathered there. There wuzn't a dry eye among em; and ez I thot uv the joys once tastid, but now forever fled, mine moistened likewise. There wuz a visible change in their manner towards me. They regarded me with solisitood, but I cood discern that the solisitood wuz not so much for me ez for themselves.

"Wat shel I do?" I askt. "Suthin must be devised, for I can't starve."

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Bascom.

"Pay me wat yoo owe me!" ejakelatid Deekin Pogram, and the same remark wuz made by all uv em with wonderful yoonanimity. Watever differences uv opinyun ther mite be on other topics, on this they wuz all agreed.

"Gentlemen!" I commenced, backing out into a corner, "is this generous? Is this the treatment I hev a right to expect? Is this —"

I shood hev gone on at length, but jist at that minnit Pollock, Joe Bigler, and the new Postmaster entered.

"I hev biznis!" sed the Postmaster; "not agreeable biznis, but it's my offishel dooty to perform it."

At the word "offishel," comin from his lips, I groaned, wich wuz ekkoed by those present.

"I hev in my hand," continyood he, "de bond giben by my predecessor, onto wich is de names uv George W. Bascom, Elkanah Pogram, Hugh McPelter, and Seth Pennibacker, ez sureties. In dis oder hand I hold a skedool ob de property belongin to de 'partment wich wuz turned ober to him by his predecessor, consistin of table, chairs, boxes, locks, bags, et settry, wid sundry dollars worf of stamps, paper, twine, &c. None ob dis post offis property, turned over to my predecessor by his predecessor, is to be found in de offis, and de objick ob dis visit is to notify yoo dat onless immejit payment be made uv de amount thereof, I am directed by de 'partment to bring soot to-wunst against the sed sureties."

Never before did I so appreciate A. Johnson, and his Postmaster-General Randall. Under their administrashen wat Postmaster wuz ever pulled up for steelin anythin? Eko ansers. This wuz the feather that broke the camel's back. . . . .

Uv course I can't go back to the Corners under eggsistin circumstances. It wood be uncomfortable for me to live there ez matters hev terminated. I shel make my way to Washinton, and shel see if I can't git myself electid ez Manager of a Labor Assosation, and so make a livin till there comes a change in the Administrashen. I wood fasten myself on A. Johnson, but unforchnitly there ain't enuff in him to tie to. I would ez soon think uv tyin myself to a car wheel in a storm at sea.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY
(wich wuz Post Master).

Robert Green Ingersoll.

BORN in Dresden, N. Y., 1833.

SELECTIONS FROM HIS ORATORY AND WRITINGS.

[*Prose Poems.* 1884.—*Revised Edition.* 1888.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

STRANGE mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable, and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all, the shadow of the tragic end. . . . .

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons. . . . .

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mir[illegible]ave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to a[illegible]o dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had [illegible]humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask

worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart. He was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart: above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech: too much polish suggests insincerity. The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory the miser, shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift hope, enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion, that awkwardness, that is the perfect grace of modesty. As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for

change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop; but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small,—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags, and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise, and war he saw the end. He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except upon the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe, this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon. He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

LIFE.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for

the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

ART AND MORALITY.

The artist, working simply for the sake of enforcing a moral, becomes a laborer. The freedom of genius is lost, and the artist is absorbed in the citizen. The soul of the real artist should be moved by this melody of proportion as the body is unconsciously swayed by the rhythm of a symphony. No one can imagine that the great men who chiseled the statues of antiquity intended to teach the youth of Greece to be obedient to their parents. We cannot believe that Michael Angelo painted his grotesque and somewhat vulgar "Day of Judgment" for the purpose of reforming Italian thieves. The subject was in all probability selected by his employer, and the treatment was a question of art, without the slightest reference to the moral effect, even upon priests. We are perfectly certain that Corot painted those infinitely poetic landscapes, those cottages, those sad poplars, those leafless vines on weather-tinted walls, those quiet pools, those contented cattle, those fields flecked with light, over which bend the skies, tender as the breast of a mother, without once thinking of the ten commandments. There is the same difference between moral art and the product of true genius that there is between prudery and virtue.

The novelists who endeavor to enforce what they are pleased to call "moral truths" cease to be artists. They create two kinds of characters—types and caricatures. The first never has lived, and the second never will. The real artist produces neither. In his pages you will find individuals, natural people, who have the contradictions and inconsistencies inseparable from humanity. The great artists "hold the mirror up to nature," and this mirror reflects with absolute accuracy. The moral and the immoral writers—that is to say, those who have some object besides that of art—use convex or concave mirrors, or those with uneven surfaces, and the result is that the images are monstrous and deformed. The little novelist and the little artist deal either in the impossible or the exceptional. The men of genius touch the universal. Their words and works throb in unison with the great ebb and flow of things. They write and work for all races and for all time.

It has been the object of thousands of reformers to destroy the passions, to do away with desires; and could this object be accomplished, life would become a burden, with but one desire—that is to say, the desire for extinction. Art in its highest forms increases passion, gives tone and color and zest to life. But while it increases passion, it refines.

It extends the horizon. The bare necessities of life constitute a prison, a dungeon. Under the influence of art the walls expand, the roof rises, and it becomes a temple.

Art is not a sermon, and the artist is not a preacher. Art accomplishes by indirection. The beautiful refines. The perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct. The harmony in music teaches, without intention, the lesson of proportion in life. The bird in his song has no moral purpose, and yet the influence is humanizing. The beautiful in nature acts through appreciation and sympathy. It does not browbeat, neither does it humiliate. It is beautiful without regard to you. Roses would be unbearable if in their red and perfumed hearts were mottoes to the effect that bears eat bad boys and that honesty is the best policy.

Art creates an atmosphere in which the proprieties, the amenities, and the virtues unconsciously grow. The rain does not lecture the seed. The light does not make rules for the vine and flower.

THE AGE OF FAITH.

For a thousand years Faith reigned, with scarcely a rebellious subject. Her temples were "carpeted with knees," and the wealth of nations adorned her countless shrines. The great painters prostituted their genius to immortalize her vagaries, while the poets enshrined them in song. At her bidding, man covered the earth with blood. The scales of Justice were turned with her gold, and for her use were invented all the cunning instruments of pain. She built cathedrals for God, and dungeons for men. She peopled the clouds with angels and the earth with slaves. The veil between heaven and earth was always rent or lifted. The shadows of this world, the radiance of heaven, and the glare of hell mixed and mingled until man became uncertain as to which country he really inhabited. Man dwelt in an unreal world. He mistook his ideas, his dreams, for real things. His fears became terrible and malicious monsters. He lived in the midst of furies and fairies, nymphs and naiads, goblins and ghosts, witches and wizards, sprites and spooks, deities and devils. The obscure and gloomy depths were filled with claw and wing—with beak and hoof, with leering looks and sneering mouths, with the malice of deformity, with the cunning of hatred, and with all the slimy forms that fear can draw and paint upon the shadowy canvas of the dark.

It is enough to make one almost insane with pity to think what man in the long night has suffered; of the tortures he has endured, surrounded, as he supposed, by malignant powers, and clutched by the fierce phantoms of the air. No wonder that he fell upon his trembling knees—that he built altars and reddened them even with his own blood.

No wonder that he implored ignorant priests and impudent magicians for aid. No wonder that he crawled grovelling in the dust to the temple's door, and there, in the insanity of despair, besought the deaf gods to hear his bitter cry of agony and fear.

Tracy Robinson.

BORN in Clarendon, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1833.

THE MAJORITY.

[*Song of the Palm, and Other Poems.* 1888.]

HOW fare they all, they of the pallid faces,
Beyond our power to beckon their return?
How is it with them, in the silent places?
How shall we learn
Their solemn secret? How can we discover,
By any earnest seeking, the true way
Unto the knowing in what realm they hover?
In what high day,
Or in what sombre shadows of the night,
They are forever hidden from our sight?

We question vainly. Yet it somehow pleases,
When they have spoken the last sad good-bye,
It somehow half the pain of parting eases,
That in the sky,
In the vast solitudes of stars and spaces,
There may be consciousness and life and hope;
And that when we must yield to Death's embraces,
There may be scope
For the unfolding of the better powers,
So sadly stifled in this life of ours.

Junius Henri Browne.

Born in Seneca Falls, N. Y., 1833.

MARRIAGE IS COMPANIONSHIP.

[*Women as Companions.—The Galaxy.* 1873.]

WOMAN is the complement of man, and in their union, which rightly understood means companionship, unity consists. Union, as commonly interpreted, signifies merely a legal tie—made legal that it may bind in the absence of other bonds. Genuine companionship forms no part of it. There is a species of association, rather material than spiritual, for a few hours out of the twenty-four, and that is all. Practical duties absorb the man; domestic obligations consume the woman. Their thoughts, their activities, their spheres are different. They touch each other only at the point of mutual interest. Beyond that their existences are unfamiliar and flow apart. They seldom have the delightful middle ground—the welcome oasis in the Libya of life—on which their inner selves may meet. Or, if they have, it is too narrow for them both, because they have made it narrow. One may stand there and watch and wait; but the other, though near, is distant—will not come—will not hear the cooing of the heart. His labors and anxieties tire him; her endless occupations and cares weary and wear on her. To him home is simply a couch; to her it is a toilsome field, where the harvest is never gathered. They work and sleep, and sleep and work; and from their dreary daily round contentment slips away, aspiration falls to the ground.

For such couples there can be no companionship; they are mere partners in business, in which the finer issues of achievement are indefinitely postponed. They have a hearthstone, but no altar; a refuge, but no sanctuary; a temple, but no gods. They have relations without sympathies; associations without affinities; communication without communion. They hold the creed and perform the rites of the affections, but they never ask for, since they do not feel the need of, the precious sacrament. They are the menial acolytes who kindle the tapers and bear the bread and wine, though careless and ignorant of the sacred mysteries they celebrate.

True marriage is complete companionship. As the companionship grows less, the marriage becomes untruthful, loses its earliest spring, dwindles from its apex. The deepest expression of love is longing for the object loved. When the longing decreases, love has decreased in the same proportion. Companionship is the realization of the longing;

and the realization which does not produce satiety touches and blends with the ideal. All the romance of the freshest emotions tends to and demands companionship. The most ordinary lovers are as Daphne and Apollo when first they catch the soft infection. The sentiments with which they are inspired warm them with poetic fervor, and the common things that compose their life assume the hues of remembered dreams. The instinct of companionship is strong upon them. They glide to each other like concurrent streams, and, once together, their rustic silence is more eloquent than moulded words. Their sole thought, their one desire, is companionship, whose presence and influence lend color and warmth, rhythm and rhyme to the rude prose of their being. For hours they will sit beside a stagnant pool and see the heaven of their hope mirrored on its turbid surface. They will walk hand in hand through barren fields that are to them as Armida's enchanted garden. They will be surrounded by poverty and meanness, and personal contact will conjure these into affluence and splendor. In all such externals companionship is the transparent power, the cunning creator of beautiful illusions, the spiritual sorcerer that compels the outward state to reflect the inner mood.

As with coarse, so it is with fine humanity. Like seeks like throughout the universe, and this seeking attains its end in companionship. The masculine and feminine in all the kingdoms strive toward each other; wanting rest until conjoined, and wanting development until contiguity be secured. While companionship continues satisfaction lasts; but both are usually temporary from the absence of congenial conditions. Marriage, I repeat, is companionship, and with the termination of companionship veritable divorce begins. Wedlock, as generally seen, is a cumbersome volume, with a sweet prelude of verse followed by tedious chapters of awkwardly constructed prose. The proem represents companionship, and the subsequent part its withdrawal. If the companionship could but be preserved, each month would prove a honeymoon; discords, bickerings, and misunderstandings would diminish rather than increase, because the action of contact wears off angles and adjusts uneven surfaces to one another. Men would not sulk; women would not regret; nor would both turn to the past with the unavailing wish to undo the present. Their burdens would be lighter by the sharing of them; their discontents be softened by sympathetic unfolding. Their ways might be dark and devious; but the consciousness that they should walk, where'er they went, closely and tenderly together, would shed such light upon their pathway that the darkness would be dispelled and the deviousness made straight. It is never too late to resume companionship—would that they who need it most might remember this!—and yet they who have surrendered it rarely look for it again. When they step

apart, the slightest channel of their separation broadens and deepens, until what was a crevice becomes a yawning chasm, which few have the strength or courage to leap. If they would but stretch their yearning arms across, wounded faith, broken affection, bruised tenderness could pass over the natural bridge and be made whole once more by receiving back what had been their own, and must soon again be mutually possessed.

GENIUS AND LABOR.

[*Appleton's Journal.* 1878.]

THERE are two distinctive kinds of genius, although there is but one kind of labor. There is the genius which is patient, toilsome, persevering, which accomplishes something, which becomes known. There is also the genius which is careless, indolent, occupied with the present, indifferent to results. This is usually brilliant, often more brilliant than the other; but its recognition is apt to be limited and its influence fleeting. It is likely to be mistaken for talent; for the general opinion of genius is so high as to hold that it must make itself widely felt, and assume some form of permanence. The former kind may be called productive—it is of the more fortunate sort; the latter, convulsive, and, being convulsive, is unrecorded. This is like to be purely personal, to depend upon time and occasion, to be prodigal, to waste itself in a hundred unworthy ways. Any account of it is preserved mainly as tradition, for its character is such that it cannot be accurately understood out of its own atmosphere.

Convulsive genius is unquestionably the more natural of the two. All genius has an instinctive dislike to labor; is impatient of mental process; dashes at conclusions. But the productive sort tempers reason with instinct; is stimulated by ambition; gains self-discipline; grows accustomed to work as means to an end. The convulsive lacks such disposition; has not the same latent power, and therefore contents itself with spontaneous expression or mere tentative effort. It often expires with its immediate activity, and, beyond its own circle or its direct contemporaries, is not ranked as genius at all. Hence the definition of genius as untiring capacity to labor, inexhaustible patience to perform. Convulsive genius is prone to be more ideal than the productive; it has frequent glimpses of possibility which it feels that it cannot command the industry to reach, and which, to its broad sweep, may not seem worth reaching. Its exalted ideal renders all performance, especially its own, unsatisfactory, and puts aspiration at a discount. It is generally weary;

it is easily tired; it abhors drudgery; it discovers no adequate reward for exertion; it despises, from its higher view, what narrower natures long to attain and are eager to toil for night and day.

Convulsive genius is illustrated through all history. Much of it has come down to us, and is still famous, though more from innate force and irrepressible brilliancy than from individual effort or deliberate design. The genius which has been named convulsive, for want of better title, has frequently produced; and yet it is very different from the genius allied to unremitting diligence and steady aim, inspired by reflection on itself with perpetual fanaticism for work. . . . .

Men of the most spontaneous intellect are rarely spontaneous in their distinguishing achievements. Hard, absorbing work must generally be done some time, either in preparation or execution. Sheridan had the name of a radiant and ever-ready wit; he had but to open his mouth, it was thought, and epigrams flowed thence in a sparkling stream. He was very vain of, and carefully cultivated, such reputation. But he did not deserve it. His astonishing readiness was a sham; he used to lock himself in his chamber, and, under pretense of recovering from a debauch, slowly and deliberately devise the fine speeches which he assumed to throw off by sudden impulse. Some of his vaunted impromptus cost him hours of reflection. The present text of "The School for Scandal" is totally different from the first copy; not lines merely, but passages, scenes, and entire acts were recast and rewritten again and again. Almost everything that emanated from him was the result of much deliberation. He was a rare genius; but before he was so ranked, as well as after, he was a hard worker.

Tennyson's best poems seem as if they had run in all their sympathy and sweetness from his overflowing brain. But no poet has ever toiled more over his verses; he forms and reforms them; changes, erases, reproduces, files, and polishes them, until those that stand would never suspect their relation to their early and remote progenitors.

Very few poems or writings of any kind that are reread or remembered but have been wrought with copious brain-sweat. As a rule, the offspring of genius, whatever its nature, is born with exceeding travail, although it is common to believe it generated after the manner of Pallas. . . . .

The published production of genius is like the personation of an actor on the stage. We see it, and judge of it as it is presented, without thinking or caring by what means he has arrived at his superiority. Research, reflection, study, are not taken into account: it is the effect of his work, not the work, that we consider. Quite likely we explain his impressiveness, his influence upon us, his naturalness, as we choose to style it, by pronouncing him a genius, just as we explain discoveries in

science, accomplishments in art, triumphs in literature. They are what they are because they have sprung from genius—the measureless work which has aided, shaped, ripened, expressed, the genius, is not remembered, nor is it generally suspected.

Productive genius has almost invariably its attendant agony of effort, and the willingness, often the gladness, to undergo such agony is a concomitant and inseparable part of productive genius. Nevertheless, it is maintained that labor is primarily unwelcome, even hateful, to real genius, and is undertaken for the most part from egotism, curiosity, ambition, or some other form of self-love. Convulsive genius, frequently of the purest, sometimes of the highest, obeys its instinct and refuses to work with any such earnestness or persistency as will publicly make manifest its affluent possession. But, as has been said, the convulsive is not recognized nor regarded as true genius, since it is averse to harmonizing with what seems to be its destiny. Strictly speaking, it is unnatural for genius to sustain continued and severe effort, notwithstanding it generally does sustain it. Convulsive genius alone acts out its inward promptings; productive genius, by resisting and overcoming strong temptation to ease, or at most to mere occasional endeavor, earns appreciation, and wears the laurel above the crown of labor, which in itself is a crown of thorns.

Elisha Mulford.

BORN in Montrose, Penn., 1833. DIED at Cambridge, Mass., 1885.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

[*The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States.* 1870.]

IF there be in the constitution no provision whereby the political people in its normal action can effect an amendment, or if the mode provided be such as to obstruct its action, there yet subsists in the people the right of reform; and if, while yet there is no way open to it or only some inaccessible way is indicated, the hope of reform shall fail, and the constitution and the government which is instituted in it be wrested from their foundation in the consent of the organic will, there is then, at last, the right of revolution. This, in the supreme peril, is the supreme necessity of the people. If the people no longer finds the correspondence to its aim in the constitution which it has once established, if its

advance is thwarted and it is being deflected from its course, and its life is being deformed, although under the form it once enacted and alone has the right to enact; if the government becomes thus subversive of its ends, and the future holds no hope of a reform which may effect those ends, then revolution is a right. This maintenance of the continuous life and continuous development of the nation, against that which is hindering its growth, or sapping its energy, is not strictly a revolution. It is rather the reverse, since there is in it the maintenance of the organic being of the nation and it is in conformance to the organic law. It is not anarchic, for it is the only possible pursuance of the order of the nation, and its vindication from the false order which is interrupting it. It is the spirit of the people in its real strength which breaks through the system by which it is gyved. But it is only to be justified in the supreme necessity of the nation, and as itself the act of the nation as an whole, the work of the political people. It is not to be the act of a part only, as a section or faction. The development is only of the nation as an organic whole, and conditional in its organic unity, and it is this alone that is thwarted or imperilled, and in this alone the right subsists. Thus a revolution is not an insurrection, since the one presumes the action of the people as an organic whole, and is justified in proceeding from the people, whose determination is law; the other is the act of individuals, a section or a faction, in revolt from the will of the whole.

The revolution which is thus a necessity is not the discord, but it is more strictly the concord of the nation, and when thus a necessity, the order which is set aside will be succeeded immediately by the real order of the nation, in its new form, with the return of the energy of the people, and its ampler freedom. It is not therefore of any to glorify revolution, which can appear only in a disturbed order; but when in the mystery of evil, the energy of the people is impaired and its life withering, although its path can be only through violent struggle, it is yet to rejoice in the power which may resist and overcome the evil. It is thus that epochs of national revolution have been those not of despair, but of hope and exultation, and there has been in them, as there is not in the triumph of parties or factions, the renewal of the strength and spirit of the people.

The nation thus may be the stronger in the crisis in which its constitution is swept away, and there may be in it the evidence of a power which opposing evils could not wholly destroy. It is the life which could not be utterly crushed, and the strength which could not be entirely consumed by fetters forged through lapse of time, in which privileges assumed to be alone the precedents of action, and were girt by legal forms and devices, until they barred out the rights of men. The transition from the feudal constitutions of Germany has been in every

crisis the development in its higher unity of a national life. The age of commonwealth, when the same result in part was effected in England, was the last great age in her history. The French Revolution bore throughout the deepest devotion to the nation, and in its tumultuous changes no voice was lifted against the unity and glory of France. The American Revolution was the act of the political people of the whole land, in the endeavor toward the realization of the nation. These crises were in the development of national life, and the constitution displaced was foreign to the political people.

THE NATION THE ANTAGONIST OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[*From the Same.*]

THE confederate is the immediate antithesis to the national principle, as the confederacy is the necessary antagonist to the nation in history. This antithesis becomes apparent in every aspect in which they may be regarded. The nation, as the organism of human society, presumes an organic unity: and its being, as organic, is that which no man can impart. The confederacy assumes the existence of society as artificial, as formed through an association of men in a certain copartnership of interests, and as only the aggregate of those who, before living separately, voluntarily entered it. The nation is formed in the development of the historical life of the people in its unity; the confederacy is a temporary arrangement which is formed in the pursuance of certain separate and secular ends. The nation in its necessary being can have its origin only in the divine will, and its realization only in that. The confederacy assumes the origin of society in the voluntary act of those who separately or collectively enter it, and its institution has only this formal precedent. The nation is constituted in a vocation in history, and therefore has its own purpose and work; and of this it cannot divest itself, as if it was an external thing, nor alienate, nor transfer it to another. The confederacy is the device of a transient expediency, and in conformance to certain abstract or legal notions, or formulas, as the exposition of a scheme. The nation exists as a relationship, as it is in and through relations that personality is realized; and it can neither have its origin in, nor consist with, a mere individualism. The confederacy comports only with an extreme individualism,—the association of private persons, the accumulation of special interests, to be terminated when these may dictate or suggest. The nation exists in an organic and moral relation to its members, and between the nation and the individ-

ual no power of earth can intervene. The confederacy is only a formal bond, and the individual has no more, in the state, an end in correspondence to his moral being; and it is thus that the word confederate has become stamped with a certain moral reprobation. The nation exists in its unity in the divine guidance of the people. The confederacy allows only the formal unity which is created in the conjunction of certain men or associations of men.

Their antithesis appears the more obvious, the more intimately they are regarded. The confederacy assumes only the aggregation of separate parties, as individuals or societies, but allows no principle in which a real unity may consist, nor the continuity in history of the generations of men. It is a formal order whose condition is a temporary expediency, and its limitation is defined in that, and not in the conditions of an organic and moral being. It is not the guidance of the people in its vocation, in the realization of its being in history, but its structure is framed after its own device, and out of the material which it has heaped together. It builds of its own brick and mortar—which it has accumulated—what it alone can build, although its brick be as venerable as that upon which Mr. Carlyle has pronounced his political eulogium, building after its own scheme in the structure of society a Babel, and the result, which is not only a recurrent fact but a moral necessity, is that the work fails of all permanence in history, and the builders are driven away, or, if it be preferred, they go away with confusion and division.

The antithesis which appears in the national and confederate principle has its manifestation in history. The confederate principle in its necessary sequence can bring only division, and unity and order are established only in the same measure in which it is overcome. The security, which it has made its single aim, it has failed to obtain; and in the furtherance of private and special interests it has been rent and broken by them. The pages of history contain everywhere the record of its disaster. The illustration of its course and its consequence appears—as in these lands also it had its widest construction—in Greece and in Germany. The termination of the history of Greece is abrupt, as if the sudden and violent issue of crime. It was as the confederate spirit came to prevail, in the division of her separate communities, and in the exclusive assumptions and supremacies of these communities, in the precedence of Athenian, and Spartan, and Theban, and Macedonian power, that the strength, which in its unity of spirit had triumphed over the multitudes of Asia, was lost; and in the dissension of these communities, which preferred alliance with a foreign power, so entirely was the national purpose effaced, and in the rivalries and jealousies of private ambition and devotion to private ends, the life of Greece was destroyed. The only union sought or allowed was in that fatal device,

a balance of power, which was always irregular and disturbed, while separate communities with their separate interests alternately contended for the supremacy. The disease in the members could be overcome by no organific force working in the whole, for this was prevented by the assumption of a merely formal relation. Then followed a succession of internal wars, interrupted only by transient intervals of peace. The greater power of the confederate principle was then also in those communities where a system of slavery predominated, as in Sparta; while in Athens there remained until the close the memories and hopes of a national life. This has left its expression in some of the noblest political conceptions in literature. And still it is in Athens that the national life of Greece is slowly reillumined. But the issue of the confederacy was a disaster from which none were exempt. The citizens of Athens themselves were disfranchised. The separate communities sank into the condition of Roman provinces, and the ruin involved the whole, and the subjection of the whole to a foreign power. The termination of the drama has been fitly represented by the historian, when the last great patriotic statesman of Greece went alone into the temple of Poseidon, to hail and welcome death. The most complete recent illustration of this principle is in the German Confederation. The assumption of the rights of sovereignty by petty states and municipalities, each with its claim to independence and legitimacy, divided the people, and in its resultant weakness left it through centuries the ally or the subject to some imperial power. The mockery of the power of a great people was in the construction of the German Bund. It was the prop of weak and pretentious sovereignties —mere lords of division at home and agents of imperial powers abroad. It led the people across every frontier as the antagonist of nations; and France, and Italy, and Denmark, in turn, have felt its assault. It could not protect the people from domestic tyranny, nor avert foreign invasion. In the most immediate danger to the people it could not act; while the Turks were before Vienna, Diet after Diet was held, but no common action followed. There are none of the great highways of Germany over which her own soldiers have not been compelled to march as the ally of a foreign power, and none of her capitals over which they have not aided to hoist a foreign flag. It is only after long humiliation that there comes the dawning of the unity and freedom of the German nation. There is alike in ancient and modern history, the evidence how deadly a foe the confederate spirit has been; how close its alliance has been with slavery and with the predominance of every selfish interest; how, through the division and resultant weakness of the people, it has opened the way to foreign supremacy and to imperialism, and how long has been the battle which the nation has had to fight.

The nation attains the realization of its sovereignty and its freedom

only as it strives to overcome this false principle, and yet as its root is in a selfish tendency, it is only at last overcome in the close of the conflict of history. The confederacy in itself has no permanence, but the evil principle, the bite of the serpent, remains, and in some sudden moment it may rise and strike at the life of the nation. With the people of the United States the conflict of the nation and the confederacy passed through a long period of years, until the character of the principle and purpose in each was to become manifest, and they were to meet face to face, and over a continent from its centre to the sea their armies were to be gathered, and in a struggle of life and death, not only for those who are, but for those who shall be, the issue was to come forth in the judgment of Him with whom are the issues of eternal conflicts.

George Washburn Smalley.

Born in Franklin, Mass., 1833.

LOUIS BLANC, THE MAN AND THE POLITICAL LEADER.

[*The New-York Tribune*, 4 *February*, 1883.]

I SUPPOSE he might have returned to Paris if he had wished, but nothing would induce him to set foot on French soil so long as it lay under the yoke of Napoleon the Third. It was the Republic of '48 which had driven him from France, but it was the Bonapartist Empire for which he reserved all his resentment. He pardoned the injustice done to himself; the outrage upon his beloved France he would pardon never.

That will serve as well as anything for the key-note to his public character, or to one rare and attractive side of his character. He was the most disinterested of men. His great fame has been won by a life filled with sacrifices, one after the other, of almost everything that brings fame to a man. It is not that he was careless of honor and reputation, or ever affected a superiority to applause; he valued it, coveted it, hungered for it, and sacrificed it all the same. Praise pleased him as it pleases a child, as it pleases most simple natures. But with a passion for popularity he was forever doing, and consciously doing, the most unpopular acts. By birth he belonged to the upper middle class, and his life was given to strengthening the hands of a class below his own, intensely hostile to it, whose idea of rising is to pull down whatever is above it. The bent of his mind was naturally toward culture.

Nobody could have made more admirable contributions to purely elegant literature; nobody was more academic, more capable of the last refinements and the supreme polish which are the results of a leisure devoted to making the most of one's natural gifts. But from his first article in a newspaper to the last page of his History he made himself the servant of an idea. He was fond of society, of salons, of conversation, of art, and he turned away from them all to preach a gospel which in the hands of less scrupulous practitioners would surely put an end to them all. His socialism—for I may as well say the inevitable word about it at once—was very far-reaching in theory, yet with him I always thought it less theoretic than sympathetic. In his stringent analysis of the existing social structure he found faults enough, and not in the structure only, but in the whole scheme and idea which were the foundation of it. He had drunk deep at the half-poisoned fountain of Rousseau. He thought for himself, boldly, clearly, with singular power of logic, with endless critical ingenuity, and his socialism, as I said above, was essentially of a destructive kind. He would not have destroyed a fly, himself; he invariably refused to apply on any great scale the subversive principles he announced in his books. He never foresaw and hardly ever admitted the consequences which others drew from them, and the results to which his so-called disciples would have made them contribute. What in truth underlay these utopian speculations was not so much a reasoned conviction as a passionate pity. He could not witness the misery of the poorer classes without longing to relieve it. His books on social questions were a cry of distress. When his heart was touched his head became its servant. No doubt he had argued himself into the belief that the organization of society was radically faulty and radically unjust. He described himself as hungering for justice, and it was a true description. But a passion for all the gentler virtues lay just as deep in his being. Charity, mercy, infinite compassion and affection for whoever was weaker or poorer or less gifted and happy than himself, were the constant motives of his acts and thoughts.

His books, whether historical or political or socialistic, are all one long panegyric on the people. An American reader is liable to forget that the word people does not mean in his mouth what it means with us —the whole people. These long pæans are sung in honor of a class, and that the lowest class of all. Louis Blanc's faith in the people was not in the true sense a democratic faith. He was not for the rule of a majority. The people meant with him in theory the whole sum of the population of France excluding the nobility, the aristocracy, the clergy (albeit springing mostly from the soil), the professions, the whole middle class in whose hands are the wealth and the property accumulated by successful industry. The artisan and the peasant were the people.

They were a majority, it is true, but there never has been a moment since '93 when the peasantry was revolutionary in the social sense. It was the artisan, and above all the artisan of Paris, to whom Louis Blanc looked as the arbiter of the destinies of France. Paris was to give law to the rest of the country, and the Paris workingmen to give law to Paris. He was for the rule of the section which had accepted his doctrines. But when the people of Paris appeared in the streets in 1848 and invited him to govern the country, he shrank back appalled from the task; and he was appalled with reason. Of the particular charges brought against him, and on which he was expelled from France, he was not guilty. But he was certainly a danger to any government, of which he was not the head, and the choice lay between his dictatorship and his exile. Such is the irony of fate. Louis Blanc believed in a republic without a head, and because he would not govern, his mere presence made a republic impossible.

Those who have once met Louis Blanc in society or at his own house will never forget the charm of his manner. To those who have been fortunate enough to meet him often, the memory of it will remain as among the best life has had to offer. It may be said in one sense that his manner never varied. He had the same kindly and polished greeting for visitors of every rank. It was never cold. To his friends it was affectionate, whether you had seen him yesterday or not for many months. His eye was as beautiful as a woman's, with that luminous depth which betokens a profoundly sympathetic nature. He was something more than sympathetic; he was a man to be loved. His conversation was varied, imaginative, abounding in reminiscence and anecdote, every now and then lighting up the remotest depths of a subject with flashes of penetrating intelligence. He was in earnest, but never heavy; serious but free from gloom; the life of a dinner-table and the most delightful of companions in private. From everything like pretence or affectation he was absolutely free. It was too much his custom to take sombre views of affairs; especially the affairs of his own country, for which he had a love that knew no bounds. But of the men who were mismanaging France he had little to say that was hard, nothing that was uncharitable; while of his personal enemies he hardly ever spoke with severity. He had to bear during the last eighteen months of his life the most acute and unremitting torment. It never disturbed the serenity of his temper nor checked his interest in public matters. To the last he was at work for others. I saw him in September; sadly altered in face, but then, as ever, the same simple, genuine, heroic nature that for so many years I had admired, and that I now think I never admired enough.

BISMARCK IN THE REICHSTAG.

[*The New-York Tribune*, 15 *April*, 1888.]

BY half-past two some two hundred members have arrived and the public galleries are half full. They remain half full during all the proceedings, which seem to have no great interest for the people of Berlin. Possibly the people of Berlin are aware that this highly respectable Imperial Parliament is not the final arbiter of the destinies of the German Empire, whether for weal or woe. The centre of political power is not here, so the centre of political interest is elsewhere; whether at Charlottenberg with the dying Emperor, or in the Palais Radziwill in the Wilhelmstrasse where lives the Imperial Chancellor, may be a question. It is not here in the Reichstag, at any rate; not even when the Imperial Chancellor puts in a formal appearance. The members have, nevertheless, a business-like look. They are a stalwart body, with for the most part good gray heads on their bodies, and would be the more distinguished in aspect if they wore fewer spectacles. It may be the spectacles which stamp on them as a body a slightly pedantic air, as of a body of professors. The House of Commons looks, even in these degenerate days, like a gathering of men of the world; of men who spend their lives, whether in country or city, on a high level, and who take large views of affairs; with their eyes set well apart in their heads. They have not derived their opinions, Liberal or Tory, from books; they are not parochial. The German analogue for parochial is Particularist. A man who regards the concerns of his own province, or even kingdom, more than he regards the concerns of the Empire, is a Particularist. What business has he in an Imperial Parliament? Yet there are many such; nay, I thought I detected this provincial stamp on some men who would resent the application of such a name to them.

The defect of the Germans, if we are to believe Mr. Matthew Arnold, is a defect of civic courage. Perhaps, but I suspect an American would discover in them a want of practical politics. I do not use that phrase on this occasion as a synonym for machine, or anything like it. It is a colloquial way of saying that they are without that political training which comes from long and responsible connection with public affairs, beginning with municipal and ending with imperial affairs. They see the thing next to them with painful distinctness; beyond it, little or nothing. I speak of the average; the best of them belong to a totally different class. But I confess, as I looked upon the Reichstag and thought over the history of its contentions, and of the Prussian and other disputes that had preceded it, it seemed to me an assembly of amateurs. No German Parliament is comparable in efficiency to the House of Commons or

to the Congress at Washington. What is here efficient is the Crown. It is the Kingly principle, the Imperial principle, by which fifty millions of Germans, though with universal suffrage, and triennial Parliaments, and the power of the purse in their hands, are really governed.

There is time enough for these and other reflections while the House assembles. Nobody seems to know whether Prince Bismarck is coming himself or not. But while the President, who has the air of a man about to deliver a sermon, is conversing sedately with a group of deputies on the steps of his pulpit, a dark young man enters at his right from a door in the rear, and lays a large red portfolio on the shelf in front of the ministerial seat nearest the tribune. Just beneath stands a tall man of slender build, in an undress uniform of dark blue and red, his smooth-shaven face scored all over with fine lines, the nose aquiline and thin, eyes sunken, forehead lofty and broad and deeply thoughtful, a palpable brown wig on his head; the whole figure slightly stooping; an air of refinement and delicate firmness marking him out among the sturdy personages near him. That is the first soldier of Europe, Count Von Moltke, and the seat below which he stands is that of Prince Bismarck, who enters a moment later.

It was all but two and twenty years since I had seen Prince Bismarck. In 1866 he was fifty-one; he is now seventy-three, wanting some days, and they are years that make a difference. They have left a mark even on this man of iron. He is grayer and stouter, and the lines in his face are as if burnt in; the scars that corroding time has left. They are visible even in his photographs; his scorn of insincerities is far too deep for such flatteries as artists in black and white are wont to practise. They are visible even from the box where I sit, as the light from the ceiling falls full on his upturned face. He strides heavily in; it is but a step from the door to the spot where the scarlet portfolio is waiting for him, but the weight of the step is what first strikes you. It is not lassitude; it is sheer physical bulk. He stands six feet two, and his frame is the frame of a giant. He is broad and square in the shoulders and deep-chested; the arms are big; the legs are big; and that part of the body which is intermediate between legs and chest is big, yet not gross. He is as heroic in his physical proportions as in his character. The head is set on the shoulders and almost into them with a singular solidity and closeness. The man is all of a piece; body and mind, as it were, fused and welded together. Faithful as are many of the photographs, I remember none which brings out strongly the helmet-shape of the head. It is the head of Pericles: dome-like in its amplitude as well as in its curve, with a breadth at the temples which its towering height cannot disguise; and far overhanging the steel-gray eyes, which look out as from caverns, deep fringed with gray eyebrows. There is no regularity of feature or

of contour. The nose is short and carelessly moulded; the mouth you must imagine, for a gray mustache shades it; the jaw is the jaw—well, of Prince Bismarck, and of him alone. The stamp of power, of irresistible force, is on face and figure; into this one human form has Nature for once collected all her irrepressible energies, and subdued them to his overmastering will.

The impression I get as I gaze from a distance only recalls the impression of twenty years ago, when I sat in his study and listened to him till long past midnight, and mentally noted down features and the fleeting, flashing expressions that lighted them up. The changes are many and they are scathing: age has brought with it increase of strength; he looks more like a giant than he did then. He is in uniform, but not in the white of the cuirassiers, which is still, I believe, his favorite costume. He wears a single-breasted dark-blue frock, reaching halfway from the waist to the knees, silver-buttoned to the throat; collar and deep cuffs of what, from this distance, looks like tarnished silver lace, gray in tone, with broad edges of bright yellow. The star of the Black Eagle glitters on the blue coat, and a whole tier of other orders stretches clear across the breast. As he opens with his right hand the scarlet portfolio, which contains the royal message, the left rests on his sword-hilt; an attitude that gives rise to reflections. Never, that I heard of, did the Chancellor enter Reichstag or Landtag in any but a soldier's dress; once, at least, I saw him arrive in jack-boots, and even to-day he wears spurs.

It is for the Chancellor that the House had been waiting. As soon as he was in his place the President rang his bell; some brief formalities were briefly got through, and Prince Bismarck was at once on his feet. A murmur of cheers greeted him. With a bow to his audience and another to the President, he began reading, holding the message on a folio sheet in his hand. He read in a strong voice, audible everywhere, I judged, throughout the hall; deliberately, with marked emphasis on some sentences. It was the Emperor's first message to the Imperial Parliament; the hand of the Chancellor who countersigned and now delivered it to its destination, visible in every line. What could be more like him than these thanks—"imperial thanks"—offered in the name of the late Emperor to the Reichstag, which had voted those last millions of money and men while the Emperor was still living? The voice rang out clearest of all in the final words, "Trusting in the tried love of the whole people and their representatives for the Fatherland, we leave the Empire's future in God's hand." Cromwellian hypocrisy? Cromwellian if you like, but hypocrisy, no. For if anything be true of this stern statesman, as of his dead master, it is that both of them ever had a simple faith in the God of whom they avowedly stand in fear. "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world beside." The confession,

and perhaps also the boast, seem to belong to a past age, but of the genuineness of both I, for my part, have no doubt.

The message ended, the scene changed. Prince Bismarck sat down, and the President rose; the Deputies still all upstanding as while the Imperial message was reading. The Prince sprang up too, and the President spoke briefly. All at once, in the middle of his speech, as he mentioned the Emperor, there came a cry from the body of the hall which seemed like a signal. The President took it up and called, German fashion, for cheers. The whole assembly, raising each man his right arm to its full length, shouted out the deep, guttural "hoch" which does duty for our hurrah. "Again," cried the President, and then, "again," so that the three cheers were duly given, and given with a solid heartiness of voice and manner that befitted the place and occasion—German to the core. I cannot remember to have looked down ever before on a Parliament thus expressing itself in cheers; still less with these strange but fine salutes.

As this scene and the President's brief harangue ended, once more Prince Bismarck rose, and, to everybody's delight, began to speak. To everybody's astonishment, also, this Minister of the German Empire appeared all at once as a mouth-piece of Parliaments. He asked leave, in quiet tones, to consider himself charged by the House to communicate the thanks of the Reichstag to foreign Parliaments who had expressed their sorrow and sympathies in the grief that had fallen upon the German nation. He spoke for not more than three or four minutes, but it was a very different business from the mere reading of the message. Orator, perhaps, he is not, but no man excels him in the faculty of so saying what he wishes as to impress his thought and his will—there is the real point—on his audience. Words are to him weapons. In great crises, they are words which three millions of soldiers are ready to enforce. On an occasion like this, hardly more than ceremonious, there is still the trace of the manner of the master of many legions. Nothing can be said or done at such a time in an ordinary manner. The blackness of death still hangs over Berlin—her streets and the hearts of her people still in mourning; the shadow of a coming tragedy blending with that which is not yet past.

As before, the voice easily filled the hall, and it had that vibration which comes from the direct appeal of one man to many before him. There are hard tones, as you might guess, in Prince Bismarck's register, but it is a full, deep voice, rising and falling not too abruptly, capable of expressing emotion. I have heard it when it sounded like a command for a cavalry charge. When he used to speak to a hostile Parliament, as often befell in old days, it was the hoarse summons of an angry sovereign to his rebellious subjects. To-day, of course, everything goes

smoothly. The Prince concerns himself little about gesture or any purely oratorical act. He stands erect behind his closed portfolio. The right hand swings carelessly, almost continually, by his side, the arm at full length, the fingers sometimes contracted, more often loose, and the hand quite open. The left again, all unconsciously, finds its way to the sword-hilt. The head is thrown well back. The face is in profile from where I sit, and he looks for the most part straight forward, but turns once or twice to our box, and then the light from his eye, with the light from above glancing on it, is opalescent. Of fatigue or illness I could see no trace. I heard afterward that the Prince was really ill, and that his doctors had given him tonics, or whatever it may have been, to brace him up for this afternoon's work.

He is cheered from time to time. When he sits down a few Deputies go up, some of them timidly, to congratulate him. He shakes hands with some of them. One who comes from near the door bows almost to the ground. With him the Prince, who bows in return rather stiffly, omits to shake hands. He tarries a moment in his seat. As he rises the group about him divides swiftly and leaves him an open road to the door. He bows again; one rapid inclination of the head to either side in response to all the salutes, and strides off, still erect, the step firm, but not less heavy than when he came; the steel scabbard of his long cavalry sword ringing sharp against the brown oak. The door opens, as a door opens on the stage, wide before him, with invisible hands. He fills it as he passes through; the broad shoulders, the towering form, the kingly head of this king of men are set in a frame for one instant, then vanish. He has done what he came to do; done it in that rapid, workmanlike, decisive way of his; with energy, with authority; done it, though no great matter, once for all, and with the dignity befitting the occasion. Every one feels that in this first message from an Emperor, so soon to be an Emperor no more, there is something solemn, and it has been solemnly delivered. In all, Prince Bismarck has not been twenty minutes in the chamber, but as he passes out it is as if another chapter in history had been transacted—another leaf turned in the book of fate.

CONVERSATION IN LONDON DRAWING-ROOMS.

[*The New-York Tribune, August—September*, 1888.]

AMONG many changes in the social life of London, none perhaps is more striking than the change in the fashion of talk. The note of to-day is not the note of twenty years ago, or of the generation which

preceded. The literature, the biographical literature, the reminiscences, of the last fifty years are full of the renown of great talkers. Macaulay may be taken as a type of them. He was the superior of all in his own style, but the style was one which prevailed, and it is fair to judge it by its best example or exponent. . . . .

MACAULAY AND HIS TYPE.

I have asked a number of persons who knew Macaulay well; who met him often, who made part of the world he lived in, who sat with him at table; who listened to him, whether his immense reputation was deserved, and whether he would now be thought a good talker. I quote nobody, but I sum up the general sense of all the answers in one phrase, —he would be thought a bore. Whether that is a reflection on Macaulay or on the society of to-day is an open question, but the opinion cannot be far wrong. "Macaulay," said a talker whose conversation ranged over three generations, "did not talk; he lectured. He chose his subject, it mattered little what, and he delivered a discourse on it; poured out masses of facts, of arguments, of historical illustration. He was not witty; he had no humor; he was not a critic, as he himself confessed; he was devoid of imaginative or poetic faculty. But he had the most prodigious memory ever possessed by a human being, and on this he drew, without stint and without end. People in those days listened to him, his authority was established, his audience docile, nobody interrupted, controversy was out of the question." "Now," continued the witness, "no dinner-table would stand it; he would be stopped, contradicted, his long stories vetoed; no monopoly or monopolist is tolerated. If you wanted to know about Queen Anne you could go home and read a cyclopædia."

This is perhaps overstated; the picture is overdrawn. Macaulay is made as much too black as Trevelyan has made him too white. But it is true in substance, and it will give you a notion of the change in the fashion of talk which, as I began by saying, has really taken place. Everything now is touch and go. Topics are treated lightly, and above all briefly; if you want to preach a sermon you must get into a pulpit or a newspaper; preach it at table you cannot. The autocrat who held sway over the company and forced them to listen has vanished. Perhaps it is the democratic tendency of the age which has driven him out of the field, or out of the drawing-room; at any rate, he is gone and nobody wants him back. You may tell a story, but you must, in Hayward's phrase, cut it to the bone. The ornamental elaboration, the tricking out your tale with showy togs—*purpureis pannis*—the leisurely prolongation of the narrative once practised, can be practised no more. If you do not

cut it short you will be cut into, and before you are half way through another man will have begun and finished his, and your audience will have gone over to the enemy. Worse still, if you persist, you may for once have your way, but it will be for once only; your host makes the appalling discovery that you are impossible, and he asks you not again, —neither he nor any of the company. No reputation is so universal as that of the bore; no other criminal is so shunned by his fellow-men.

THE NOTE OF TO-DAY.

It is this rapidity, this lightness of sound, which makes it so difficult for the provincial or the foreigner to catch the note of modern society in London. Seldom does either succeed at once. Of the provincial I will say nothing; he shall be left unsung. But the transient visitor has painful experiences at times, because he insists on bringing with him to London the manners and customs which he has found avail in his native land. Women make few mistakes; their preternatural quickness of perception, their instantaneous insight into the real condition of things perfectly new to them, their intuitions, are so many extra senses and safeguards. It is the male foreigner whose tact cannot always be depended on to carry him safely over the social reefs and shoals which surround him in the sea he has never navigated before. He comes, let us say, from Central Africa; the Congo is his home. He is a cultivated, an accomplished man; but not quite what is here understood by a man of the world. He belongs, in fact, to that same past generation which had so heavy a hand or such a genius for getting to the bottom of a subject; and sometimes staying there. He is asked to an evening party. He goes correctly attired, and bent on conquest. He is not content with the silent bow, or the word or two of commonplace greeting to his hostess which here are thought sufficient. He comes to a dead halt at the top of the staircase; sets forth in elegant language his pleasure at seeing her, his pleasure at being asked, the pleasure he expects from seeing so many pleasant people, his pleasure at having quite unexpectedly found the English so civil to the tribes of Central Africa. Long before he has finished, the pressure of guests arriving behind him has carried him on into the middle of the drawing-room, and the compliment which he began to his hostess is completed in the ear of a stranger.

His friend introduces him to the stranger; a woman of the world, and of the London world. She receives him precisely as she receives nine-tenths of her acquaintances. Perhaps she even shakes hands with him, seeing that he expects it, then, after two or three of those vapid sentences which do duty for conversation in such a crush, turns to a new-

comer. Our friend from the Congo thinks she does not care for conversation, and, if he be sensitive, that she does not care for him. Again he is introduced—presented, I may say between dashes, is only used here for introductions to royalties—and again the English lady, young or old, does her best to be civil to him, but her civilities, too, are of the same fleeting kind. It does not occur to her that this dark cousin from over the sea expects to exchange opinions with her on the Irish question, or to extract a full account of her views on the correlation of forces. She also turns away, and after one or two more such experiences he announces sadly that he is not a success in London society. He has not caught the note—that is all. The very women whom he thought rude to him took his measure, made all allowances for his unacquaintance with customs necessarily new to him, liked him, and before they slept sent him nice notes to ask him to lunch next day, or, more probably, next week.

He is puzzled, but pleased, and accepts and goes. What does he find? He is welcomed cordially but without fuss; if there be anything which English women dislike more than another, it is making a fuss. They do not gush over a new acquaintance or over an old one; it is the avoidance of fuss and gush and sloppy compliments which has gained them a reputation for coldness of manner. The coldness of manner is simplicity of manner; that and nothing else, and it is simplicity of nature which dictates the simple manner. Lunch may mean a party of twenty people, but whether twenty or two, there is no ceremony. The ladies walk into the dining-room by themselves, the men straggle after, and find their way to such seats as suit them. The talk is as easy as if you were sitting about a fire; or more so. If the lunch is a small one, the talk ripples about the table; if large, you have to take your chance with the two fellow-creatures next you; men or women, as chance, you, or superior strategy may have determined. Not even to these or to either of these will the cousin from the Congo have a chance to expound his notions on the correlation of forces, unless he can do it in half a dozen phrases. He may have to carry them back again to the tropics unexpounded; at no entertainment of a purely social kind will he find hearers for these valuable views. If he has anything to say, people will hear it with interest, on one condition; that it be said in the manner of the society amid which he moves for the time being. Society does not object to serious topics, or even to the serious treatment of them; what it objects to is pedantry, pretension, dullness; to that which is heavy as distinguished from that which is serious. It has preferences and strong preferences; but it will endure much. What it will not endure is the professor who brings into its presence the solemnities of the lecture-room, or the man who arrives with a mission. . . . .

GLADSTONE.

There remains to this generation one talker who may be likened to Macaulay; I mean Mr. Gladstone. To write about a living celebrity as freely as about one who already belongs to history is impossible; it is equally impossible to give in a few sentences a complete account of Mr. Gladstone's characteristics as a talker. I name him not as a type, but an anti-type. His manner belongs to a period that is past, if that can be said to belong to any period which is in fact entirely individual. If I liken him to Macaulay it is because he also has in a degree that habit of monologue which Macaulay had, and with him other less famous personages of his time. His talk is a stream; a stream like the Oxus in Arnold's verse:

"Brimming and bright and large." . . .

Nor does anybody, like Horace's rustic, wait for it to flow out; it is a stream you would like to flow on forever. . . . .

Roughly speaking, Macaulay passed his life among books; Mr. Gladstone has passed his in affairs. Man of the world in one sense he is not, but preëminently a man of affairs; of English affairs; all his life long engaged in the transaction of the weightiest public business. His conversation reflects the habit of mind which all this continuing experience has formed. No one ever lived who knew the political history of his own time so well, and no English statesman ever had so many interests outside of statesmanship; literary, religious, and the rest.

There is no subject on which he will not talk. His memory is the marvel of everybody who has been his associate or acquaintance. Scarce a topic can be started on which he has not a store of facts. He takes little thought of his audience or of what may be supposed to interest them. His subject interests him, and it never occurs to him that it may not interest others. And he is quite right; in his hands, whatever it be, it is entertaining. He has been known to discourse to his neighbor through the greater part of a long dinner on the doctrine of copyright and of international copyright. His neighbor was a beautiful woman who cared no more for copyright than for the Cherokees. She listened to him throughout with unfailing delight. . . . .

You may hear all sorts of stories about Mr. Gladstone and his talk; not all of them good-natured, for society does its best to dislike him, and succeeds when he is absent. I will repeat one which gives you another side of him. While Prime Minister, he appointed a certain well-known man to a certain difficult post abroad, requiring a great deal of special knowledge and personal acquaintance with the country and people; all

of which this young man had acquired in the course of several laborious years. Mr. Gladstone sent for his commissioner to come and see him before he set out. He came and next day a friend congratulated him on the impression he had made. "Mr. Gladstone says he never met any one who knew so much about the Caucasus." Lord X. laughed: "I was with him two hours and never opened my mouth."

If you doubt that, I could tell you another which is the exact duplicate of it, save that the person and the office to which he was appointed were wholly different. But the same thing happened. Mr. Gladstone talked all the time, and to the next friend he met remarked that he had never known anybody whose knowledge of mathematics was so complete as Mr. F.'s. Wherever he is, he takes the lead, if he does not always monopolize the talk, which, of course, he does not. No doubt, he is sometimes oratorical in private. It would be a fault in a lesser orator, but you are only too happy to hear those stately sentences roll out and roll on; the eye flashing, the voice varying with every emotion; of hardly less compass and perhaps of even greater beauty than on the platform. . . . .

THE AUTOCRATS DETHRONED.

To name any one man or even any group of men or women as a type, or as complete illustrations of the conversation of the day, is impossible. There is no longer an Autocrat of the Dinner-table. Dr. Holmes himself, whether at Dinner or Breakfast, would have to share his beneficent despotism with somebody else. It is no longer the man who rules; it is society. Nobody has all the talk, and everybody has some. The individual withers and the world is more and more. The less numerous the company, the less chance has any one talker of supremacy over the rest. Society becomes not merely democratic; it is communistic. Everything is put into a common stock and divided among the contributors. And the result is precisely what it would be if there were a redistribution of other property. The cleverest soon resumes his former share; adding some of his neighbor's for the extra trouble. He conforms, nevertheless, to custom; he carries no sceptre to assert or to denote his rank; he renounces all the appearances of authority in order to preserve the substance; he submits to be interrupted and interrupts nobody; he waits his turn; he modulates his voice; he yields to others; he draws out others; he does not argue; to contradict he would be ashamed. His reward is that he escapes the almost inevitable penalty of superiority; the envy of his fellow-men. He is one of those uncrowned kings to whom Democracy pays the homage of unquestioning and unsuspecting obedience. . . . .

There are certain kinds of "shop" which men and women permit themselves to talk. They tacitly assume that everybody else present knows all about their subject, or ought to know. If you do not know, so much the worse for you. . . . The conversation, indeed, is seldom monotonous, or on one topic only, but, whatever the topic may be, the talk is full of allusions, of unfinished sentences, of hints, of phrases and references that are simply incomprehensible to the outsider. It is like a family party; you must know all the relations and all the family history, and all the pet names, and all the incidents of domestic life, before you can be on even terms with the rest. It changes from one year to another; the note changes; last year's key will no more open this year's secret places than last year's argot will pilot you along the Boulevards in Paris. Yes, and in London or anywhere in England among London society, which spends often as much of the year in the country as in London, you want a pilot among the shoals and quicksands far more than in deep water. The art of silence is more subtle than the art of speech. . . . .

A FAIR INVADER.

The presence of American women in London society has had an influence on conversation as it has on other things. Youth and beauty and cleverness are often to be found in the same person; it would be wonderful if they were not to be found in the same group. The American girl who marries in England has begun life earlier than her English cousin. She has met men and even talked to them while yet unmarried, a thing which few English girls venture to do. She has probably lived in Paris; part of her education is French; she knows three of the great capitals of the world; her ideas are not bounded by the horizon of Mayfair. She is fresh, original, independent. She cannot always be clever, but she has been taught to think for herself, and never was there a more apt pupil in that science. Above all, perhaps, she was not born into a respect for rank, or even for royalty, and she catches therefore at once that note of equality which is essential to social success—in London as much as anywhere in the world—as well as to intellectual freedom. It was always said that the secret or one secret of American popularity in royal circles was in this American freedom from the purely conventional notion about royalty which prevails in England. A girl from New York talked to the Prince of Wales as if royalty had no more rights than republicanism. She spoke her mind, as she expected the Prince to speak his. I don't know that he always did, but he was delighted by the girl's frankness. It is many years since he began to covet American society, and there has never been a time when there was not some one or more

American women who, in the current phrase of London, had to be asked if you wanted the Prince.

I say nothing of other aspects of the matter. It is the question of conversation, and of the influence of American women on the conversation of London society, which alone concerns us at present. Of course, these young girls and these young married ladies who had found out how to amuse His Royal Highness found imitators. How to amuse His Royal Highness is one of the social problems of the United Kingdom; a single solution of the problem is not enough. It is a never-ending series of novel answers to this ever-recurring conundrum which have to be discovered or invented by somebody. The English ought to be grateful to their American kinswomen for helping them to so many. I am not sure that they are.

William Cleaver Wilkinson.

Born in Westford, Vt., 1833.

IN VINDICATION OF WEBSTER.

[*Daniel Webster and the Compromise Measures of* 1850.—*The Century Magazine.* 1876.]

THE fight now is fought, and the victory, somehow, has been won. In the truce of antislavery strife that has happily succeeded at last, and with us become, it may be trusted, a perpetual peace, it is no longer excusable if we let the unjust reproach against Webster grow traditional and inveterate.

But this cannot happen. Posterity, at least, will not suffer it. However minded still may be the new American nation that now is, the new American nation that is soon to be will surely do him justice. His own great words come back. They seem chosen for our needs in speaking of him. We give the phrase a forward aspect, and we say of Webster, The future, at least, is secure. For his renown, is it not of the treasures of the whole country? The tree sent its top high, it spread its branches wide, but it cannot fall, for it cast its roots deep. It sunk them clean through the globe. No storm, not of force to burst the orb, can overturn it. It certainly is not less safe to stand than is the republic itself. Perhaps it is safer.

What he spoke lives, while what was spoken against him perishes, and his own speech, in the end, will effectually defend him. Already the rage of defamation breaks and disperses itself, vainly beating against that monumental rock to his fame.

"Their surging charges foam themselves away."

When the storm has fully spent itself, when the fury is quite overpast, the candid weather will quickly drink up the drench of mist and of cloud that still stains it. Then Webster's works will be seen, and the speech of the seventh of March among them, standing there, like Mont Blanc, severe and serene, to attest, "how silently!" but with none left to gainsay, the greatness of the man, the pureness of the patriot.

But thus far to anticipate, and not to anticipate farther, would be scarce half to have guessed the recompense of acknowledgment that surely awaits Daniel Webster. History will sit down by and by to meditate his words, and, wisely comparing events, make up her final award. She then will perceive, and proclaim, that, not once, nor twice, in an hour of darkness for his country, this man, not merely in barren wish and endeavor, but in fruitful force and accomplishment as well, stood forth sole, or without rival eminent, vindicator and savior of the republic. She will see, and she will say, that, especially in 1850, while many clear and pure spirits were accepting, amid applause, the glorious bribe of instant enrollment among ostensible and confessed defenders of liberty, one spirit was found—a spirit of grave and majestic mold, capable of putting this brilliant lure aside, to choose, almost alone, amid obloquy, and scorn, and loss, a different bribe—a bribe which turned sternly toward its chooser an obverse of rejection for himself, but which bore, concealed from other, less deeply beholding eyes than his, a reverse of real eventual rescue for liberty, involved in necessary precedent redemption for his country. That chief selected spirit's name, history will write in the name of Daniel Webster. Nor will she omit to point out that, in thus choosing bravely for country, he did not less choose wisely for liberty.

But history will go farther. She will avouch that not even with death did Webster cease being savior to his country. It was Webster still, she will say, that saved us yet again in 1861. Illuminating her sober page with a picture of that sudden and splendid display of patriotism which followed Fort Sumter, she will write under the representation her legend and her signature, "This is Daniel Webster." I have pondered his words, she will say, I have studied his life, and this apparition is none other than he. Sleeping wakefully even in death for her sake, he hearkened to hear the call of his country. He heard it in the guns of Fort Sumter. Resurgent at the sound, that solemn figure once more, and now, for the last and the sufficing occasion, reappeared on the scene, standing visibly, during four perilous years, relieved, in colossal strength and repose, against her dark and troubled sky, the Jupiter Stator of his country.

For that magnificent popular enthusiasm for the Union—an enthusiasm, the like of which, for blended fury and intelligence enlisted on behalf of an idea, the world had never before beheld, this, as history will explain, was by no means the birth of a moment. Fort Sumter fired it, but it was otherwise fueled and prepared. Daniel Webster, by eminence, his whole life long had been continuously at work. Speech by speech, year after year, the great elemental process went on. These men might scoff, and those men might jeer, but none the less, through jeer and scoff, the harried Titan kept steadily to his task. Three generations, at least, of his countrymen he impregnated, mind and conscience and heart, with the sentiment of devotion to the Union. This, in great part, accounts for the miracle of eighteen hundred sixty-one. Thus was engendered and stored in the American character the matchless spirit of patriotism which slept till Fort Sumter, but which, with Fort Sumter, flamed out in that sudden, that august, that awful illustration all over the loyal land. One flame—who forgets it?—one flame of indignation and wrath, like a joyful sword from its sheath, leaping forth, released at last, from the patient but passionate heart of the people! That monster Union meeting, for example, in New York city on the twentieth of April, filling Union Square from side to side, and from end to end, with swaying surges of people—what was it, history will inquire, but Daniel Webster, come again, in endlessly multiplied count, but in scarce augmented volume of personal power?

Such is certain to be the final sentence of history. And if history notes, as she will, that the generous desire of freedom for the slave—a desire bond of conscience before, in millions of hearts, but gloriously emancipate now, by the welcomed foretokenings of war—if history notes that this influence entered to heighten the noble passion of the hour, this influence, too, she will gratefully recognize to have been largely a fruit of the eloquence of Webster.

Should some share, perchance, of this confident prediction fail, history, at least, must decide that, comprehensively surveyed in its relation to the whole of his own life, and in its relation to the life of the republic, Webster's part in the affairs of eighteen hundred fifty was the part of an honest, a consistent, a wise, and an upright patriot and statesman. With this measure of justice, let us make late haste to pacify now his indignant fame.

AT MARSHFIELD.

[*From "Webster: an Ode."—Poems.* 1883.]

HIS way in farming all men knew;
Way wide, forecasting, free,
A liberal tilth that made the tiller poor.
That huge Websterian plough what furrows drew,
Through fallows fattened from the barren sea!
Yoked to that plough and matched for mighty size,
What oxen moved!—in progress equal, sure,
Unconscious of resistance, as of force
Not finite, elemental, like his own,
Taking its way with unimpeded course.
He loved to look into their meek brown eyes,
That with a light of love half human shone
Calmly on him from out the ample front,
While, with a kind of mutual, wise,
Mute recognition of some kin,
Superior to surprise,
And schooled by immemorial wont,
They seemed to say, We let him in,
He is of us, he is, by natural dower,
One in our brotherhood of great and peaceful power.

So, when he came to die
At Marshfield by the sea,
And now the end is nigh,
Up from the pleasant lea
Move his dumb friends in solemn, slow,
Funereal procession, and before
Their master's door
In melancholy file compassionately go;
He will be glad to see his trusty friends once more.
Now let him look a look that shall suffice,
Lo, let the dying man
Take all the peace he can
From those large tranquil brows and deep soft eyes.
Rest it will be to him,
Before his eyes grow dim,
To bathe his aged eyes in one deep gaze
Commingled with old days,
On faces of such friends sincere,
With fondness brought from boyhood, dear.

Farewell, a long look and the last,
And these have turned and passed.
Henceforth he will no more,
As was his wont before,
Step forth from yonder door

To taste the freshness of the early dawn,
The whiteness of the sky,
The whitening stars on high,
The dews yet white that lie
Far spread in pearl upon the glimmering lawn;
Never at evening go,
Sole pacing to and fro,
With musing step and slow,
Beneath the cope of heaven set thick with stars,
Considering by whose hand
Those works, in wisdom planned,
Were fashioned, and still stand
Serenely fast and fair above these earthly jars.
Never again. Forth he will soon be brought
By neighbors that have loved him, having known,
Plain farmers, with the farmer's natural thought
And feeling, sympathetic to his own.
All in a temperate air, a golden light,
Rich with October, sad with afternoon,
Fitly let him be laid, with rustic rite,
To rest amid the ripened harvest boon.
He loved the ocean's mighty murmur deep,
And this shall lull him through his dreamless sleep.
But those plain men will speak above his head,
This is a lonesome world, and WEBSTER dead!

James Morris Whiton.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1833.

THE ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

[*The Law of Liberty and Other Discourses.* 1889.]

IN the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas More, the foremost Englishman of his time, was required to take a new oath of allegiance, in which was a clause affirming that the King's divorce from Catherine, his first queen, was, in a religious point of view, valid. This More did not in his conscience believe, and therefore declined to sully his conscience by swearing falsely. For his refusal he was brought to the scaffold as a traitor and beheaded, while many of his fellow Catholics saved themselves by committing perjury. The question is, whether More, by his heroic fidelity to conscience merely contributed to keep integrity alive in other men, who admired his example, or whether, beside this, he kept his own integrity alive, although his body perished.

Let us imagine a modern disbeliever in immortality arguing with More to persuade him not to resolve on death.

Your integrity is dear to you, Sir Thomas, but what is integrity? It is only a refined sort of taste, a very delicate physical sensation, as much a part of bodily nature as your preference for the fragrance of a rose. If you save your life by consenting to this required perjury, you cannot, of course, enjoy your integrity as you have hitherto. But that will be only parting with one sweet odor; you will have one enjoyable physical sensation less than now. And this you can, no doubt, make up by some new or increased enjoyment in other directions. You will, of course, for a time feel a certain disgust, but that is also a wholly physical matter, like a vile smell in the nostrils, and this you will, no doubt, be able to banish in time by various agreeable expedients. Men never hesitate to sacrifice a limb or an eye to save their life, and your integrity is a mere function of your brain, the same as your sight. Why not sacrifice it to the royal mandate rather than take it to the scaffold, where in a moment you will lose it and everything else forever—all your fine feelings and what you call conscience vanishing utterly at the fall of the axe in the last breath that gurgles from your headless trunk? Nay, rather, yield as others yield, keep what you can of life, family, friends, enjoyments, honors, for many years to come.

Such is the plea with which a denial of the immortal life of the spirit reënforces the natural instinct of the throbbing animal life which recoils from death as its destroyer. And yet, in spite of all the ghastly terrors in the way, in spite of the repugnance of a sensitive nature to encounter its destroyer, in spite of all the doubts that are raised when, to offset the visible and tangible benefits of continued life in this world, there is nothing to cast into the opposite scale except what is invisible—a simple faith and hope—the self-preserving instinct of the moral life girds the martyr of principle with an invincible courage to lay life down that he may take it again.

Shall any thinking man here say that there is no life to take again which is independent of the failing heart-beat? Did More keep his integrity, but keep no life of integrity? One can say so only by the sacrifice of reason to absurdity. Either integrity is perishable, or the life to which integrity belongs is imperishable.

But what stark unreason it is to say that the dictate of the moral instinct of our nature, which bids us to part with life for the keeping of integrity, is less rational than the dictate of the physical instinct, which bids us part with integrity for the keeping of life! And when we see and applaud the action of moral heroes and saints, in whom the self-preserving instinct of the animal life is met and overborne in its most imperious demands by the self-preserving instinct of the moral nature, what

blind unreason, again, it is, to say that the defeated instinct to save the body pointed to a substantial advantage; but the conquering instinct to lay life down to take it again pointed to something unsubstantial—a mere shadow and illusion! Beyond demonstration to our senses as is the life to be taken again, in contrast with the life of the senses which is laid down, it is made good to our reason as an absolute certainty by this one fact—that, if there were no such life to come, we could give no rational account of the action of our higher nature, our moral instincts. We should be forced to admit that the noblest part of human nature is the most deceptive and the most irrational.

When, therefore, Professor Drummond, with many other eminent Christian thinkers, says that immortality is the one point in the Christian system which most needs verification from without, by some proof of an external sort, we regret it as a most incautious and unwarrantable concession. On the contrary, we are compelled to insist that the exact contrary is the only true statement. We have to believe in the life which we have not seen, simply because it is a necessity of reason for the rational explanation of the phenomena of human nature. Similarly, we have to believe in other things invisible, because they are necessary to reason. The ether which fills all space, through which the stars move, no eye has seen. Yet that there is such an ether is the faith of science. Why? Because the phenomena of light can be explained only by the existence of this invisible ether. Such scientists as Professor Tyndall tell us we must believe it to be a reality, because it is a postulate of reason for the rational explanation of the action of light. Precisely on this scientific ground of rational necessity the doctrine of immortality rests, besides the declaration of the Scriptures. The evidence for it from the action of our moral nature is so convincing, that a distinguished writer of the last century—Samuel Clarke—declared that, even though there were no other revelation, it could not be gainsaid or doubted. In just this point we can also appeal to one of the most celebrated names of modern science. Says Professor Huxley: "If one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, such theology must take its place as a part of science." In view of what we are thus encouraged to claim as a scientific verification of immortality, we may now quote the remark of another of the great scientists of our time. Said Herbert Spencer: "How truly its central position is impregnable, religion has never adequately realized."

That an assurance of immortality is the central necessity of religion is evident. As there is no progress of any kind without self-denial, as there is no self-denial of any kind without the expectation of a gain to overbalance the sacrifice, so all moral progress, all growth of virtue, is

at an end, if there is an end to the hope of life to be taken up when this life is laid down.

When so saying, we do not forget the splendid instances of self-devotion in many, who have met death bravely in a noble cause without the sustaining hope of a life to come. But in these we see that gracious provision of God, through which, when reason falters, instinct takes its place. In such instinctive heroism, unsustained by conscious reason, we see just what we see in the unreasoning sagacity of the lower animals. It is the action of the Universal Mind, intelligently working in the blindly acting creature.

But while we recognize this, we see, on the other hand, what history shows without exception. No human virtue has ever been able to propagate itself from generation to generation, to redeem society from gravitation into profligacy and moral ruin, or to make truth and righteousness spread in the world, apart from a rational conviction of the life to come. Apart from that conviction, at once awing and inspiring, men generally act upon the maxim, that "*a living dog is better than a dead lion*," and prefer to live like dogs than to die like lions. A bound is set to the power of truth, conscience, duty, by any suspicion that the grave is the bound which is set to life. It is only the hand of Immortality that draws aside the veil which this world casts over the face of God as our Judge. It is only the foregleams of Eternity which cast a saving light on our pathway, so beset by the precipice and the pit. This kindly light God has implanted as the central instinct of our souls. It is ours to cherish as His most precious gift to reason. It is ours to follow as our most precious guide to the Father's blessing and the Father's house.

William Swinton.

Born in Salton, Scotland, 1833.

THE LITTLE MONITOR.

[*The Twelve Decisive Battles of the War.* 1867.]

THE gale of the previous day had abated, and there was but little wind or sea. As the Confederate fleet steamed steadily into view its character became apparent; the central figure was the long-expected Merrimac, whose advent had been the theme of speculation through days and nights for many weeks, not only in the squadron which waited to receive her, but throughout the country. The cry of "the Merrimac!

the Merrimac!" speedily ran from ship to fort, and from fort to shore. To the curious eyes of the thousand spectators gazing intently from near, or peering through telescopes from afar, she seemed a grim-looking structure enough—like the roof of an immense building sunk to the eaves. Playing around her, and apparently guiding her on, were two well-armed gun-boats, the Jamestown and Yorktown, formerly New York and Richmond packets, which seemed to act like pilot-fish to the sea-monster they attended. Smaller tugs and gun-boats followed in her wake, some of which had emerged from the James River. On she came, the Cumberland and Congress meanwhile bravely standing their ground; and, as the Merrimac approached the latter vessel, she opened the battle with the angry roar of a few heavy guns. The Congress answered with a full broadside, and when the Merrimac, passing her, bore down upon the Cumberland, the latter, too, brought to bear upon her every available gun, in a well-delivered fire. To the chagrin of both vessels, their heaviest shot glanced as idly from the flanks of their antagonist as peas blown at the hide of a rhinoceros. Hot and terrific as was the firing that now took place, the contest could only be of short duration. With fell intent, the huge kraken, unharmed by the missiles rained upon her, bore down upon the Cumberland, and, striking that ill-fated vessel with her iron beak, under terrific momentum, rent a great gaping cavern in her side. In an instant it was seen that all was over with the Cumberland. But, while the waters rushed into the yawning chasm, and while the ship sank lower and lower, her gallant crew, led by their heroic commander, Lieutenant Morris, refused to quit their posts, and with loud cheers continued to pour their broadsides upon the gigantic enemy. As the guns touched the water they delivered a last volley, then down to her glorious grave went the good Cumberland and her crew, with her flag still proudly waving at the masthead.

Meanwhile the consorts of the Merrimac had furiously engaged the Congress with their heavy guns. Warned by the horrible fate of the Cumberland, she had been run aground in an effort to avoid being rammed by the Merrimac. But the latter, at half-past two, coming up from the destruction of the Cumberland, took deliberate position astern of the Congress, and raked her with a horrible fire of heavy shells. Another steamer attacked her briskly on the starboard quarter, and at length two more, an unneeded reënforcement, came up and poured in a fresh and constant fire. Nevertheless, until four o'clock the unequal, hopeless contest was maintained; and with each horrible crash of shell, the splinters flew out, and the dead fell to the deck of the dauntless Congress. She could bring to bear but five guns on her adversaries, and of these the shot skipped harmlessly from the iron hump of the dread monster who chiefly engaged her. At last, not a single gun was avail-

able; the ship was encircled by enemies; her decks were covered with dead and dying, for the slaughter had been terrible; her commander had fallen; she was on fire in several places; every one of the approaching Union vessels had grounded; no relief was possible; then, and then only, was the stubborn contest ended, and the flag of the Congress hauled down.

And now, with the waters rolling over the Cumberland and with the Congress in flames, the Confederate dragon, still belching her fiery, sulphurous breath, turned greedy and grim to the rest of the Union squadron. Arrived within a mile and a half of Newport News, the Minnesota grounded while the tide was running ebb, and there remained a helpless spectator of the sinking of the Cumberland and the burning of the Congress. The Roanoke, following after, grounded in her turn; more fortunate, with the aid of tugs, she got off again, and, her propeller being useless, withdrew down the harbor. In fine, the St. Lawrence grounded near the Minnesota. At four o'clock, the Merrimac, Jamestown, and Yorktown bore down upon the latter vessel; but the huge couching monster, which in a twinkling would have visited upon her the fate of the Cumberland, could not, from her great draught, approach within a mile of the stranded prey. She took position on the starboard bow of the Minnesota, and opened with her ponderous battery; yet with so little accuracy that only one shot was effective, that passing through the Union steamer's bow. As for her consorts, they took position on the port bow and stern of the Minnesota, and with their heavy rifled ordnance played severely upon the vessel, and killed and wounded many men. The Merrimac, meanwhile, gave a share of her favors to the St. Lawrence, which had just grounded near the Minnesota, and had opened an ineffectual fire. One huge shell penetrated the starboard quarter of the St. Lawrence, passed through the ship to the port side, completely demolished a bulkhead, struck against a strong iron bar, and returned unexploded into the wardroom; such were the projectiles which the Merrimac was flinging into wooden frigates. Very soon the St. Lawrence got afloat by the aid of a tug, and was ordered back to Fort Monroe. The grounding of the Minnesota had prevented the use of her battery, but at length a heavy gun was brought to bear upon the two smaller Confederate steamers, with marked effect. As for the 10-inch pivot gun, its heavy shot were harmless against the Merrimac. Thus the afternoon wore on, till with the parting day died the fury of battle. At length at seven o'clock, to the great relief of the Union squadron, all three Confederate vessels hauled off and steamed back to Norfolk.

So ended the first day's battle in Hampton Roads. What wild excitement, what grief, what anxiety, what terrible foreboding for the morrow possessed the Union squadron when night fell, cannot be described. All

was panic, confusion, and consternation. That the Merrimac would renew the battle in the morning was too evident, and the result must be the destruction of a part of the fleet, the dispersion of the rest, and the loss of the harbor of Hampton Roads. Her first victim would be the Minnesota, now helplessly aground off Newport News; next, whatever vessel might be brave or rash enough to put itself in her way; whether she would then pause to reduce Fort Monroe; or, passing it by, would run along the Northern coast, carrying terror to the national capital, or making her dread apparition in the harbor of New York, was uncertain. The commander of the fort, General Wool, telegraphed to Washington that probably both the Minnesota and the St. Lawrence would be captured, and that "it was thought that the Merrimac, Jamestown, and Yorktown will pass the fort to-night." Meanwhile, that officer admitted that, should the Merrimac prefer to attack the fort, it would be only a question of a few days when it must be abandoned.

It was upon such a scene that the little Monitor quietly made her appearance at eight o'clock in the evening, having left the harbor of New York two days before. Long before her arrival at the anchorage in Hampton Roads the sound of heavy guns was distinctly heard on board, and shells were seen to burst in the air. The chagrined officers of the Monitor conceived it to be an attack upon Norfolk, for which they were too late, and the ship was urged more swiftly along. At length a pilot boarded her, and, half terror-stricken, gave a confused account of the Merrimac's foray. The response was a demand upon him to put the Monitor alongside the Merrimac; terrified at which, the moment the Roanoke was reached he jumped into his boat and ran away. The appearance of the Monitor did little to abate the consternation prevailing. That so insignificant a structure could cope with the giant Merrimac was not credited; and those who had anxiously watched for her arrival—for she had been telegraphed as having left New York—gazed with blank astonishment, maturing to despair, at the puny affair before them. Her total weight was but nine hundred tons, while that of the Merrimac was five thousand. What had yonder giant to fear from this dwarf? A telegram from Washington had ordered the Monitor to be sent thither the moment she arrived; but this of course was now disregarded, and the senior officer of the squadron, Captain Marston, of the Roanoke, authorized Lieutenant Worden to take the Monitor up to the luckless Minnesota and protect her.

It was a memorable night. In fort, on shipboard and on shore, Federals and Confederates alike could not sleep from excitement: these were flushed with triumph and wild with anticipation, those were oppressed with anxiety or touched the depths of despair. Norfolk was ablaze with the victory, and the sailors of the Merrimac and her consorts caroused

with its grateful citizens. In Hampton Roads, amidst the bustle of the hour, some hopeless preparations were made for the morrow. The Monitor, on reaching the Roanoke, found the decks of the flagship sanded and all hands at quarters, resolved, though destruction stared them in the face, to go down in a hard fight. Her sister ship still lay aground off Newport News, tugs toiling all night painfully but uselessly to set her afloat again. Meanwhile a fresh supply of ammunition was sent to her. As for the officers and crew of the Monitor, though worn out by their voyage from New York, they had little mind for sleep, and passed much of the night in forecasting the issue of the coming day. The stories poured into their ears respecting the armor and battery of the Merrimac had not dismayed them, or weakened their confidence in their own vessel; yet, as the officers had not been long enough on her to learn her qualities, nor the men to be drilled at the guns and at quarters, the guns, the turrets, the engines, the gear, and everything else, were carefully examined, and proved to be in working order.

While thus in toil and expectation the night-hours passed, an entrancing spectacle illumined the waters around. The landscape, a short distance off, in the direction of Newport News, was brilliantly lighted by the flames of the burning Congress. Ever and anon a shotted gun, booming like a signal of distress, startled the air around the ill-fated ship, when its charge had been ignited by the slowly-spreading flames. Ten hours now, the ship had been burning; and at one o'clock in the night, the fire reached the magazine, which blew up with an explosion heard more than fifty miles away. At once, in a gorgeous pyrotechny, huge masses of burning timber rose and floated in the air, and strewed the waters far and wide with the glowing débris of the wreck; then succeeded a sullen and ominous darkness, in which the flickering of the embers told that the course of the Congress was nearly run. Meanwhile the dark outline of the mast and yards of the Cumberland was projected in bold relief on the illumined sky. Her ensign, never hauled down to the foe, still floated in its accustomed place, and there swayed slowly and solemnly to and fro, with a requiem-gesture all but human, over the corpses of the hundreds of brave fellows who went down with their ship.

At six o'clock on the morning of March 9th, the officer on watch on the Minnesota made out the Merrimac through the morning mist, as she approached from Sewall's Point. She was up betimes for her second raid, in order to have a long day for the work. Quickly the Monitor was notified, and got up her anchor; the iron hatches were then battened down, and those below depended on candles for their light. It was a moment of anxiety on the little craft, for there had been no time for drilling the men, except in firing a few rounds to test the compressors and the concussion, and all that the officers themselves, who were now to

fight the ship, knew of the operation of the turret and guns, they learned from the two engineers who were attached to the vessel, and who had superintended her construction. When the great smoke-pipe and sloping casemate of the Confederate came clearly into view, it was evident that the latter had been smeared with tallow to assist in glancing off the shot. As she came down from Craney Island, the Minnesota beat to quarters; but the Merrimac passed her and ran down near to the Rip-Raps, when she turned into the channel by which the Minnesota had come. Her aim was to capture the latter vessel, and take her to Norfolk, where crowds of people lined the wharves, elated with success, and waiting to see the Minnesota led back as a prize. When the Merrimac had approached within a mile, the little Monitor came out from under the Minnesota's quarter, ran down in her wake to within short range of the Merrimac, "completely covering my ship," says Captain Van Brunt, "as far as was possible with her diminutive dimensions, and, much to my astonishment, laid herself right alongside of the Merrimac." Astounded as the Merrimac was at the miraculous appearance of so odd a fish, the gallantry with which the Monitor had dashed into the very teeth of its guns was not less surprising. It was Goliath to David; and with something of the coat-of-mailed Philistine's disdain, the Merrimac looked down upon the pigmy which had thus undertaken to champion the Minnesota. A moment more and the contest began. The Merrimac let fly against the turret of her opponent two or three such broadsides as had finished the Cumberland and Congress, and would have finished the Minnesota; but her heavy shot, rattling against the iron cylinder, rolled off even as the volleys of her own victims had glanced from the casemate of the Merrimac. Then it was that the word of astonishment was passed, "The Yankee cheese-box is made of iron!"

The duel commenced at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, and was waged with ferocity till noon. So eager and so confident was each antagonist, that often the vessels touched each other, iron rasping against iron, and through most of the battle they were distant but a few yards. Several times, while thus close alongside, the Merrimac let loose her full broadside of six guns, and the armor and turret of the little Monitor were soon covered with dents. The Merrimac had, for those days, a very formidable battery, consisting of two 7½-inch rifles, employing twenty-one-pound charges, and four 9-inch Dahlgrens, in each broadside. Yet often her shot, striking, broke and were scattered about the Monitor's decks in fragments, afterwards to be picked up as trophies. The Monitor was struck in pilot-house, in turret, in side armor, in deck. But, with their five inches of iron, backed by three feet of oak, the crew were safe in a perfect panoply, while from the impregnable turret the 11-inch guns answered back the broadsides of the Merrimac.

However, on both sides, armor gained the victory over guns; for, unprecedented as was the artillery employed, it was for the first time called upon to meet iron, and was unequal to the task. Even the Monitor's 11-inch ordnance, though it told heavily against the casemate of the Merrimac, often driving in splinters, could not penetrate it. So excited were the combatants at first, and so little used to their guns, that the latter were elevated too much, and most of the missiles were wasted in the air; but, later in the fight, they began to depress their guns; and then it was that one of the Monitor's shot, hitting the junction of the casemate with the side of the ship, caused a leak. A shot, also, flying wide, passed through the boiler of one of the Merrimac's tenders, enveloping her in steam, and scalding many of her crew, so that she was towed off by her consort. But, in general, on both ships the armor defied the artillery. It is this fact which contains the key to the prolonged contest of that famous morning. The chief engineer of the Monitor, Mr. Newton, questioned afterwards by the War Committee of Congress, why the battle was not more promptly decided against the Merrimac, answered: "It was due to the fact that the power and endurance of the 11-inch Dahlgren guns, with which the Monitor was armed, were not known at the time of the battle; hence the commander would scarcely have been justified in increasing the charge of powder above that authorized in the Ordnance Manual. Subsequent experiments developed the important fact that these guns could be fired with thirty pounds of cannon powder, with solid shot. If this had been known at the time of the action, I am clearly of opinion that, from the close quarters at which Lieutenant Worden fought his vessel, the enemy would have been forced to surrender. It will, of course, be admitted by every one, that if but a single 15-inch gun could possibly have been mounted within the Monitor's turret (it was planned to carry the heaviest ordnance), the action would have been as short and decisive as the combat between the monitor Weehawken, Captain John Rodgers, and the rebel iron-clad Atlanta, which, in several respects, was superior to the Merrimac." He added that, as it was, but for the injury received by Lieutenant Worden (of which hereafter), that vigorous officer would very likely have "badgered" the Merrimac to a surrender.

The Minnesota lay at a distance, viewing the contest with undisguised wonder. "Gun after gun," says Captain Van Brunt, "was fired by the Monitor, which was returned with whole broadsides from the rebels, with no more effect, apparently, than so many pebble-stones thrown by a child . . . clearly establishing the fact that wooden vessels cannot contend with iron-clad ones; for never before was anything like it dreamed of by the greatest enthusiast in maritime warfare." Despairing of doing anything with the impregnable little Monitor, the Merrimac

now sought to avoid her, and threw a shell at the Minnesota which tore four rooms into one in its passage, and set the ship on fire. A second shell exploded the boiler of the tugboat Dragon. But by the time she had fired the third shell, the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between them. Angry at this interruption, the Merrimac turned fiercely on her antagonist, and bore down swiftly against the Monitor with intent to visit upon her the fate of the Cumberland. The shock was tremendous, nearly upsetting the crew of the Monitor from their feet; but it only left a trifling dent in her side-armor and some splinters of the Merrimac to be added to the visitors' trophies.

It was now that a shell from the Merrimac, striking the Monitor's pilot-house, which was built of solid wrought-iron bars, nine by twelve inches thick, actually broke one of these great logs, and pressed it inward an inch and a half. The gun which fired this shell was not more than thirty feet off, as the Merrimac then lay across the Monitor's bow. At that moment, Lieutenant Worden, the commander, and his quartermaster were both looking through a sight aperture or conning-hole, which consisted of a slit between two of the bars, and the quartermaster, seeing the gunners in the Merrimac training their piece on the pilot-house, dropped his head, calling out a sudden warning, but at that instant the shot struck the aperture level with the face of the gallant Worden, and inflicted upon him a severe wound. His eyesight for the time and for long after was gone, his face badly disfigured, and he was forced to turn over his command to Lieutenant Greene. who hitherto had been firing the guns. Chief Engineer Stimers, who had been conspicuously efficient and valuable all day by his skilful operation of the turret and by the encouragement and advice he gave to the gunners, thereby increasing the effective service of the guns, now personally took charge of the latter, and commenced a well-directed fire.

However, with the wounding of Worden, the contest was substantially over, a few well-depressed shots rang against the cuirass of the Merrimac, and the latter, despairing of subduing her eager and obstinate antagonist, after four hours of fierce effort abandoned the fight, and, with her two consorts, steamed away for Norfolk, to tell her vexation to the disappointed throng of spectators, and then to go into dock for repairs.

George Arnold.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1834. Died at Strawberry Farms, Monmouth Co., N. J., 1865.

SWEET IMPATIENCE.

[*Drift: A Sea-Shore Idyl: and Other Poems.* 1866.—*Poems Grave and Gay.* 1866.—*Both edited by William Winter.*]

THE sunlight glimmers dull and gray
Upon my wall to-day;
This summer is too long:
The hot days go
Weary and slow
As if time's reckoning were perverse and wrong:
But when the flowers
Have faded, and their bloom has passed away,
Then shall my song
Be all of happier hours,
And more than one fond heart shall then be gay.

But song can never tell
How much I long to hear
One voice, that like the echo of a silver bell,
Unconscious, low, and clear,
Falls, as aforetime angel-voices fell
On Saint Cecilia's ear:
And it will come again,
And I shall hear it, when
The droning summer bee forgets his song,
And frosty autumn crimsons hill and dell:
I shall not murmur, then,
"This summer is too long!"

The trellised grapes shall purple be
And all
The forest aisles reëcho merrily
The brown quail's call,
And glossy chestnuts fall
In pattering plenty from the leafless tree
When autumn winds blow strong:
Then shall I see
Her worshipped face once more, and in its sunshine, I
Shall cease to sigh
"This summer is too long!"

Meanwhile, I wander up and down
The noisy town,
Alone:
I miss the lithe form from my side,

The kind, caressing tone,
The gentle eyes
In whose soft depths so much of loving lies;
And lonely in the throng,—
Each jostling, bustling, grasping for his own,—
The weary words arise,
"This summer is too long!"

Haste, happy hours,—
Fade, tardy, lingering flowers!
Your fragrance has departed, long ago;
I yearn for cold winds, whistling through the ruined bowers,
For winter's snow,
If with them, she
May come to teach my heart a cheerier song,
And lovingly
Make me forget all weariness and severance and wrong,
Whispering close and low,
"Here are we still together, Love, although
The summer was so long!"

BEER.

HERE,
With my beer
I sit,
While golden moments flit:
Alas!
They pass
Unheeded by:
And, as they fly,
I,
Being dry,
Sit, idly sipping here
My beer.

O, finer far
Than fame, or riches, are
The graceful smoke-wreaths of this free cigar!
Why
Should I
Weep, wail, or sigh?
What if luck has passed me by?
What if my hopes are dead,—
My pleasures fled?
Have I not still
My fill

Of right good cheer,—
Cigars and beer?

Go, whining youth,
Forsooth!
Go, weep and wail,
Sigh and grow pale,
Weave melancholy rhymes
On the old times,
Whose joys like shadowy ghosts appear,
But leave to me my beer!
Gold is dross,—
Love is loss,—
So, if I gulp my sorrows down,
Or see them drown
In foamy draughts of old nut-brown,
Then do I wear the crown,
Without the cross!

A SUNSET FANTASIE.

WHEN the sun sets over the bay,
And sweeping shadows solemnly lie
On its mottled surface of azure and gray,
And the night-winds sigh,—
Come, O Léonore, brown-eyed one,
To the cloudy realms of the setting sun!
Where crimson crag, and silvery steep,
And amaranth rift, and purple deep,
Look dimly soft, as the sunset pales,
Like the shadowy cities of ancient tales.

As Egypt's queen went floating along
To her lover, when all the orient air
Was laden with echoes of dreamy song,
And the plash of oars, and perfumes rare,
So will we float,
In a golden boat,
On velvet cushions soft and wide;
I and my love, the onyx-eyed,
Will watch the twilight radiance fail,—
Cheek by cheek and side by side,—
And our mingled breath, O Léonore,
Shall fan the silken sail,
To the shining line of that faëry strand
Where sky is water and cloud is land,—
The wonderful sunset shore!

On those dim headlands, here and there,
  The lofty glacier-peaks between,
Through the purple haze of the twilight air,
  The tremulous glow of a star is seen.
There let us dwell, O Léonore,
  Free from the griefs that haunt us here,
  Knowing nor frown, nor sigh, nor tear:
There let us bide forevermore,
  Happy for aye in the sunset sphere!

  In the mountainous cloudland, far away,
Behold, a glittering chasm gleams!
  O, let us cross the heaving bay,
To that land of love and dreams!
  There would I lie, in a misty bower,
Tasting the nectar of thy lip,
Sweet as the honeyed dews that drip
  From the budding lotos-flower!
Dip the oar and spread the sail
For shining peak and shadowy vale!
  Fill, O sail, and plash, O oar,
  For the wonderful sunset shore!

Marvin Richardson Vincent.

Born in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1834.

THE PRIDE OF CARE.

[*God and Bread; with Other Sermons.* 1884.]

MEN will say, and very plausibly, "The anxious man has some excuse." Take, for instance, a man in a position where many are depending on him for guidance or instruction, and where great interests are bound up with his success. It will be said, "It would be strange if he were not anxious." From the world's ordinary point of view, I should say so too. At any rate, he too often *is* anxious, careworn, living in a feverish scramble to overtake his work, haunted by the arrears of work. You honor his conscientiousness. So do I. You say it is unjust to find fault with him. I reply, God finds fault with him, even while He honors his diligence and fidelity,—finds fault with him because he will not cast off his anxiety on God, who has offered to relieve him of it. Is that unjust on the part of our Father? If so, you are guilty of similar injustice. Your little son is taken sick, and is

unable to prepare his lesson for to-morrow's school. He is worried and disappointed; he is anxious to excel; he is high up in his class, and wants to keep his place. You say to him, "Dismiss all care about that. I will make it right with the teacher." And you have a right to expect that the boy will be satisfied with that; that he will take you at your word, and trouble himself no more about the lesson. And if, in the course of an hour, you find him worrying about it, are you not annoyed and displeased with him? Do you not say to him, "You ought to have more confidence in me"?

Pride, I say,—subtle, unconscious pride,—is at the bottom of much of this restlessness and worry. The man has come to think himself too important, to feel that the burden is on his shoulders only; and that, if he stands from under, there must be a crash. And, just to the degree in which that feeling has mastered him, his thought and faith have become divided from God. Let us give him his due. It is not for his own ease or reputation that he has been caring. It is for his work. And yet he has measurably forgotten that, if his work be of God, God is as much interested in his success as he himself can be; and that God will carry on his own work, no matter how many workmen He buries. He divides the burden, and shows whom He trusts most by taking the larger part himself, when God bids him cast it *all* on him. God, indeed, exempts nobody from work. We may cast our *anxiety*, but not our *work* on him. A sense of responsibility is a brace to manhood, and a developer of power; and, because God wants work and responsibility to react healthfully on men, He wants them to work with a hearty, joyous spirit. When the joy and the enthusiasm have gone out of work, something is wrong. There is a pithy proverb that "not work, but worry, kills men." God is providing for man's doing his work most efficiently when He offers him the means of doing it joyfully by casting all anxiety on him.

There are few men in responsible positions who have not felt the force of a distinguished Englishman's words: "I divide my work into three parts. One part I do, one part goes undone, and the third part does itself." That third part which does itself is a very expressive hint as to the needlessness of our fretting about at least one-third of our work, besides giving a little puncture to our self-conceit by showing that to one-third of our work we are not quite as necessary as we had thought ourselves. And as to the third, which the God-fearing man cannot do, and which therefore goes, or seems to go, undone, there is a further hint that possibly that third is better undone, or is better done in some other way and by some other man. That does not flatter our pride. I am very sure that it is always true for every faithful Christian worker, that whatever he cannot do, after having done his best, it is better that

he should not do. And just there is where the humility comes in,—in the frank and cheerful acceptance of the fact, in casting all care about it on the Lord, and in not worrying and growing irritated over it. Says a modern preacher: "I love to work, but I have carried all my life long a sense that the work was so vast that no man, I did not care who he was, could do more than a very little; that He who could raise up children from the stones to Abraham could raise up men when He had a mind to, and men of the right kind, and put them in the right place; that, after all, the Lord was greater than the work, and that it was of no use for me to fret myself, and set myself up to be wiser than Providence. All I was called upon to do was to work up to the measure of my wisdom and strength, and to be willing to go wherever God sent me; and that then I was to be content."

A good deal of our energy is expended in planning; and, when our plan is once made, we set our life on that track, and it runs with an ever-increasing momentum. We do not relish a collision or a delay. Insensibly we fall into the way of assuming that success in life means simply the success of our plan. Do we bethink ourselves that, if our plan is best in God's eyes, He is as much interested in carrying it out as we are? If it is not best in his eyes, surely we do not want it carried out. Either way we may safely and restfully leave it with God. If we are determined to carry it out anyway, and are irritated at obstacles and delays, is that anything but pride? Are we so sure our plan is right, so proud of our pet project, that we must torment ourselves if God does not pet and foster it as we do? Oh, how afraid we are that our poor earthen vessels will go to pieces! . . . . .

It is right for us to make plans; but we ought to draw them as we draw the first draught of a plan for a new house, in lines that can be easily rubbed out if God so please. Pride gets into these plans before we know it. We think we want God's work to succeed, and so we do; only, we want it to succeed in our way, and on the line of our plan. And yet not seldom God brings about the very result we are working for, by breaking our plan all to pieces. Then comes the test of our humility. Are we content to cast the whole matter on God, and to look cheerfully on the fragments of our plan? Are we humble enough not to feel grieved or angry because God chooses somebody or something else to do the same work? Sometimes God lets us see how much better the work is done by the breaking of our plan. The forty years among the mountain solitudes seemed to Moses, perhaps, lost time; but that slow, tedious ripening gave Israel a leader and a lawgiver. The next forty years yielded rich interest on the sad monotony of the previous forty. It seemed to Jacob that everything was against him when Joseph was stolen away. He could not see that Joseph had been sent

to prepare a home for his old age, and to lay the foundations of a nation which should bear his name. It seemed as though the church could not spare Paul when he was shut up in prison, but the church of to-day has the four epistles of the imprisonment from that chained hand.

Charlton Thomas Lewis.

Born in West Chester, Penn., 1834.

INFLUENCE OF CIVILIZATION ON DURATION OF LIFE.

[*From a Discourse before the American Public Health Association, Boston, October,* 1876.]

AN eminent school of scientific men are teaching the doctrine of natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, as the key to all progress in nature. I wish distinctly to bring out the startling contrast between this law and the laws of progress in vitality which we have found actually at work in human history. The first condition of natural selection is wholesale slaughter. It begins by assuming the principle of Malthus, that life tends to multiply beyond the possibility of preservation; of the infinite mass that come into being, nearly all must perish unfulfilled. Who shall the survivors be? Those, of course, who, by superior vigor or by greater harmony with their environment, are most fit to survive. These alone live to reproduce their kind, and transmit the superiority which has preserved them; and thus, in successive generations, the race accumulates the qualities which promote life. Thus the natural process of advancement is founded on limitless waste; the growth of life is in the soil of boundless death; the better form springs ever from a world of graves. Mr. Huxley tells us that the law of evolution, founded on this conception of natural selection, as explaining the mode in which the organic world around us has arisen, stands on a basis of evidence comparable to that which supports the Newtonian theory of the solar system. Let us admit it, then, to the full extent claimed. Admit that man himself, in the structural differences between him and lower forms, is the product of this law, and that, up to the time when he became distinctly human, as contrasted with his quadrumanous kindred, his development was governed by it. We shall see that his human progress is of an entirely different character. Observe that the forces which we find at work in the physical and mental growth of man are not merely independent of natural selection; they are exclusive of it, and at war with it.

Look at each of the agencies we have enumerated. Of a generation of infants entering the world, natural selection says, Let them meet hardship, severity, disease, which will destroy all but the most vigorous, and leave these to become the parents of a hardier race. To the infirm of all ages, the diseased, the old, it says, Perish out of my way. You are worthless of yourselves; and, if allowed to multiply, you but perpetuate helplessness and increase misery. Of epidemics it says, Let them rage; they may sweep away strong and weak together, but not without discrimination. They destroy a larger share of the feeble, and leave the average strength of the race and its posterity greater than before. By the standard of natural selection, it would be clear gain that the human race should be exterminated to-day, saving only a handful of the most perfect humanity, to repeople the world after a higher standard.

But the foundation of society introduces the opposite principle. Family affections and social ties have their meaning in the value of the individual life to others; its value to society at large is a central thought of civilization. The preservation of each by the common work and mutual aid of all is the aim of government and law; the basis of families, communities, and nations. Thus the formation of society is the reversal of the blind law of unconscious advancement, and its every step forward weakens the forces on which this natural development depends. Its history is a struggle against the conditions of natural selection, and a steady reduction of its area of influence. Society preserves, for the progenitors of the future, alike the weak and the strong, the diseased and the healthy. If, then, this blind law is the one key to progress, man must degenerate. Pessimists, then, are right in holding that all our charities, public institutions, sanitary improvements, the very order of society itself, are but means of protecting the weak against the sentence of nature, and of perpetuating their weakness. Benevolence is then but folly, mercy a crime, the charities of civilized life a pernicious force, working for the degeneracy of the race.

There is but one reply: Civilization does largely sacrifice one principle of progress—the law of evolution by survivorship; but it introduces another more potent principle. Under natural selection, improvement must needs be fitful, occasional, and immeasurably slow; because the variations upon which it works and among which it chooses, are but casual deviations from an average standard, which it can at most catch and preserve. But civilization possesses the element of individual culture, by which the standard itself is raised from generation to generation. Society educates the child into a higher type of power, endurance, and refinement than that in which he was born; its effects are stored up in muscle, nerve, and brain, and through him transmitted to posterity, and thus accumulate from age to age. Under natural selection, when varia-

tions in capacity arise, thousands of them are wasted where one is secured, fixed, and transmitted. But human society economizes much of this waste, fastens upon and improves an immensely larger proportion of the capacities lavishly produced by nature, and thus concentrates, in the brief historical movement, forces which would otherwise spread their operation over countless ages. Thus it is the characteristic of civilization that the hereditary accumulation of intellectual and moral culture gradually supersedes the unconscious and physical law of selection as the agency of progress.

Now history, while it has been a struggle between these two principles of advancement, has also been a test of their comparative power. Natural selection, as its ablest expounders have shown, works with such extreme slowness, under the most favorable circumstances, that the progress of its work has never yet been detected by observation. No instance is known of its having effected any marked and important change in any race of creatures, during the period of history. Vast as is its cumulative force, it is exerted only in the course of ages defying our imagination to span; and to accomplish a small part of its work, it must cleave its path of misery and slaughter through epochs measured only by the formations of geology and the cycles of the stars. But the intellectual and moral forces of culture, which have superseded it in man, have actually, within the brief space of a few thousand years, achieved the world of happiness in which we live. The rocks register the story of a blind evolution, which they tell us is still going on as rapidly as ever, yet so slowly that the eye which watches for a few centuries or millenniums can discern no movement; they cannot explain those laws, by which, within generations too few to make one of their minor epochs, the beast-like companions of the cave-bear and the mammoth—the wandering barbarians of the flint period—have produced the intellects of Shakespeare and Newton, the scientific culture and the free society into which men are now born.

We have seen that, where animal evolution ends and human progress begins, the laws of individual and hereditary culture supersede the law of natural selection. An interesting consequence of this is the fact that it makes a place for the prolongation of the individual life beyond the period of vital and muscular activity. Under the reign of natural selection, there is no position in the universe for the being who has passed the reproductive stage of energy. Hence wild animals, soon after this period, usually die; and, similarly, savage society has no home for old age. But civilization centres wholly in the intellect, whose forces are communicated by other than vital processes—in ideas which move and mould the world through the minds and the posterity of others; and the intellect, under favorable circumstances, not only continues its work, but

grows in efficiency and usefulness after time has impaired the physical powers. It is in civilized society alone that the activity of the brain makes old age valuable; and as civilization advances, the economy of preserving a strong and cultivated mind through the longest possible period of activity becomes more and more practicable, and yields a richer reward. Thus it is a strictly scientific truth that the best symbol of progress, the pride of social achievement, the noblest ornament of our race, is the venerable man, who, in a decaying body, preserves the energies of a wise, benevolent, and vigorous mind.

Charles Farrar Browne.

Born in Waterford, Me., 1834. Died at Southampton, England, 1867.

ONE OF MR. WARD'S BUSINESS LETTERS.

[*Artemus Ward: His Works, Complete.* 1875.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ———

SIR—I'm movin along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place. My show at present consists of three moral Bares, a Kangaroo (a amoozin little Raskal—t'would make you larf yerself to deth to see the little cuss jump up and squeal), wax figgers of G. Washington, Gen. Taylor, John Bunyan, Capt. Kidd, and Dr. Webster . . . besides several miscellanyus moral wax statoots of celebrated piruts & murderers, &c., ekalled by few & exceld by none. Now Mr. Editor, scratch orf a few lines sayin how is the show bizniss down to your place. I shall hav my hanbills dun at your offiss. Depend upon it. I want you should git my hanbills up in flamin stile. Also git up a tremenjus excitement in yr. paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temperance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contery ef your peple take their tods, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, full of conviviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you? If you say anythin abowt my show say my snaiks is as harmliss as the new born Babe. What a interestin study it is to see a zewological animil like a snaik under perfeck subjecshun! My kangaroo is the most larfable little cuss I ever saw. All for 15 cents. I am anxyus to skewer your infloounce. I repeet in regard to them han-

bills that I shall git 'em struck orf up to your printin office. My perlitercal sentiments agree with yourn exackly. I know they do, becawz I never saw a man whoos didn't.

Respectively yures,

A. WARD.

P. S.—You scratch my back & Ile scratch your back.

A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

[*From the Same.*]

IT is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N. B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found,) which thay Sed I was their Brother, & wanted for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay then stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doo time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sogers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles & play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. They lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coats with brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull amung the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed:

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Son the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him sum free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertinly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordingly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in a exceedin large room was his wives & children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was Plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Proze rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can Jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a redheded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward," sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him.

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any grate extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats call him Par, & he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensiv. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um thay set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minit's peace. His wives fite amung theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when too of 'em get into a row he has em turnd loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London prize ring. Sumtimes thay abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with

mop-handles, broom-sticks, and sich. Occashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake & steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remaned singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surroundid me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowd & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own bizness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the United States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms round me in luvin style. "Become 1 of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall, gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Jentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you won't," sez I. "Awa you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" *That's what I sed*, JES SO.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! (N. B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.)

"Wiltist thou not tarry here in the promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infernul noncents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & Left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum & Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe.

Francis Richard Stockton.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1834.

POMONA'S NOVEL.

[*Rudder Grange.* 1879.]

IT was in the latter part of August of that year that it became necessary for some one in the office in which I was engaged to go to St. Louis to attend to important business. Everything seemed to point to me as the fit person, for I understood the particular business better than any one else. I felt that I ought to go, but I did not altogether like to do it. I went home, and Euphemia and I talked over the matter far into the regulation sleeping-hours.

There were very good reasons why we should go (for, of course, I would not think of taking such a journey without Euphemia). In the first place, it would be of advantage to me, in my business connection, to take the trip, and then it would be such a charming journey for us. We had never been west of the Alleghanies, and nearly all the country we would see would be new to us. We would come home by the great lakes and Niagara, and the prospect was delightful to both of us. But then we would have to leave Rudder Grange for at least three weeks, and how could we do that?

This was indeed a difficult question to answer. Who could take care of our garden, our poultry, our horse and cow, and all their complicated belongings? The garden was in admirable condition. Our vegetables were coming in every day in just that fresh and satisfactory condition—altogether unknown to people who buy vegetables—for which I had labored so faithfully, and about which I had had so many cheerful anticipations. As to Euphemia's chicken-yard,—with Euphemia away,—the subject was too great for us. We did not even discuss it. But we would give up all the pleasures of our home for the chance of this most desirable excursion, if we could but think of some one who would come and take care of the place while we were gone. Rudder Grange could not run itself for three weeks.

We thought of every available person. Old John would not do. We did not feel that we could trust him. We thought of several of our friends; but there was, in both our minds, a certain shrinking from the idea of handing over the place to any of them for such a length of time. For my part, I said, I would rather leave Pomona in charge than any one else; but, then, Pomona was young and a girl. Euphemia agreed with me that she would rather trust her than any one else, but she also agreed

in regard to the disqualifications. So, when I went to the office the next morning, we had fully determined to go on the trip, if we could find some one to take charge of our place while we were gone. When I returned from the office in the afternoon, I had agreed to go to St. Louis. By this time, I had no choice in the matter, unless I wished to interfere very much with my own interests. We were to start in two days. If in that time we could get any one to stay at the place, very well; if not, Pomona must assume the charge. We were not able to get any one, and Pomona did assume the charge. It is surprising how greatly relieved we felt when we were obliged to come to this conclusion. The arrangement was exactly what we wanted, and now that there was no help for it, our consciences were easy.

We felt sure that there would be no danger to Pomona. Lord Edward would be with her, and she was a young person who was extraordinarily well able to take care of herself. Old John would be within call in case she needed him, and I borrowed a bull-dog to be kept in the house at night. Pomona herself was more than satisfied with the plan.

We made out, the night before we left, a long and minute series of directions for her guidance in household, garden, and farm matters, and directed her to keep a careful record of everything noteworthy that might occur. She was fully supplied with all the necessaries of life, and it has seldom happened that a young girl has been left in such a responsible and independent position as that in which we left Pomona. She was very proud of it.

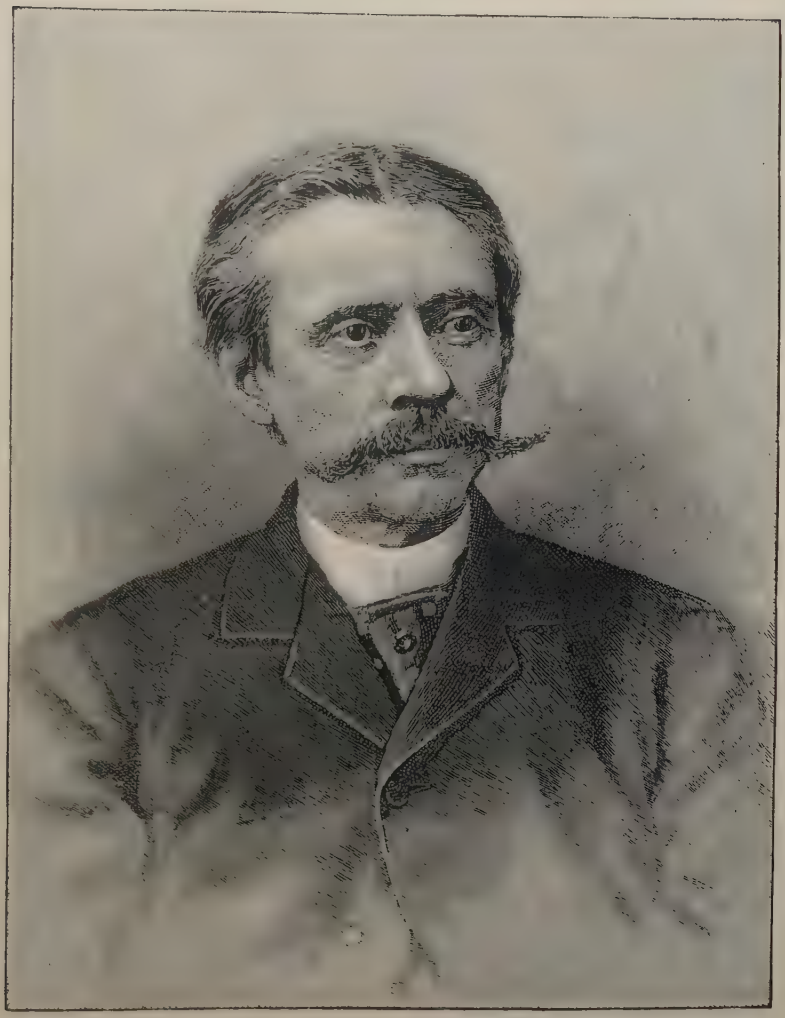
Our journey was ten times more delightful than we had expected it would be, and successful in every way; and yet, although we enjoyed every hour of the trip, we were no sooner fairly on our way home than we became so wildly anxious to get there, that we reached Rudder Grange on Wednesday, whereas we had written that we would be home on Thursday. We arrived early in the afternoon and walked up from the station, leaving our baggage to be sent in the express wagon. As we approached our dear home, we wanted to run, we were so eager to see it.

There it was, the same as ever. I lifted the gate-latch; the gate was locked. We ran to the carriage-gate; that was locked too. Just then I noticed a placard on the fence; it was not printed, but the lettering was large, apparently made with ink and a brush. It read:

TO BE SOLD
For TAXES.

We stood and looked at each other. Euphemia turned pale.

"What does this mean?" said I. "Has our landlord——"



Frank R. Stockton

I could say no more. The dreadful thought arose that the place might pass away from us. We were not yet ready to buy it. But I did not put the thought in words. There was a field next to our lot, and I got over the fence and helped Euphemia over. Then we climbed our side-fence. This was more difficult, but we accomplished it without thinking much about its difficulties; our hearts were too full of painful apprehensions. I hurried to the front door; it was locked. All the lower windows were shut. We went around to the kitchen. What surprised us more than anything else was the absence of Lord Edward. Had *he* been sold?

Before we reached the back part of the house, Euphemia said she felt faint and must sit down. I led her to a tree near by, under which I had made a rustic chair. The chair was gone. She sat on the grass, and I ran to the pump for some water. I looked for the bright tin dipper which always hung by the pump. It was not there. But I had a travelling-cup in my pocket, and as I was taking it out I looked around me. There was an air of bareness over everything. I did not know what it all meant, but I know that my hand trembled as I took hold of the pump-handle and began to pump.

At the first sound of the pump-handle I heard a deep bark in the direction of the barn, and then furiously around the corner came Lord Edward. Before I had filled the cup he was bounding about me. I believe the glad welcome of the dog did more to revive Euphemia than the water. He was delighted to see us, and in a moment up came Pomona, running from the barn. Her face was radiant, too. We felt relieved. Here were two friends who looked as if they were neither sold nor ruined.

Pomona quickly saw that we were ill at ease, and before I could put a question to her, she divined the cause. Her countenance fell.

"You know," said she, "you said you wasn't comin' till to-morrow. If you only *had* come then—I was goin' to have everything just exactly right—an' now you had to climb in——"

And the poor girl looked as if she might cry, which would have been a wonderful thing for Pomona to do.

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What about—those taxes?"

"Oh, that's all right," she cried. "Don't think another minute about that. I'll tell you all about it soon. But come in first, and I'll get you some lunch in a minute."

We were somewhat relieved by Pomona's statement that it was "all right" in regard to the tax-poster, but we were very anxious to know all about the matter. Pomona, however, gave us little chance to ask her any questions. As soon as she had made ready our lunch, she asked us, as a particular favor, to give her three-quarters of an hour to herself,

and then, said she, "I'll have everything looking just as if it was to-morrow."

We respected her feelings, for, of course, it was a great disappointment to her to be taken thus unawares, and we remained in the dining-room until she appeared, and announced that she was ready for us to go about. We availed ourselves quickly of the privilege, and Euphemia hurried to the chicken-yard, while I bent my steps toward the garden and barn. As I went out I noticed that the rustic chair was in its place, and passing the pump I looked for the dipper. It was there. I asked Pomona about the chair, but she did not answer as quickly as was her habit.

"Would you rather," said she, "hear it all together, when you come in, or have it in little bits, head and tail, all of a jumble?"

I called to Euphemia and asked her what she thought, and she was so anxious to get to her chickens that she said she would much rather wait and hear it all together. We found everything in perfect order,—the garden was even free from weeds, a thing I had not expected. If it had not been for that cloud on the front fence, I should have been happy enough. Pomona had said it was all right, but she could not have paid the taxes—however, I would wait; and I went to the barn.

When Euphemia came in from the poultry-yard, she called me and said she was in a hurry to hear Pomona's account of things. So I went in, and we sat on the side-porch, where it was shady, while Pomona, producing some sheets of foolscap paper, took her seat on the upper step.

"I wrote down the things of any account what happened," said she, "as you told me to, and while I was about it, I thought I'd make it like a novel. It would be jus' as true, and p'r'aps more amusin'. I suppose you don't mind?"

No, we didn't mind. So she went on.

"I haven't got no name for my novel. I intended to think one out to-night. I wrote this all of nights. And I don't read the first chapters, for they tell about my birth and my parent-age and my early adventures. I'll just come down to what happened to me while you was away, because you'll be more anxious to hear about that. All that's written here is true, jus' the same as if I told it to you, but I've put it into novel language because it seems to come easier to me."

And then, in a voice somewhat different from her ordinary tones, as if the "novel language" demanded it, she began to read:

"Chapter Five. The Lonely house and the Faithful friend. Thus was I left alone. None but two dogs to keep me com-pa-ny. I milk-ed the lowing kine and water-ed and fed the steed, and then, after my frugal repast, I clos-ed the man-si-on, shutting out all re-collections of the

past and also foresights into the future. That night was a me-mor-able one. I slept soundly until the break of morn, but had the events transpired which afterward occur-red, what would have hap-pen-ed to me no tongue can tell. Early the next day nothing hap-pened. Soon after breakfast, the vener-able John came to bor-row some ker-o-sene oil and a half a pound of sugar, but his attempt was foil-ed. I knew too well the in-sid-i-ous foe. In the very out-set of his vil-li-an-y I sent him home with a empty can. For two long days I wander-ed amid the verdant pathways of the gar-den and to the barn, whenever and anon my du-ty call-ed me, nor did I ere neg-lect the fowlery. No cloud o'erspread this happy pe-ri-od of my life. But the cloud was ri-sing in the horizon although I saw it not.

"It was about twenty-five minutes after eleven, on the morning of a Thursday, that I sat pondering in my mind the ques-ti-on what to do with the butter and the veg-et-ables. Here was butter, and here was green corn and lima-beans and trophy tomats, far more than I ere could use. And here was a horse, idly cropping the fol-i-age in the field, for as my employer had advis-ed and order-ed I had put the steed to grass. And here was a wagon, none too new, which had it the top taken off, or even the curtains roll-ed up, would do for a li-cen-ced vender. With the truck and butter, and mayhap some milk, I could load that wagon——"

"O, Pomona," interrupted Euphemia. "You don't mean to say that you were thinking of doing anything like that?"

"Well, I was just beginning to think of it," said Pomona, "but of course I couldn't have gone away and left the house. And you'll see I didn't do it." And then she continued her novel. "But while my thoughts were thus employ-ed, I heard Lord Edward burst into barkter——"

At this Euphemia and I could not help bursting into laughter. Pomona did not seem at all confused, but went on with her reading.

"I hurried to the door, and, look-ing out, I saw a wagon at the gate. Re-pair-ing there, I saw a man. Said he, 'Wilt open this gate?' I had fasten-ed up the gates and remov-ed every steal-able ar-ticle from the yard."

Euphemia and I looked at each other. This explained the absence of the rustic seat and the dipper.

"Thus, with my mind at ease, I could let my faith-ful fri-end, the dog (for he it was), roam with me through the grounds, while the fi-erce bulldog guard-ed the man-si-on within. Then said I, quite bold, unto him, 'No. I let in no man here. My em-ploy-er and employ-er-ess are now from home. What do you want?' Then says he, as bold as brass, 'I've come to put the light-en-ing rods upon the house. Open the gate.'

'What rods?' says I. 'The rods as was ordered,' says he, 'open the gate.' I stood and gaz-ed at him. Full well I saw through his pinch-beck mask. I knew his tricks. In the ab-sence of my em-ployer, he would put up rods, and ever so many more than was wanted, and likely, too, some miser-able trash that would attrack the light-en-ing, instead of keep-ing it off. Then, as it would spoil the house to take them down, they would be kept, and pay demand-ed. 'No, sir,' says I. 'No light-ening rods upon this house whilst I stand here,' and with that I walk-ed away, and let Lord Edward loose. The man he storm-ed with pas-si-on. His eyes flash-ed fire. He would e'en have scal-ed the gate, but when he saw the dog he did forbear. As it was then near noon, I strode away to feed the fowls; but when I did return, I saw a sight which froze the blood with-in my veins——"

"The dog didn't kill him?" cried Euphemia.

"Oh no, ma'am!" said Pomona. "You'll see that that wasn't it. At one corn-er of the lot, in front, a base boy, who had accompa-ni-ed this man, was bang-ing on the fence with a long stick, and thus attrack-ing to hisself the rage of Lord Edward, while the vile intrig-er of a light-en-ing rod-der had brought a lad-der to the other side of the house, up which he had now as-cend-ed, and was on the roof. What horrors fill-ed my soul! How my form trembl-ed! This," continued Pomona, "is the end of the novel," and she laid her foolscap pages on the porch.

Euphemia and I exclaimed, with one voice, against this. We had just reached the most exciting part, and, I added, we had heard nothing yet about that affair of the taxes.

"You see, sir," said Pomona, "it took me so long to write out the chapters about my birth, my parentage, and my early adventures, that I hadn't time to finish up the rest. But I can tell you what happened after that jus' as well as if I had writ it out." And so she went on, much more glibly than before, with the account of the doings of the lightning-rod man.

"There was that wretch on top of the house, a-fixin' his old rods and hammerin' away for dear life. He'd brought his ladder over the side fence, where the dog, a-barkin' and plungin' at the boy outside, couldn't see him. I stood dumb for a minute, an' then I know'd I had him. I rushed into the house, got a piece of well-rope, tied it to the bull-dog's collar, an' dragged him out and fastened him to the bottom rung of the ladder. Then I walks over to the front fence with Lord Edward's chain, for I knew that if he got at that bull-dog there'd be times, for they'd never been allowed to see each other yet. So says I to the boy, 'I'm goin' to tie up the dog, so you needn't be afraid of his jumpin' over the fence,'—which he couldn't do, or the boy would have been a corpse for twenty minutes, or may be half an hour. The boy kinder laughed, and

said I needn't mind, which I didn't. Then I went to the gate, and I clicked to the horse which was standin' there, an' off he starts, as good as gold, an' trots down the road. The boy, he said somethin' or other pretty bad, an' away he goes after him; but the horse was a-trottin' real fast, an' had a good start."

"How on earth could you ever think of doing such things?" said Euphemia. "That horse might have upset the wagon and broken all the lightning-rods, besides running over I don't know how many people."

"But you see, ma'am, that wasn't my lookout," said Pomona. "I was a-defendin' the house, and the enemy must expect to have things happen to him. So then I hears an awful row on the roof, and there was the man just coming down the ladder. He'd heard the horse go off, and when he got about half-way down an' caught a sight of the bull-dog, he was madder than ever you seed a lightnin'-rodder in all your born days. 'Take that dog off of there!' he yelled at me. 'No, I wont,' says I. 'I never see a girl like you since I was born,' he screams at me. 'I guess it would 'a' been better fur you if you had,' says I; an' then he was so mad he couldn't stand it any longer, and he comes down as low as he could, and when he saw just how long the rope was,—which was pretty short,—he made a jump, and landed clear of the dog. Then he went on dreadful because he couldn't get at his ladder to take it away; and I wouldn't untie the dog, because if I had he'd 'a' torn the tendons out of that fellow's legs in no time. I never see a dog in such a boiling passion, and yet never making no sound at all but blood-curdlin' grunts. An' I don't see how the rodder would 'a' got his ladder at all if the dog hadn't made an awful jump at him, and jerked the ladder down. It just missed your geranium-bed, and the rodder, he ran to the other end of it, and began pullin' it away, dog an' all. 'Look-a-here,' says I, 'we can fix him now;' and so he cooled down enough to help me, and I unlocked the front door, and we pushed the bottom end of the ladder in, dog and all; an' then I shut the door as tight as it would go, an' untied the end of the rope, an' the rodder pulled the ladder out while I held the door to keep the dog from follerin', which he came pretty near doin', anyway. But I locked him in, and then the man began stormin' again about his wagon; but when he looked out an' see the boy comin' back with it,—for somebody must 'a' stopped the horse,—he stopped stormin' and went to put up his ladder ag'in. 'No, you don't,' says I; 'I'll let the big dog loose next time, and if I put him at the foot of your ladder, you'll never come down.' 'But I want to go and take down what I put up,' he says; 'I aint a-goin' on with this job.' 'No,' says I, 'you aint; and you can't go up there to wrench off them rods and make rain-holes in the roof, neither.' He couldn't get no mad-

der than he was then, an' fur a minute or two he couldn't speak, an' then he says, 'I'll have satisfaction for this.' An' says I, 'How?' An' says he, 'You'll see what it is to interfere with a ordered job.' An' says I, 'There wasn't no order about it;' an' says he, 'I'll show you better than that;' an' he goes to his wagon an' gits a book. 'There,' says he, 'read that.' 'What of it?' says I; 'there's nobody of the name of Ball lives here.' That took the man kinder aback, and he said he was told it was the only house on the lane, which I said was right, only it was the next lane he oughter 'a' gone to. He said no more after that, but just put his ladder in his wagon, and went off. But I was not altogether rid of him. He left a trail of his baleful presence behind him.

"That horrid bull-dog wouldn't let me come into the house! No matter what door I tried, there he was, just foamin' mad. I let him stay till nearly night, and then went and spoke kind to him; but it was no good. He'd got an awful spite ag'in me. I found something to eat down cellar, and I made a fire outside an' roasted some corn and potatoes. That night I slep' in the barn. I wasn't afraid to be away from the house, for I knew it was safe enough, with that dog in it and Lord Edward outside. For three days, Sunday an' all, I was kep' out of this here house. I got along pretty well with the sleepin' and the eatin', but the drinkin' was the worst. I couldn't get no coffee or tea; but there was plenty of milk."

"Why didn't you get some man to come and attend to the dog?" I asked. "It was dreadful to live that way."

"Well, I didn't know no man that could do it," said Pomona. "The dog would 'a' been too much for Old John, and besides, he was mad about the kerosene. Sunday afternoon, Captain Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson and their little girl in a push-wagon, come here, and I told 'em you was gone away; but they says they would stop a minute, and could I give them a drink; an' I had nothin' to give it to them but an old chicken-bowl that I had washed out, for even the dipper was in the house, an' I told 'em everything was locked up, which was true enough, though they must 'a' thought you was a queer kind of people; but I wasn't a-goin' to say nothin' about the dog, fur, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to do it. So as soon as they'd gone, I went down into the cellar,—and it's lucky that I had the key for the outside cellar door,—and I got a piece of fat corn-beef and the meat-axe. I unlocked the kitchen door and went in, with the axe in one hand and the meat in the other. The dog might take his choice. I know'd he must be pretty nigh famished, for there was nothin' that he could get at to eat. As soon as I went in, he came runnin' to me; but I could see he was shaky on his legs. He looked a sort of wicked at me, and then he grabbed the meat. He was all right then."

"Oh, my!" said Euphemia, "I am so glad to hear that. I was afraid you never got in. But we saw the dog—is he as savage yet?"

"Oh no!" said Pomona; "nothin' like it."

"Look here, Pomona," said I. "I want to know about those taxes. When do they come into your story?"

"Pretty soon, sir," said she, and she went on:

"After that, I know'd it wouldn't do to have them two dogs so that they'd have to be tied up if they see each other. Just as like as not I'd want them both at once, and then they'd go to fightin', and leave me to settle with some blood-thirsty lightnin'-rodder. So, as I know'd if they once had a fair fight and found out which was master, they'd be good friends afterwards, I thought the best thing to do would be to let 'em fight it out, when there was nothin' else for 'em to do. So I fixed up things for the combat."

"Why, Pomona!" cried Euphemia, "I didn't think you were capable of such a cruel thing."

"It looks that way, ma'am, but really it aint," replied the girl. "It seemed to me as if it would be a mercy to both of 'em to have the thing settled. So I cleared away a place in front of the wood-shed and unchained Lord Edward, and then I opened the kitchen door and called the bull. Out he came, with his teeth a-showin', and his blood-shot eyes, and his crooked front legs. Like lightnin' from the mount'in blast, he made one bounce for the big dog, and oh! what a fight there was! They rolled, they gnashed, they knocked over the wood-horse and sent chips a-flyin' all ways at wonst. I thought Lord Edward would whip in a minute or two; but he didn't, for the bull stuck to him like a burr, and they was havin' it, ground and lofty, when I hears some one run up behind me, and turnin' quick, there was the 'Piscopalian minister, 'My! my! my!' he hollers; 'what a awful spectacle! Aint there no way of stoppin' it?' 'No, sir,' says I, and I told him how I didn't want to stop it, and the reason why. Then, says he, 'Where's your master?' and I told him how you was away. 'Isn't there any man at all about?' says he. 'No,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'if there's nobody else to stop it, I must do it myself.' An' he took off his coat. 'No,' says I, 'you keep back, sir. If there's anybody to plunge into that erena, the blood be mine;' an' I put my hand, without thinkin', ag'in his black shirt-bosom, to hold him back; but he didn't notice, bein' so excited. 'Now,' says I, 'jist wait one minute, and you'll see that bull's tail go between his legs. He's weakenin'.' An' sure enough, Lord Edward got a good grab at him, and was a-shakin' the very life out of him, when I run up and took Lord Edward by the collar. 'Drop it!' says I, and he dropped it, for he know'd he'd whipped, and he was pretty tired hisself. Then the bull-dog, he trotted off with his tail a-hangin'

down. 'Now, then,' says I, 'them dogs will be bosom friends forever after this.' 'Ah me!' says he, 'I'm sorry indeed that your employer, for who I've always had a great respect, should allow you to get into such habits.' That made me feel real bad, and I told him, mighty quick, that you was the last man in the world to let me do anything like that, and that, if you'd 'a' been here, you'd 'a' separated them dogs, if they'd a-chawed your arms off; that you was very particular about such things; and that it would be a pity if he was to think you was a dog-fightin' gentleman, when I'd often heard you say that, now you was fixed an' settled, the one thing you would like most would be to be made a vestryman."

I sat up straight in my chair.

"Pomona!" I exclaimed, "you didn't tell him that?"

"That's what I said, sir, for I wanted him to know what you really was; an' he says, 'Well, well, I never knew that. It might be a very good thing. I'll speak to some of the members about it. There's two vacancies now in our vestry.'"

I was crushed; but Euphemia tried to put the matter into the brightest light.

"Perhaps it may all turn out for the best," she said, "and you may be elected, and that would be splendid. But it would be an awfully funny thing for a dog-fight to make you a vestryman."

I could not talk on this subject. "Go on, Pomona," I said, trying to feel resigned to my shame, "and tell us about that poster on the fence."

"I'll be to that almost right away," she said. "It was two or three days after the dog-fight that I was down at the barn, and happenin' to look over to Old John's, I saw that tree-man there. He was a-showin' his book to John, and him and his wife and all the young ones was a-standin' there, drinkin' down them big peaches and pears as if they was all real. I know'd he'd come here ag'in, for them fellers never gives you up; and I didn't know how to keep him away, for I didn't want to let the dogs loose on a man what, after all, didn't want to do no more harm than to talk the life out of you. So I just happened to notice, as I came to the house, how kind of desolate everything looked, and I thought perhaps I might make it look worse, and he wouldn't care to deal here. So I thought of puttin' up a poster like that, for nobody whose place was a-goin' to be sold for taxes would be likely to want trees. So I run in the house, and wrote it quick and put it up. And sure enough, the man he come along soon, and when he looked at that paper, and tried the gate, an' looked over the fence an' saw the house all shut up an' not a livin' soul about,—for I had both the dogs in the house with me,—he shook his head an' walked off, as much as to say, 'If that man had fixed his place up proper with my trees, he wouldn't 'a' come

to this!' An' then, as I found the poster worked so good, I thought it might keep other people from comin' a-botherin' around, and so I left it up; but I was a-goin' to be sure and take it down before you came."

As it was now pretty late in the afternoon, I proposed that Pomona should postpone the rest of her narrative until evening. She said that there was nothing else to tell that was very particular; and I did not feel as if I could stand anything more just now, even if it was very particular.

When we were alone, I said to Euphemia:

"If we ever have to go away from this place again——"

"But we won't go away," she interrupted, looking up to me with as bright a face as she ever had, "at least not for a long, long, long time to come. And I'm *so* glad you're to be a vestryman."

THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?

[*The Lady, or the Tiger? and Other Stories.* 1884.]

IN the very olden time, there lived a semi-barbaric king, whose ideas, though somewhat polished and sharpened by the progressiveness of distant Latin neighbors, were still large, florid, and untrammelled, as became the half of him which was barbaric. He was a man of exuberant fancy, and, withal, of an authority so irresistible that, at his will, he turned his varied fancies into facts. He was greatly given to self-communing; and, when he and himself agreed upon anything, the thing was done. When every member of his domestic and political systems moved smoothly in its appointed course, his nature was bland and genial; but whenever there was a little hitch, and some of his orbs got out of their orbits, he was blander and more genial still, for nothing pleased him so much as to make the crooked straight, and crush down uneven places.

Among the borrowed notions by which his barbarism had become semified was that of the public arena, in which, by exhibitions of manly and beastly valor, the minds of his subjects were refined and cultured.

But even here the exuberant and barbaric fancy asserted itself. The arena of the king was built, not to give the people an opportunity of hearing the rhapsodies of dying gladiators, nor to enable them to view the inevitable conclusion of a conflict between religious opinions and hungry jaws, but for purposes far better adapted to widen and develop the mental energies of the people. This vast amphitheatre, with its encircling galleries, its mysterious vaults, and its unseen passages, was

an agent of poetic justice, in which crime was punished, or virtue rewarded, by the decrees of an impartial and incorruptible chance.

When a subject was accused of a crime of sufficient importance to interest the king, public notice was given that on an appointed day the fate of the accused person would be decided in the king's arena,—a structure which well deserved its name; for, although its form and plan were borrowed from afar, its purpose emanated solely from the brain of this man, who, every barleycorn a king, knew no tradition to which he owed more allegiance than pleased his fancy, and who ingrafted on every adopted form of human thought and action the rich growth of his barbaric idealism.

When all the people had assembled in the galleries, and the king, surrounded by his court, sat high up on his throne of royal state on one side of the arena, he gave a signal, a door beneath him opened, and the accused subject stepped out into the amphitheatre. Directly opposite him, on the other side of the enclosed space, were two doors, exactly alike and side by side. It was the duty and the privilege of the person on trial, to walk directly to these doors and open one of them. He could open either door he pleased: he was subject to no guidance or influence but that of the aforementioned impartial and incorruptible chance. If he opened the one, there came out of it a hungry tiger, the fiercest and most cruel that could be procured, which immediately sprang upon him, and tore him to pieces, as a punishment for his guilt. The moment that the case of the criminal was thus decided, doleful iron bells were clanged, great wails went up from the hired mourners posted on the outer rim of the arena, and the vast audience, with bowed heads and downcast hearts, wended slowly their homeward way, mourning greatly that one so young and fair, or so old and respected, should have merited so dire a fate.

But, if the accused person opened the other door, there came forth from it a lady, the most suitable to his years and station that his majesty could select among his fair subjects; and to this lady he was immediately married, as a reward of his innocence. It mattered not that he might already possess a wife and family, or that his affections might be engaged upon an object of his own selection: the king allowed no such subordinate arrangements to interfere with his great scheme of retribution and reward. The exercises, as in the other instance, took place immediately, and in the arena. Another door opened beneath the king, and a priest, followed by a band of choristers, and dancing maidens blowing joyous airs on golden horns and treading an epithalamic measure, advanced to where the pair stood, side by side; and the wedding was promptly and cheerily solemnized. Then the gay brass bells rang forth their merry peals, the people shouted glad hurrahs, and the innocent

man, preceded by children strewing flowers on his path, led his bride to his home.

This was the king's semi-barbaric method of administering justice. Its perfect fairness is obvious. The criminal could not know out of which door would come the lady: he opened either he pleased, without having the slightest idea whether, in the next instant, he was to be devoured or married. On some occasions the tiger came out of one door, and on some out of the other. The decisions of this tribunal were not only fair, they were positively determinate: the accused person was instantly punished if he found himself guilty; and, if innocent, he was rewarded on the spot, whether he liked it or not. There was no escape from the judgments of the king's arena.

The institution was a very popular one. When the people gathered together on one of the great trial days, they never knew whether they were to witness a bloody slaughter or a hilarious wedding. This element of uncertainty lent an interest to the occasion which it could not otherwise have attained. Thus, the masses were entertained and pleased, and the thinking part of the community could bring no charge of unfairness against this plan: for did not the accused person have the whole matter in his own hands?

This semi-barbaric king had a daughter as blooming as his most florid fancies, and with a soul as fervent and imperious as his own. As is usual in such cases, she was the apple of his eye, and was loved by him above all humanity. Among his courtiers was a young man of that fineness of blood and lowness of station common to the conventional heroes of romance who love royal maidens. This royal maiden was well satisfied with her lover, for he was handsome and brave to a degree unsurpassed in all this kingdom; and she loved him with an ardor that had enough of barbarism in it to make it exceedingly warm and strong. This love affair moved on happily for many months, until one day the king happened to discover its existence. He did not hesitate nor waver in regard to his duty in the premises. The youth was immediately cast into prison, and a day was appointed for his trial in the king's arena. This, of course, was an especially important occasion; and his majesty, as well as all the people, was greatly interested in the workings and development of this trial. Never before had such a case occurred; never before had a subject dared to love the daughter of a king. In after-years such things became commonplace enough; but then they were, in no slight degree, novel and startling.

The tiger-cages of the kingdom were searched for the most savage and relentless beasts, from which the fiercest monster might be selected for the arena; and the ranks of maiden youth and beauty throughout the land were carefully surveyed by competent judges, in order that the

young man might have a fitting bride in case fate did not determine for him a different destiny. Of course, everybody knew that the deed with which the accused was charged had been done. He had loved the princess, and neither he, she, nor any one else thought of denying the fact; but the king would not think of allowing any fact of this kind to interfere with the workings of the tribunal, in which he took such great delight and satisfaction. No matter how the affair turned out, the youth would be disposed of; and the king would take an æsthetic pleasure in watching the course of events, which would determine whether or not the young man had done wrong in allowing himself to love the princess.

The appointed day arrived. From far and near the people gathered, and thronged the great galleries of the arena; and crowds, unable to gain admittance, massed themselves against its outside walls. The king and his court were in their places, opposite the twin doors,—those fateful portals, so terrible in their similarity.

All was ready. The signal was given. A door beneath the royal party opened, and the lover of the princess walked into the arena. Tall, beautiful, fair, his appearance was greeted with a low hum of admiration and anxiety. Half the audience had not known so grand a youth had lived among them. No wonder the princess loved him! What a terrible thing for him to be there!

As the youth advanced into the arena, he turned, as the custom was, to bow to the king: but he did not think at all of that royal personage; his eyes were fixed upon the princess, who sat to the right of her father. Had it not been for the moiety of barbarism in her nature, it is probable that lady would not have been there; but her intense and fervid soul would not allow her to be absent on an occasion in which she was so terribly interested. From the moment that the decree had gone forth, that her lover should decide his fate in the king's arena, she had thought of nothing, night or day, but this great event and the various subjects connected with it. Possessed of more power, influence, and force of character than any one who had ever before been interested in such a case, she had done what no other person had done,—she had possessed herself of the secret of the doors. She knew in which of the two rooms, that lay behind those doors, stood the cage of the tiger, with its open front, and in which waited the lady. Through these thick doors, heavily curtained with skins on the inside, it was impossible that any noise or suggestion should come from within to the person who should approach to raise the latch of one of them; but gold, and the power of a woman's will, had brought the secret to the princess.

And not only did she know in which room stood the lady ready to emerge, all blushing and radiant, should her door be opened, but she

knew who the lady was. It was one of the fairest and loveliest of the damsels of the court who had been selected as the reward of the accused youth, should he be proved innocent of the crime of aspiring to one so far above him; and the princess hated her. Often had she seen, or imagined that she had seen, this fair creature throwing glances of admiration upon the person of her lover, and sometimes she thought these glances were perceived and even returned. Now and then she had seen them talking together; it was but for a moment or two, but much can be said in a brief space; it may have been on most unimportant topics, but how could she know that? The girl was lovely, but she had dared to raise her eyes to the loved one of the princess; and, with all the intensity of the savage blood transmitted to her through long lines of wholly barbaric ancestors, she hated the woman who blushed and trembled behind that silent door.

When her lover turned and looked at her, and his eye met hers as she sat there paler and whiter than any one in the vast ocean of anxious faces about her, he saw, by that power of quick perception which is given to those whose souls are one, that she knew behind which door crouched the tiger, and behind which stood the lady. He had expected her to know it. He understood her nature, and his soul was assured that she would never rest until she had made plain to herself this thing, hidden to all other lookers-on, even to the king. The only hope for the youth in which there was any element of certainty was based upon the success of the princess in discovering this mystery; and the moment he looked upon her, he saw she had succeeded, as in his soul he knew she would succeed.

Then it was that his quick and anxious glance asked the question: "Which?" It was as plain to her as if he shouted it from where he stood. There was not an instant to be lost. The question was asked in a flash; it must be answered in another.

Her right arm lay on the cushioned parapet before her. She raised her hand, and made a slight, quick movement toward the right. No one but her lover saw her. Every eye but his was fixed on the man in the arena.

He turned, and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation, he went to the door on the right, and opened it.

Now, the point of the story is this: Did the tiger come out of that door, or did the lady?

The more we reflect upon this question, the harder it is to answer. It involves a study of the human heart which leads us through devious

mazes of passion, out of which it is difficult to find our way. Think of it, fair reader, not as if the decision of the question depended upon yourself, but upon that hot-blooded, semi-barbaric princess, her soul at a white heat beneath the combined fires of despair and jealousy. She had lost him, but who should have him?

How often, in her waking hours and in her dreams, had she started in wild horror, and covered her face with her hands as she thought of her lover opening the door on the other side of which waited the cruel fangs of the tiger!

But how much oftener had she seen him at the other door! How in her grievous reveries had she gnashed her teeth, and torn her hair, when she saw his start of rapturous delight as he opened the door of the lady! How her soul had burned in agony when she had seen him rush to meet that woman, with her flushing cheek and sparkling eye of triumph; when she had seen him lead her forth, his whole frame kindled with the joy of recovered life; when she had heard the glad shouts from the multitude, and the wild ringing of the happy bells; when she had seen the priest, with his joyous followers, advance to the couple, and make them man and wife before her very eyes; and when she had seen them walk away together upon their path of flowers, followed by the tremendous shouts of the hilarious multitude, in which her one despairing shriek was lost and drowned!

Would it not be better for him to die at once, and go to wait for her in the blessed regions of semi-barbaric futurity?

And yet, that awful tiger, those shrieks, that blood!

Her decision had been indicated in an instant, but it had been made after days and nights of anguished deliberation. She had known she would be asked, she had decided what she would answer, and, without the slightest hesitation, she had moved her hand to the right.

The question of her decision is one not to be lightly considered, and it is not for me to presume to set myself up as the one person able to answer it. And so I leave it with all of you: Which came out of the opened door,—the lady, or the tiger?

Annie Adams Fields.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1834.

THEOCRITUS.

[*Under the Olive.* 1881.]

AY! Unto thee belong
The pipe and song
Theocritus,—
Loved by the satyr and the faun!
To thee the olive and the vine,
To thee the Mediterranean pine,
And the soft lapping sea!
Thine, Bacchus,
Thine, the blood-red revels,
Thine, the bearded goat!
Soft valleys unto thee,
And Aphrodite's shrine,
And maidens veiled in falling robes of lawn!
But unto us, to us,
The stalwart glories of the North;
Ours is the sounding main,
And ours the voices uttering forth
By midnight round these cliffs a mighty strain;
A tale of viewless islands in the deep
Washed by the waves' white fire;
Of mariners rocked asleep
In the great cradle, far from Grecian ire
Of Neptune and his train;
To us, to us,
The dark-leaved shadow and the shining birch,
The flight of gold through hollow woodlands driven,
Soft dying of the year with many a sigh,
These, all, to us are given!
And eyes that eager evermore shall search
The hidden seed, and searching find again
Unfading blossoms of a fadeless spring;
These, these, to us!
The sacred youth and maid,
Coy and half afraid;
The sorrowful earthly pall,
Winter and wintry rain,
And Autumn's gathered grain,
With whispering music in their fall;
These unto us!
And unto thee, Theocritus,
To thee,

The immortal childhood of the world,
The laughing waters of an inland sea,
And beckoning signal of a sail unfurled!

Charles William Eliot.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1834.

OUR AMERICAN GENTRY.

[*Φ. B. K. Address on "The Working of the American Democracy." Harvard University, 28 June,* 1888.]

IT is said that democracy is fighting against the best-determined and most peremptory of biological laws; namely, the law of heredity, with which law the social structure of monarchical and oligarchical States is in strict conformity. This criticism fails to recognize the distinction between artificial privileges transmissible without regard to inherited virtues or powers, and inheritable virtues or powers transmissible without regard to hereditary privileges. Artificial privileges will be abolished by a democracy; natural, inheritable virtues or powers are as surely transmissible under a democracy as under any other form of government. Families can be made just as enduring in a democratic as in an oligarchic State, if family permanence be desired and aimed at. The desire for the continuity of vigorous families, and for the reproduction of beauty, genius, and nobility of character is universal. "From fairest creatures we desire increase" is the commonest of sentiments. The American multitude will not take the children of distinguished persons on trust; but it is delighted when an able man has an able son, or a lovely mother a lovelier daughter. That a democracy does not prescribe the close intermarriage which characterizes a strict aristocracy, so-called, is physically not a disadvantage, but a great advantage for the freer society. The French nobility and the English House of Lords furnish good evidence that aristocracies do not succeed in perpetuating select types of intellect or of character.

In the future there will undoubtedly be seen a great increase in the number of permanent families in the United States,—families in which honor, education, and property will be transmitted with reasonable certainty; and a fair beginning has already been made. On the quinquennial catalogue of Harvard University there are about five hundred and sixty family stocks, which have been represented by graduates at intervals for at least one hundred years. On the Yale catalogue there are

about four hundred and twenty such family stocks; and it is probable that all other American colleges which have existed one hundred years or more show similar facts in proportion to their age and to the number of their graduates. There is nothing in American institutions to prevent this natural process from extending and continuing. The college graduate who does not send his son to college is a curious exception. American colleges are, indeed, chiefly recruited from the sons of men who were not college-bred themselves; for democratic society is mobile, and permits young men of ability to rise easily from the lower to the higher levels. But on the other hand nothing in the constitution of society forces men down who have once risen, or prevents their children and grandchildren from staying on the higher level if they have the virtue in them. . . . .

Two things are necessary to family permanence,—education and bodily vigor, in every generation. To secure these two things, the holding and the transmission of moderate properties in families must be so well provided for by law and custom as to be possible for large numbers of families. For the objects in view, great properties are not so desirable as moderate or even small properties, since the transmission of health and education with great properties is not so sure as with small properties. It is worth while to inquire, therefore, what has been accomplished under the reign of the American democracy in the way of making the holding and the transmission of small properties possible. In the first place, safe investments for moderate sums have been greatly multiplied and made accessible, as every trustee knows. Great trust-investment companies have been created expressly to hold money safely, and make it yield a sure though small income. The savings-bank and the insurance company have been brought to every man's door, the latter insuring against almost every kind of disaster to which property and earning capacity are liable. Life insurance has been regulated and fostered, with the result of increasing materially the stability of households and the chances of transmitting education in families. Through these and other agencies it has been made more probable that widows and orphans will inherit property, and easier for them to hold property securely,—a very important point in connection with the permanence of families, as may be strikingly illustrated by the single statement that eighteen per cent. of the students in Harvard College have no fathers living. Many new employments have been opened to women, who have thus been enabled more easily to hold families together and educate their children. Finally, society has been saved in great measure from war and revolution, and from the fear of these calamities; and thus family property, as well as happiness, has been rendered more secure.

The holding and the transmission of property in families are, however,

only means to two ends; namely, education and health in successive generations. From the first, the American democracy recognized the fact that education was of supreme importance to it,—the elementary education for all, the higher for all the naturally selected; but it awakened much later to the necessity of attending to the health of the people. European aristocracies have always secured themselves in a measure against physical degeneration by keeping a large proportion of their men in training as soldiers and sportsmen, and most of their women at ease in country seats. In our democratic society, which at first thought only of work and production, it is to be observed that public attention is directed more and more to the means of preserving and increasing health and vigor. Some of these means are country schools for city children, country or seaside houses for families, public parks and gardens, out-of-door sports, systematic physical training in schools and colleges, vacations for business and professional men, and improvements in the dwellings and the diet of all classes. Democracy leaves marriages and social groups to be determined by natural affiliation or congeniality of tastes and pursuits, which is the effective principle in the association of cultivated persons under all forms of government. So far from having any quarrel with the law of hereditary transmission, it leaves the principle of heredity perfectly free to act; but it does not add to the natural sanctions of that principle an unnecessary bounty of privileges conferred by law.

From this consideration of the supposed conflict between democracy and the law of heredity the transition is easy to my last topic; namely, the effect of democratic institutions on the production of ladies and gentlemen. There can be no question that a general amelioration of manners is brought about in a democracy by public schools, democratic churches, public conveyances without distinction of class, universal suffrage, town-meetings, and all the multifarious associations in which democratic society delights; but this general amelioration might exist, and yet the highest types of manners might fail. Do these fail? On this important point American experience is already interesting, and I think conclusive. Forty years ago Emerson said it was a chief felicity of our country that it excelled in women. It excels more and more. Who has not seen in public and in private life American women unsurpassable in grace and graciousness, in serenity and dignity, in affluent gladness and abounding courtesy? Now, the lady is the consummate fruit of human society at its best. In all the higher walks of American life there are men whose bearing and aspect at once distinguish them as gentlemen. They have personal force, magnanimity, moderation, and refinement; they are quick to see and to sympathize; they are pure,

brave, and firm. These are also the qualities that command success; and herein lies the only natural connection between the possession of property and nobility of character. In a mobile or free society the excellent or noble man is likely to win ease and independence; but it does not follow that under any form of government the man of many possessions is necessarily excellent. On the evidence of my reading and of my personal observation at home and abroad, I fully believe that there is a larger proportion of ladies and gentlemen in the United States than in any other country. This proposition is, I think, true with the highest definition of the term "lady" or "gentleman"; but it is also true, if ladies and gentlemen are only persons who are clean and well-dressed, who speak gently and eat with their forks. It is unnecessary, however, to claim any superiority for democracy in this respect; enough that the highest types of manners in men and women are produced abundantly on democratic soil.

It would appear then from American experience that neither generations of privileged ancestors nor large inherited possessions are necessary to the making of a lady or a gentleman. What is necessary? In the first place, natural gifts. The gentleman is *born* in a democracy, no less than in a monarchy. In other words, he is a person of fine bodily and spiritual qualities, mostly innate. Secondly, he must have through elementary education early access to books, and therefore to great thoughts and high examples. Thirdly, he must be early brought into contact with some refined and noble person,—father, mother, teacher, pastor, employer, or friend. These are the only necessary conditions in peaceful times and in law-abiding communities like ours. Accordingly, such facts as the following are common in the United States: One of the numerous children of a small farmer manages to fit himself for college, works his way through college, becomes a lawyer, at forty is a much-trusted man in one of the chief cities of the Union, and is distinguished for the courtesy and dignity of his bearing and speech. The son of a country blacksmith is taught and helped to a small college by his minister; he himself becomes a minister, has a long fight with poverty and ill-health, but at forty-five holds as high a place as his profession affords, and every line in his face and every tone in his voice betoken the gentleman. The sons and daughters of a successful shopkeeper take the highest places in the most cultivated society of their native place, and well deserve the prœminence accorded to them. The daughter of a man of very imperfect education, who began life with nothing and became a rich merchant, is singularly beautiful from youth to age, and possesses to the highest degree the charm of dignified and gracious manners. A young girl, not long out of school, the child of respectable but obscure parents, marries a public man, and in conspicu-

ous station bears herself with a grace, discretion, and nobleness which she could not have exceeded had her blood been royal for seven generations. Striking cases of this kind will occur to every person in this assembly. They are every-day phenomena in American society. What conclusion do they establish? They prove that the social mobility of a democracy, which permits the excellent and well-endowed of either sex to rise and to seek out each other, and which gives every advantageous variation or sport in a family stock free opportunity to develop, is immeasurably more beneficial to a nation than any selective in-breeding, founded on class distinctions, which has ever been devised. Since democracy has every advantage for producing in due season and proportion the best human types, it is reasonable to expect that science and literature, music and art, and all the finer graces of society will develop and thrive in America, as soon as the more urgent tasks of subduing a wilderness and organizing society upon an untried plan are fairly accomplished.

Richard Realf.

BORN in Uchfield, near Lewes, Sussex, England, 1834. Came to America in 1854. DIED at Oakland, Cal., 1878.

AN OLD MAN'S IDYL.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1866.]

BY the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand in hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Æolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,

And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
  Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
  And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly while we talked
  Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
  Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
  Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
  Broidered fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
  And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
  Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
  Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;
Only we knew that something bright
  Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
  Of something higher than humanhood.

O the riches Love doth inherit!
  Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
  Into sanctities rare and strange!
My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
  My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
  Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
  Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
  Wonderful rainbows in the rain.
And we hear the tread of the years move by,
  And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
  And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
  Dreaming the dreams of long ago:
Then it was balmy summer weather,
  And now the valleys are laid in snow.
Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
  The wind blows cold,—'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
  I and my darling, and we wait.

INTERPRETATION.

A DREAMING Poet lay upon the ground.
He plucked the grasses with his listless hands.
No voice was near him save the wishful sound
Of the sea cooing to the unbosomed sands.

He leaned his heart upon the naked sod.
He heard the audible pulse of nature beat.
He trembled greatly at the Word of God
Spoken in the rushes rustling at his feet.

With inward vision his outward sight grew dim,
He knew the rhythmic secret of the spheres,
He caught the cadence, and a noble hymn,
Swam swan-like in upon the gliding years.

The Century Magazine. 1879.

Miriam Coles Harris.

BORN on Dosoris Island, L. I. Sound, N. Y., 1834.

A SENTIMENTALIST'S SECOND MARRIAGE.

[*A Perfect Adonis.* 1875.]

THERE was a second wedding-day; this time no white silk and orange blossoms; no dull elderly people in the way, and no smell of fried oysters. Dorla and Felix walked down the long aisle of a silent, crowded church. (To fill it had been Harriet's business and pleasure.) There might have been ten or ten thousand people, it would have been the same to Dorla; she walked beside the man she loved through this gay crowd, as she would have walked through a forest, or through a flowering garden. There was a dreamy look on her face; she plainly was not occupied with the thought of how her dress hung, nor how her back hair would look from the chancel steps. She even forgot to hold her bouquet in a tight grasp against her waist, but walked past the attentive spectators, with the unfortunate flowers trailing against her dress, as they hung in her hand. She wore pearl-color, and her dress was beautiful.

"She looks youngish for a person of her age," said Abby to a cavalier beside her, who was gaping after the beautiful apparition on her way to the foot of the altar.

Abby had not dared to speak while they passed her, but now, under cover of the prayers, she talked incessantly. She hated the prayers, and meant to laugh at everything; she no longer looked as if the world lay before her, but as if she had passed through one very dreary and hateful part of it, and as if she were resolved to gain a reckless enjoyment from the present. She looked years older than she was, and much like other women now, for prettiness. The charm of freshness was quite gone. During the benediction, she talked in a stage whisper about the bride's bonnet; but when they passed down the aisle beside her, she drew her breath quick; that Quebec experience had gone deep. There walked the man to whom in his perfect beauty she had given her heart; and in a certain way, a woman has but one heart to give. She did not love him now; but she could never be the same again, for having loved him.

When the newly married people had passed out of the church, the assembly relaxed its attention, and broke up in babble and confusion. Miss Greyson, in a waterproof suit and felt hat, was joined by Mr. Oliver, well preserved, and unimpaired by time or by emotion. Miss Greyson's father had failed, and she had been permitted to teach school, and to attend medical lectures, and to do every strong-minded thing that her soul delighted in. She held Dorla in great contempt.

"Well, Mr. Oliver," she said, "you see what it is to be constant."

"Yes, Miss Greyson," he returned. "It has been the error of my life to take the first answer."

And so on, pages of old-bachelory talk. He felt sure Miss Greyson did not know that he had once offered himself to Dorla; indeed he could hardly believe it now himself. It was quite safe to talk to Miss Greyson in this way. He had talked so forty times, indeed he always talked so, and no one would suspect where the truth lay.

Mr. Davis, who had been married several years, and whose wife was dowdy, made his way over to them, and said with a sigh: "Ah, Miss Greyson, it doesn't seem like six years since that morning in the Conneshaugh! Who would have thought it! But Mrs. Rothermel, I beg her pardon, Mrs. Varian, doesn't look a day older than she did then."

This was not pleasant to Miss Greyson in her felt hat, who knew that lectures and teaching, blissful as they were, did not tend to youthful looks.

"Nor a day wiser," said she with contempt.

"I don't know about that," said Davis. "I think marrying Varian is a step beyond marrying Rothermel in point of wisdom."

Then the dowdy beckoned him away to look up the carriage. She was always recalling him, and that he did not get very far away was owing as much to her assiduity as to his want of ingenuity.

Mrs. Bishop was crying a good deal, and got out of a side door with

the help of a nephew (not Henry). Poor Henry was now in South America trying to learn the ways of a great mercantile house, and saving up beetles and butterflies for Missy; working with one part of his brain, and dreaming with the other. He could not get over the habit of loving his love with a C. Mrs. Bishop had not more than half forgiven Dorla, but it was very necessary to her to have some friends who were not weary of her age, and who would fill up the many empty hours of her days, and Dorla was the most conscientious friend she had, and so she had to be forgiven, wholly or in part. Felix was quite resolved this sort of thing should not go on, after he had power to stop it. "This sort of thing" was a daily visit of Mrs. Rothermel to Mrs. Bishop, and endless arrangements for her comfort or pleasure. It was naturally not all that a lover could ask, to have the drive in the park daily spoiled by the addition of a cross child or a querulous old lady. But a man who marries a conscientious woman must make up his mind to this sort of thing, till he has power to put a stop to it.

Possibly he felt as if the time had come to put a stop to one nuisance at least, when, an hour after the benediction had been said over Dorla's head and his, he stood in the hall waiting for her to come from her room, where he knew she was saying good-bye to Missy. The carriage was at the door; the trunks had long been sent away; Dorla in her travelling-dress at last came down the stairs. There had been a tempest, he knew. But all was silent now, and Dorla was very pale. She had just reached the foot of the stairs, and Felix was saying with a smile, "Do people ever get left on their wedding journeys?" when there was a rush of pursuer and pursued, and Missy, with a white face, slid down the stairs like a spirit, and flung herself upon her mother with a cry.

"Mamma! Mamma!"

"Missy, you will kill me!" cried poor Dorla, putting her hands up to her face.

Missy got her tiny, fierce fingers clutched in her mother's dress; she was like a little maniac; all attempts to take her away without positive violence were unavailing. It was pitiful to see her. Her wedding finery had not been taken off. She was white to her fingers' ends. Her short, pale hair stood out in a frizz about her poor, passionate little face; her light eyes were full of an expression of violent emotion, strange on such baby features. The servants who had come into the hall to see their mistress's departure, stood around in perplexity and dismay. The nurse coaxed, wrestled, was despairing.

At last Felix, opening the hall door, said, "We shall be late," and stepped outside.

Dorla said hoarsely, "Missy, I must go; good-bye," and stooping

down, with her own hands attempted to release herself from the child's grasp, and made a movement towards the open door.

Then poor little Missy, with a great cry, sprang before her, and flung herself upon the ground across the threshold.

"For shame, Missy, get up, for shame!" cried the nurse, stooping to interfere. Dorla bent down and tried to lift her up; but she clutched the sill of the door with all her strength, and screaming and sobbing, lay face down, a barrier between her mother and the outer world. Felix standing outside with lips compressed, looked on a moment silently.

"Dorla," he said, at last, and put out his hand.

She took it, and stepping over Missy as she lay, followed him down the steps and into the carriage without a look behind. The servants picked up the little figure and hustled her off into the house, before the carriage-door shut after Felix.

But what a beginning for a wedding journey! For two minutes Dorla tried to command herself, but then she either stopped trying, or it was no use, and she burst into tears.

"Felix," she said, "be good to me this once; I never will be so weak again; just let me go back. It will kill the child. I know she will be ill to-night. All alone with servants—and they do not love her—think of it, Felix. How can I go away and leave her?"

Then Felix's face grew very cold, and he did not take the hand that she put out to him.

"You are not angry," she said, frightened.

"Yes, I am afraid I am," he answered, gravely. Then she turned away her face, and tried to stop her tears. This made him feel sorry for her, and he said:

"We cannot go back; you must see that is impossible. But we need not stay very long away, nor go far off from the city. You shall have a telegram every hour while we are away, if that will comfort you."

"You must think me so unreasonable," said Dorla, in her tears.

"Well, I can't deny I do," he returned.

"But, Felix," she said, timidly, "it *would* comfort me to have a telegram to-night, to know whether they have got her pacified, if you won't be very much ashamed of me."

So Felix called to the coachman, and stopped at an office, and had arrangements made by which a telegram should reach them by the hour of nine; and it is to be presumed he felt wrathful and mortified to have to give the order. But when he went back to the carriage, he found Dorla looking relieved. It had taken a great load off her heart to know that she should hear again from Missy that night; the separation would not seem so monstrous; she would yet watch over her going to sleep, as she had never failed to do.

"It's a bad beginning," he said, trying to smile as he shut the carriage-door, "but I have sent a telegram at the same time, countermanding my orders to Philadelphia. We will just go over to ——— and maybe we can get some decent rooms, and maybe we can't. But you'll have the happiness of knowing that you can get to Missy in an hour, if she does not enjoy her bread and milk without you."

"Felix!" cried Dorla, reddening with shame, while at the same time a weight was lifted from her heart. "You are better to me than I deserve. You must think me so unreasonable; but I can't tell you how cruel it seemed to me to be going away, and leaving poor Missy there crying in her jealousy and misery."

"She has often cried so before, and it hasn't killed her."

"Ah, yes! but, Felix, it wasn't the same thing; you know I wasn't going away from her. She realized it all."

"She realized that she had a little extra work to do, and she did it. You see she conquered."

"I don't call it conquering," said Dorla, crying a little at the thought, "to have me walk over her and go away with you. Ah, dear! It was like S. Jane Frances de Chantal and her boy."

"What was S. Jane Frances de Chantal going to do?" said Felix, relenting, with a little caress. "Had she been getting married?"

"O, no," exclaimed Dorla, with a faint shudder.

"I suppose saints don't do that?"

"She was going away—to found an order of nuns. Ah! it was very different from me."

"Yes, I should hope it was," said Felix cynically. "I may be a terrible fate, but I hope I'm not as bad as bread and water, and stone floors, and hard beds, and a nagging lot of women."

"Ah, Felix! You do not understand."

"Then you really wish you were on your way now to found an order of nuns?"

"I didn't say that."

"What did you say, then?"

"I said you didn't understand."

"Maybe I don't. But it is too late now for you to change your mind. You must make the best you can of what you've done, and try to be contented."

"Ah! I am afraid it will be only too easy!" said Dorla, with another sigh.

"Well," said Felix, "you may add again, that I do not understand. For I'm sure I don't."

"This you may understand, at least," said Dorla, "that I am not fit to be a nun, or I suppose I should have been one. I am a failure, don't

you see, Felix. I've spoiled Missy. I've never been able to make a good housekeeper. I am afraid I never helped poor Harry any. I don't know that I was ever any comfort to mamma. And I wasn't—I —And perhaps, I shall not make you happy after all. I can't see what I was created for."

"I can't either, except to make people want to possess you. To have and to hold you," he said, with a fierce sort of satisfaction.

"But—" said Dorla.

"But—" said Felix, kissing her.

And then she forgot all about S. Jane Frances de Chantal, and the Order of the Visitation, and for the moment about poor Missy, too.

It is a blessing that when you are a failure, you can forget it sometimes for a while. But the fact remains the same.

Harriet McEwen Kimball.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1834.

THE GUEST.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

SPEECHLESS Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out; the rain
Wildly beat the window-pane.
In the dark I heard a knock;
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
Saying sweetly,
"I am come to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp;
"Sorrow," said I, "trim the lamp,
Light the fire, and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock:
In the dark I found the lock:—
"Enter, I have turned the key;
Enter, Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;

In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
Lo, my MASTER
Was the Guest that supped with me!

WHITE AZALEAS.

AZALEAS—whitest of white!
White as the drifted snow
Fresh-fallen out of the night,
Before the coming glow
Tinges the morning light;
When the light is like the snow,
White,
And the silence is like the light;
Light, and silence, and snow,—
All—white!

White! not a hint
Of the creamy tint
A rose will hold,
The whitest rose, in its inmost fold;
Not a possible blush;
White as an embodied hush;
A very rapture of white;
A wedlock of silence and light.
White, white as the wonder undefiled
Of Eve just wakened in Paradise;
Nay, white as the angel of a child
That looks into God's own eyes!

Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

Born in Suffolk, England.

A NIGHT-WATCH, AFTER FAIR OAKS.

[*The Other Side of War.* 1889.]

"Wilson Small," 5 *June*, 1862.

DEAR MOTHER: I finished my last letter on the afternoon of the day when we took eighty men on the *Small*, and transferred them to the *Webster*.

We had just washed and dressed, and were writing letters when Captain Sawtelle came on board to say that several hundred wounded men were lying at the landing; that the *Daniel Webster No. 2* had been taken possession of by the medical officers, and was already half full of men, and that the surplus was being carried across her to the *Vanderbilt;* that the confusion was terrible; that there were no stores on board the *Daniel Webster No. 2* (she having been seized the moment she reached the landing on her return from Yorktown, without communicating with the Commission), nor were there any stores or preparations, not even mattresses, on board the *Vanderbilt*.

Of course the best in our power had to be done. Mrs. Griffin and I begged Mr. Olmsted not to refrain from sending us, merely because we had been up all night. He said he wouldn't send us, but if we chose to offer our services to the United States surgeon, he thought it would be merciful. Our offer was seized. We went on board; and such a scene as we entered and lived in for two days I trust never to see again. Men in every condition of horror, shattered and shrieking, were being brought in on stretchers borne by "contrabands," who dumped them anywhere, banged the stretchers against pillars and posts, and walked over the men without compassion. There was no one to direct what ward or what bed they were to go into. Men shattered in the thigh, and even cases of amputation, were shovelled into top berths without thought or mercy. The men had mostly been without food for three days, but there was *nothing* on board either boat for them; and if there had been, the cooks were only engaged to cook for the ship, and not for the hospital.

We began to do what we could. The first thing wanted by wounded men is something to drink (with the sick, stimulants are the first thing). Fortunately we had plenty of lemons, ice, and sherry on board the *Small*, and these were available at once. Dr. Ware discovered a barrel of molasses, which, with vinegar, ice, and water, made a most refreshing drink. After that we gave them crackers and milk, or tea and bread.

It was hopeless to try to get them into bed; indeed, there were no mattresses on the *Vanderbilt.* All we could do at first was to try to calm the confusion, to stop some agony, to revive the fainting lives, to snatch, if possible, from immediate death with food and stimulants. Imagine a great river or Sound steamer filled on every deck,—every berth and every square inch of room covered with wounded men; even the stairs and gangways and guards filled with those who are less badly wounded; and then imagine fifty well men, on every kind of errand, rushing to and fro over them, every touch bringing agony to the poor fellows, while stretcher after stretcher came along, hoping to find an empty place; and then imagine what it was to keep calm ourselves, and make sure that every man on both those boats was properly refreshed and fed. We got through about 1 A.M., Mrs. M. and Georgy having come off other duty and reënforced us.

We were sitting for a few moments, resting and talking it over, and bitterly asking why a Government so lavish and perfect in its other arrangements should leave its wounded almost literally to take care of themselves, when a message came that one hundred and fifty men were just arriving by the cars. It was raining in torrents, and both boats were full. We went on shore again: the same scene repeated. The wretched *Vanderbilt* was slipped out, the *Kennebec* brought up, and the hundred and fifty men carried across the *Daniel Webster No. 2* to her, with the exception of some fearfully wounded ones, who could not be touched in the darkness and rain, and were therefore made as comfortable as they could be in the cars. We gave refreshment and food to all, Miss Whetten and a detail of young men from the *Spaulding* coming up in time to assist, and the officers of the *Sebago*, who had seen how hard pressed we were in the afternoon, volunteering for the night-watch. Add to this sundry Members of Congress, who, if they talked much, at least worked well. One of them, the Hon. Moses F. Odell, proposed to Mr. Olmsted that on his return to Washington he should move that the thanks of Congress be returned to us! Mr. Olmsted, mindful of our feelings, promptly declined.

We went to bed at daylight with *breakfast* on our minds, and at six o'clock we were all on board the *Daniel Webster No. 2*, and the breakfast of six hundred men was got through with in good time. Captain Sawtelle kindly sent us a large wall-tent, twelve caldrons and camp-kettles, two cooks, and a detail of six men. The tent was put up at once, Dr. Ware giving to its preparation the only hour when he might have rested during that long nightmare. We began to use it that (Tuesday) morning. It is filled with our stores; there we have cooked not only the sick-food, but *all* the food needed on the Government boats. It was hard to get it in sufficient quantity; but when everything else gave out,

we broke up "hard-tack" into buckets full of hot milk and water a little sweetened,—"bread and milk" the men called it. Oh, that precious condensed milk, more precious to us at that moment than beef essence!

Tuesday was very much a repetition of Monday night. The men were cleared from the main-deck and gangways of the *Daniel Webster No. 2* onto the *Kennebec*. The feeding business was almost as hard to manage as before. But still it was done, and we got to bed at 1 A.M. Mrs. M. and I were to attend to the breakfast at 6 next morning. By some accident Mrs. M., who was ready quite as soon as I was, was carried off by the *Small*, which started suddenly to run down to the *Spaulding*. I had, therefore, to get the breakfast alone. I accomplished it, and then went ashore and fed some men who were just arriving in the cars, and others who were in tents near the landing. The horrors of that morning are too great to speak of. The men in the cars were brought on board the *Daniel Webster No. 2* and laid about the vacant main-deck and guards and on the deck of a scow that lay alongside. I must not, I ought not to tell you of the horrors of that morning. One of the least was that I saw a "contraband" step on the amputated stump of a wretched man. I took him by the arm and walked him into the tent, where I ordered them to give him other work, and forbade that he should come upon the ships again. I felt white with anger, and dared not trust myself to speak to *him*. While those awful sights pass before me I have comparatively no feeling, except the anxiety to alleviate as much as possible. I do not suffer under the sights; but oh! the sounds, the screams of men. It is when I think of it afterwards that it is so dreadful. . . . .

About nine hundred wounded remain to be brought down. Mr. Olmsted says *our* boats have transported one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six since Sunday; the Government and Pennsylvania boats together about three thousand. Mr. Clement Barclay was with us on Monday night on the *Vanderbilt*. I believe he went with her to Fortress Monroe. He was working hard, with the deepest interest and skill. I went with him to attend to a little "Secesh" boy, wounded in the thigh; also to a Southern colonel, a splendid-looking man, who died, saying to Mr. Barclay, with raised hand: "Write to my wife and tell her I die penitent for the part I have taken in this war." I try to be just and kind to the Southern men. One of our men stopped me, saying: "*He's* a rebel; give that to me." I said: "But a wounded man is our brother!" (rather an obvious sentiment, if there is anything in Christianity); and they both touched their caps. The Southerners are constantly expressing surprise at one thing or another, and they are shy, but not surly, at receiving kindness. Our men are a noble set of fellows, so cheerful, uncomplaining, and generous.

Remember that in all that I have written, I have told you only about ourselves—the women. What the gentlemen have been, those of our party, those of the *Spaulding* and of the other vessels, is beyond my power to relate. Some of them fainted from time to time. . .

Last night, shining over blood and agony, I saw a lunar rainbow; and in the afternoon a peculiarly beautiful effect of rainbow and stormy sunset,—it flashed upon my eyes as I passed an operating-table, and raised them to avoid seeing anything as I passed.

Frances Louisa Bushnell.

Born in Hartford, Conn.

IN THE DARK.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1872.]

RESTLESS, to-night, and ill at ease,
And finding every place too strait,
I leave the porch shut in with trees,
And wander through the garden-gate.

So dark at first, I have to feel
My way before me with my hands;
But soul-like fragrances reveal
My virgin Daphne, where she stands.

Her stars of blossom breathe aloft
Her worship to the stars above;
In wavering pulsations soft,
Climbs the sweet incense of her love;

Those far, celestial eyes can dart
Their glances down through leafy bars;
The spark that burns within her heart
Was dropped, in answer, from the stars.

She does not find the space too small,
The night too dark, for sweetest bloom;
Content within the garden wall,
Since upward there is always room.

Her spotless heart, through all the night,
Holds safe its little vestal spark.
O blessed, if the soul be white,
To breathe and blossom in the dark!

Frank Lee Benedict.

BORN in Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1834.

A LITTLE CAT.

[*My Daughter Elinor.* 1869.]

I BELIEVE I have quoted somewhere what wise old Balzac said about fifty-two being the age at which a man is most dangerous to women. I never was fifty-two, and am therefore unable to speak from experience, but observation has taught me that if a pretty girl wants to make a puffy, pulpy, disjointed idiot of a member of my ill-used race, she ought to select a man of that age to do it in perfection.

Now Mr. Grey was a wise old serpent, and had been *un homme galant*, and knew a good many things about women that women never know about each other; but Miss Laidley's type was not familiar to him, and he was completely deceived by her pretty innocence, her appealing helplessness, her solitary condition, and the entire trust she had in him, which was expressed with such artless freedom. He was not to be deluded into making a blatant idiot of himself, but he was a good deal more fascinated than he would have liked anybody to perceive.

Elinor did not observe Miss Laidley's performances at first—puss was exceedingly wary. She had ways and means of knowing when Mr. Grey was alone in his library—old Juanita was the most faithful of waiting-women—and she was always going in by accident, or to seek advice, or to ask him to comfort her because she was a lonely little thing, who would never be wise enough to remain unguarded in a wicked world. When Elinor did discover what was going on, she was filled with wrath; and not aspiring to angelic amiability, she gave way to her temper, and Miss Laidley had an unpleasant morning. Not that Elinor betrayed the real cause of her irritation; she was quite a match for any woman when it came to the necessity of employing high art; and the Laidley had not the satisfaction of knowing that her success was noticed. In the midst of her rage Elinor would be civil; but there was an opening, and she improved it. Miss Laidley chanced to amuse some callers with a reproduction of the Idol the very day on which Elinor discovered her machinations toward the Secretary, and she read her a lecture which was worse than being scalped.

And Elinor would not quarrel; she only would do her duty. She told Miss Laidley that she had talked so much about duty that her, Elinor's, mind was infected too; and she had to say, that to accept a person's hospitality and presents, and then laugh about him or her, was the

most contemptible thing of which any woman past twenty could be guilty. She frightened Miss Laidley by vowing that if it happened again she would write to Mrs. Hackett and let her know how her kindness had been returned; she begged to be understood thoroughly in earnest. She conquered, and Miss Laidley had to cry and beg, and wound up with a hysteric fit from passion. Elinor gave her a dose of very bitter medicine, spattered her new dress mercilessly with water, and brought her out of it.

"I mean it all for your good," said she, sweetly; "you know that. But, my dear Genevieve, I cannot permit you to abuse my friends; I want you to remember it."

Miss Laidley did a war-dance in private, and pulled old Juanita's hair, and called Elinor certain names which would not look well in print, but which are sometimes not strangers to the lips of pink-and-white creatures who look too ethereal for an earthly thought.

Elinor could not be sorry that she had given way to her temper, and she vowed inwardly that, with all her craft, the creature should not trouble the peace of her home. She had the highest respect for her father's judgment, but she did know what unheard-of things men will do, and she had no intention that Miss Laidley should carry proceedings far enough for her to be forced to acknowledge that her father had foibles like common men.

Miss Laidley was more wary than ever, because she had sworn vengeance, and meant to sting Elinor's very soul. Indeed, she felt that she could almost marry Mr. Grey for the satisfaction of torturing her; perhaps she would have said quite, if it had not been for the recollection of Leighton Rossitur and her unfinished romance. She did show her hand, however, crafty as she was. A few days after the explosion in regard to the Idol, she suddenly fell at Elinor's feet, and, sobbing as if her heart would break, cried out:

"Forgive me, Elinor, forgive me! Your coldness tortures me."

"I have not been cold," replied Elinor; "I have treated you just as usual."

"But I feel the difference—here—in my heart. Only say that you forgive me. I know how wrong it was to speak so of Mrs. Hackett; I know you meant it for my good; I should be called ill-natured if I indulged in such thoughtlessness. Only say that you forgive me."

"If you want my forgiveness, Miss Laidley, you have it."

"Darling, perfect Elinor! And don't be icy; you won't, dear? That nearly kills me, for indeed I am a good little thing."

"I am willing to think it was only thoughtlessness," replied Elinor kindly enough, but not to be deluded, "unless you force me to believe otherwise by continuing the practice."

"I never will say a word against anybody," sobbed Miss Laidley. "You are sure you forgive me, *cherie?* You will, I know you will, because you are better than other women; you are perfect—"

"If I am not amiable when my friends are attacked," said Elinor, not thinking it necessary to thank the young lady for her encomiums.

"I am thoroughly ashamed. I can't think how I came to let my tongue run away with me; I am so heedless. But I shall be careful now; you have made me see how wrong it is, and I thank you so much for doing it—oh, so much!"

She did such exaggerated gratitude that Elinor knew how venomous she was at heart. Miss Laidley made the mistake of employing too much art; her penitence and her thankfulness might have deceived a man, but they only left her little game more apparent to her listener, and she was on her guard.

Elinor did not say a word to her father, and she hoped that he was too much occupied to bestow any thought on the small serpent. But one day, when weeks of preparation led Miss Laidley to believe that she could venture on striking what she would have called her *grand coup*, make a smiling idiot of her guardian, and have the pleasure of telling the story far and wide, she rose up like a young Napoleon in his might.

Elinor was out, and Mr. Grey had returned earlier than usual. The Laidley heard him go up to his room. She knew his habits, and was certain that he would presently descend to the library. She stood before the glass and made her wavy hair look more picturesque than ever; she could at any time grow pale by working herself into a nervous state; she would have artistically darkened her eyelids till they seemed heavy with painful thoughts and unshed tears, had she not remembered that she might have to shed real ones, which would disturb the lines: and down stairs she crept with the velvet tread of a panther.

When Mr. Grey opened the door of his library a few moments later, he saw a figure crouched in a graceful attitude on the floor with her head buried in her hands, and heard a broken voice sob—

"O my father, my father! Come and take me—your lonely little Evangel—O my father, my father!"

The diplomatist was absolutely startled by this paroxysm of suffering. He closed the door softly and stood uncertain what to do, but the slight sound he made was enough to disturb the mourner, who sprang to her feet, uttering in a tone of passionate bitterness—

"Who is it? Can I never have a moment's peace?"

"My dear child," he said, going toward her, "what is the matter?"

"*Hélas!* it is my guardian," she gasped, putting out her hands with a gesture of confusion. "Let me go. I beg your pardon, sir; I did not

mean to intrude; I thought I was alone in the house; let me go." She ran straight to him, and almost fell in his arms.

"You must not go," he said, greatly touched by her grief. "Tell me what has happened—what troubles you."

"Nothing—nothing! Let me go; let me go!" and she clung tight to his hand with her trembling fingers.

"Are you ill, dear child? Have you had bad news?"

"No; oh, no. There is nothing the matter. I was lonely—foolish. Oh, I was thinking of papa. I would not have had you found me for the world; I did not dream of your being near."

"My dear little Genevieve, you know I am your nearest friend now," he said, somewhat fluttered, as masculine nature will be by the trembling pressure of two white hands.

"The kindest, dearest friend ever a lonely, heart-sick creature had," she murmured, looking up in his face through her tears. That appeal was irresistible.

"You can talk to me if you really consider me such; you can tell me everything that pains you," he continued.

"Oh, don't; you will make me cry again; don't speak in that gentle voice. I thank you so much. I am so sorry to distress you." She tried to check her sobs, but they would burst forth in spite of her efforts, and very lovely she looked in her agitation.

"I am grieved to think you suffer," he said; "I cannot have it; you stay too much alone."

"No, no; I am best alone. Nobody understands me, nobody cares for me—but you," with the softest lingering inflection on the pronoun.

"Poor child, if I could help you in any way, you must know how ready I should be."

"I do, I do; I am not ungrateful. Say you believe I am not."

"How could I think it? But where is my daughter Elinor?"

"She is out. Don't tell her how you found me; it would only pain her. Oh, dear sir, I am such a foolish child. You are both too kind to me; but when I see you happy together, it makes me wretched. Once I was loved and petted, and now I am alone—all alone!"

She flung up her snowy arms with a despairing gesture as they do in novels, and fresh tears gushed from her eyes; then she clung to him again with that mute expression of confidence, and Mr. Grey was very much moved, and quite dazed between her grief and her entire trust in him. . . . .

"Your presence here is always a pleasure to me," he said, "and no business could be so important as my ward's happiness."

"Thanks—oh, a thousand thanks. Then sit down, and let me sit by you—I'm such a foolish little thing, you know. See, I am quite com-

posed and happy now," and she turned her angelic eyes upon him and smiled again.

He permitted her to lead him to his favorite seat; she nestled on an ottoman close at his side, and, in her childishness, laid her head down on his hand, which chanced to be resting on the arm of the chair.

"Now I am quiet," she said, in a voice which might have made Mr. Grey think of Lurely, or the wind-spirits of German legends, or any other dangerous and devilish and beautiful thing, if he had not been for the time under the influence of her spells. "Now I am quiet; I can rest here—I can rest."

"Rest, my pretty Genevieve," he replied; "this shall be your place as long as you choose to keep it."

He was bewildered, and he was a good deal fascinated, but he was not prepared to be quite a smiling idiot. Lurely saw that she must go further, she must do something that would upset him completely; she might never have another opportunity like this.

"At rest, at peace," she murmured; "ah! if I might always be as happy as I am now!" She raised her blue eyes to his and smiled; her soft hair floated over his sleeve. I'll be hanged if she would not have made a fool of Solomon himself.

"If it were in my power to make you so, you should be," he said.

"I know that," she answered; "oh, don't think me ungrateful."

"I think you everything that is lovely and charming," returned he, "and yet a child at heart."

That was very pretty and it was pleasant to hear, but Lurely wanted more than that, much more. She had not been singing her siren's songs for so little return; she wanted to dizzy his brain with her notes till she could carry him down an unresisting captive, and bang his head against the sharpest rocks, in order properly to avenge herself upon Elinor; and bang his head she would, no matter what sort of song she had to sing.

"Yes, yes," she sighed, "you only think of me as a child to be petted and coaxed out of crying; you forget that I have a woman's heart."

Bless the creature, what did she mean? Had he not been deceiving himself? Did this lovely girl care for him in earnest, despite the difference of age? What was he to think—what was he to say? He had no fancy for being a dunce; he had known from the first how absurd he should have considered thoughts like his in another man; but indeed, when it comes to having a pink-and-white creature lay her head on the arm of the sagest Solon of fifty-two, and look up in his eyes, and be the very soul of childish innocence and truthfulness, it is somewhat difficult to think at all.

"And I shall always be a child," Lurely sang in his ear; "I need to be petted and loved—it is sunshine and life to me; I fade, and freeze, and die without the warmth."

And the statesman was more bewildered than ever.

"I shall never marry; nobody will ever pet me as you do, so I shall stay here always—always," sang Lurely. "Oh, mayn't I stay? Won't you keep your little Evangel? When darling Elinor marries some great man, I'll stay and be petted; oh, mayn't I?"

He was more bewildered and dizzy still, but, before he could speak, Lurely suddenly cried in a changed voice:

"I forgot. Perhaps I ought not to say such things. Oh, dear, I am such a foolish girl, wearing my heart on my lips with those I trust; but they are so few now. Oh, my poor, lonely little life—only you—I have nobody—no one in the world left but you!"

Without the slightest warning, she went off into a fresh paroxysm of anguish more poignant than the first, more painful to her audience of one from its unexpectedness, when he had thought her lying on his arm and singing herself into quiet.

"Oh, my lonely life," she sobbed, snatching her hands from him and flinging them wildly about. "Oh, my heart! I freeze—I die! Oh, papa, come and take your poor Evangel—father, father, come! Is there no one to hear? Are the angels deaf? has Heaven no mercy?"

"Genevieve, Genevieve!" pleaded Mr. Grey, nearly frightened out of such wits as he had not lost before.

"Let me die," she moaned; "I only ask for death! O Heaven, be merciful, and give me rest in the grave."

She threw herself on her knees, looked up, and seemed ready to soar away, but Mr. Grey's voice checked her heavenward flight.

"My dear child, you frighten me; be calm, I entreat."

"Yes," she shrieked, "one friend left—one! Oh, my only friend, don't grow tired of me—don't hate me; don't let another take my place." She caught his hand in her frenzied pleading; she had changed her attitude, and was leaning on the ottoman. "Promise me," she repeated, with passionate sobs; "promise, if you would not see me die here!"

Oh, Mr. Grey, Mr. Grey! Lurely had conquered, and you fifty-two! The words were on his lips—he actually was going to be, not a smiling but an agitated idiot, and ask Lurely if she could be content always to stay there, if she could be his wife, his darling, his—Goodness knows what he might have said: an elderly fool is much worse than a young one.

But at that instant the door opened and Elinor Grey walked unsuspectingly into the room, not knowing that her father had returned, and stood petrified by the tableau. Mr. Grey saw her and felt his senses

come back; no, he felt as if somebody had slapped a lump of ice suddenly on his head.

"Is Miss Laidley ill?" asked Elinor in the lowest, quietest voice, but one which would have sent the wildest dream whizzing away from a man when heard under such circumstances.

Miss Laidley called her a dreadful name between her teeth, went off into a new spasm of sobs dictated by different sensations, and rushed frantically out of the room. Once within the privacy of her apartment she gave way to her emotions without restraint. She had made herself nervous in order to play her part well, and now, enraged by this defeat at the moment when victory was within her grasp, she was ready to have spasms in earnest. She fairly danced up and down; she flew at the bed and pulled the blankets off; she caught some china ornaments from the mantel and dashed them on the floor; she must break things and dance and storm, or she should fly in pieces. She moaned and shrieked and belabored Elinor in terrible apostrophes, and when Juanita came up and tried to get her in bed she flew at the long-suffering mulatto and nearly took a brown fragment out of her with teeth and finger-nails; but it did more to restore her than a quart of red lavender could have done.

When disappointed Lurely dashed past Elinor and flew out of the room in that high-tragedy way, the wise princess said coolly:

"Has Miss Laidley gone quite mad, papa?"

Mr. Grey was a good deal confused, and it took several pinches of snuff to revive him, but somehow the sight of Elinor had restored his senses; the remembrance of her would steady his head during any future scene Lurely might attempt.

"I am afraid the poor child is ill," said he. "I found her here a few moments ago, crying as though her heart would break."

"What occasioned her grief?"

"Upon my word, I hardly know. She was weeping for her father, and I did my best to soothe her; but I absolutely thought she would burst a blood-vessel."

"Oh, no," returned Elinor quietly; "she often makes those scenes. She told me herself that she did it on purpose, by way of having a little excitement when she was dull."

"Oh!" was all Mr. Grey said, but he said it in the voice of a man who had just tumbled out of the clouds; and he took another pinch of snuff.

"She has them only twice a week, as a habit," continued merciless Elinor, "and she has had two without this one, which must have been for your special benefit."

Mr. Grey lingered over his pinch of snuff. When any woman who

has a claim on a man, be she sister, daughter, or aunt, interrupts a tender scene and remains beautifully unconscious that it was tender, but talks about the woman who did Pauline in that mild voice, I would counsel the man in whose home the speaker rules, be he President of the United States or Emperor of France, to follow Mr. Grey's example—take a pinch of snuff and say nothing.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler.

Born in Lowell, Mass., 1834.

THAT ART IS NOT OVER-INDEBTED TO THE MULTITUDE.

[*Mr. Whistler's "Ten O'clock."* 1888.]

A FAVORITE faith, dear to those who teach, is that certain periods were especially artistic, and that nations, readily named, were notably lovers of Art.

So we are told that the Greeks were, as a people, worshippers of the beautiful, and that in the fifteenth century Art was engrained in the multitude.

That the great masters lived in common understanding with their patrons—that the early Italians were artists—all—and that the demand for the lovely thing produced it.

That we, of to-day, in gross contrast to this Arcadian purity, call for the ungainly, and obtain the ugly.

That, could we but change our habits and climate—were we willing to wander in groves—could we be roasted out of broadcloth—were we to do without haste, and journey without speed, we should again *require* the spoon of Queen Anne, and pick at our peas with the fork of two prongs. And so, for the flock, little hamlets grow near Hammersmith, and the steam horse is scorned.

Useless! quite hopeless and false is the effort!—built upon fable, and all because "a wise man has uttered a vain thing and filled his belly with the East wind."

Listen! There never was an artistic period.

There never was an Art-loving nation.

In the beginning, man went forth each day—some to do battle, some to the chase; others, again, to dig and to delve in the field—all that they might gain and live, or lose and die. Until there was found among them one, differing from the rest, whose pursuits attracted him not, and

so he stayed by the tents with the women, and traced strange devices with a burnt stick upon a gourd.

This man, who took no joy in the ways of his brethren—who cared not for conquest, and fretted in the field—this designer of quaint patterns—this deviser of the beautiful—who perceived in Nature about him curious curvings, as faces are seen in the fire—this dreamer apart, was the first artist.

And when, from the field and from afar, there came back the people, they took the gourd—and drank from out of it.

And presently there came to this man another—and in time, others—of like nature, chosen by the Gods—and so they worked together; and soon they fashioned, from the moistened earth, forms resembling the gourd. And with the power of creation, the heirloom of the artist, presently they went beyond the slovenly suggestion of Nature, and the first vase was born, in beautiful proportion.

And the toilers tilled and were athirst; and the heroes returned from fresh victories, to rejoice and to feast; and all drank alike from the artists' goblets, fashioned cunningly, taking no note the while of the craftsman's pride, and understanding not his glory in his work; drinking at the cup, not from choice, not from a consciousness that it was beautiful, but because, forsooth, there was none other!

And time, with more state, brought more capacity for luxury, and it became well that men should dwell in large houses, and rest upon couches, and eat at tables; whereupon the artist, with his artificers, built palaces, and filled them with furniture, beautiful in proportion and lovely to look upon.

And the people lived in marvels of art—and ate and drank out of masterpieces—for there was nothing else to eat and drink out of, and no bad building to live in; no article of daily life, of luxury, or of necessity, that had not been handed down from the design of the master, and made by his workmen.

And the people questioned not, *and had nothing to say in the matter.*

So Greece was in its splendor, and Art reigned supreme—by force of fact, not by election—and there was no meddling from the outsider. The mighty warrior would no more have ventured to offer a design for the temple of Pallas Athene than would the sacred poet have proffered a plan for constructing the catapult.

And the Amateur was unknown, and the Dilettante undreamed of!

And history wrote on, and conquest accompanied civilization, and Art spread, or rather its products were carried by the victors among the vanquished from one country to another. And the customs of cultivation covered the face of the earth, so that all peoples continued to use what *the artist alone produced.*

And centuries passed in this using, and the world was flooded with all that was beautiful, until there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the future of the sham.

Then sprang into existence the tawdry, the common, the gew-gaw.

The taste of the tradesman supplanted the science of the artist, and what was born of the million went back to them, and charmed them, for it was after their own heart; and the great and the small, the statesman and the slave, took to themselves the abomination that was tendered, and preferred it—and have lived with it ever since!

And the artist's occupation was gone, and the manufacturer and the huckster took his place.

And now the heroes filled from the jugs and drank from the bowls—with understanding—noting the glare of their new bravery, and taking pride in its worth.

And the people—this time—had much to say in the matter—and all were satisfied. And Birmingham and Manchester arose in their might—and Art was relegated to the curiosity shop.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

Born in Peekskill, N. Y., 1834.

A SYMBOL.

[*Oration at the Unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, 28 October,* 1886.]

THE spirit of liberty embraces all races in common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs and aspirations. The full power of its expansive and progressive influence cannot be reached until wars cease, armies are disbanded, and international disputes are settled by lawful tribunals and the principles of justice. Then the people of every nation, secure from invasion and free from the burden and menace of great armaments, can calmly and dispassionately promote their own happiness and prosperity. The marvellous development and progress of this republic is due to the fact that in rigidly adhering to the advice of Washington for absolute neutrality and non-interference in the politics and policies of other governments we have avoided the necessity of depleting our industries to feed our armies, of taxing and impoverishing our resources to carry on war, and of limiting our liberties to concentrate power in our government. Our great civil strife, with all its expenditure of blood and treasure, was a terrible sacrifice for freedom.

The results are so immeasurably great that by comparison the cost is insignificant. The development of Liberty was impossible while she was shackled to the slave. The divine thought which intrusted to the conquered the full measure of home rule and accorded to them an equal share of imperial power was the inspiration of God. With sublime trust it left to liberty the elevation of the freedmen to political rights and the conversion of the rebel to patriotic citizenship. . . . .

American liberty has been for a century a beacon-light for the nations. Under its teachings and by the force of its example, the Italians have expelled their petty and arbitrary princelings and united under a parliamentary government; the gloomy despotism of Spain has been dispelled by the representatives of the people and a free press; the great German race have demonstrated their power for empire and their ability to govern themselves. The Austrian monarch, who, when a hundred years ago Washington pleaded with him across the seas for the release of Lafayette from the dungeon of Olmutz, replied that "he had not the power," because the safety of his throne and his pledges to his royal brethren of Europe compelled him to keep confined the one man who represented the enfranchisement of the people of every race and country, is to-day, in the person of his successor, rejoicing with his subjects in the limitations of a constitution which guarantees liberties, and a Congress which protects and enlarges them. Magna Charta, won at Runnymede for Englishmen, and developing into the principles of the Declaration of Independence with their descendants, has returned to the mother country to bear fruit in an open parliament, a free press, the loss of royal prerogative, and the passage of power from the classes to the masses.

The sentiment is sublime which moves the people of France and America, the blood of whose fathers, commingling upon the battle-fields of the Revolution, made possible this magnificent march of liberty and their own Republics, to commemorate the results of the past and typify the hopes of the future in this noble work of art. The descendants of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and De Grasse, who fought for us in our first struggle, and Laboulaye, Henri Martin, De Lesseps, and other grand and brilliant men, whose eloquent voices and powerful sympathies were with us in our last, conceived the idea, and it has received majestic form and expression through the genius of Bartholdi.

In all ages the achievements of man and his aspirations have been represented in symbols. Races have disappeared and no record remains of their rise or fall, but by their monuments we know their history. The huge monoliths of the Assyrians and the obelisks of the Egyptians tell their stories of forgotten civilizations, but the sole purpose of their erection was to glorify rulers and preserve the boasts of conquerors. They teach sad lessons of the vanity of ambition, the cruelty of arbitrary

power, and the miseries of mankind. The Olympian Jupiter enthroned in the Parthenon expressed in ivory and gold the awful majesty of the Greek idea of the King of the gods; the bronze statue of Minerva on the Acropolis offered the protection of the patron Goddess of Athens to the mariners who steered their ships by her helmet and spear; and in the Colossus of Rhodes, famed as one of the wonders of the world, the Lord of the Sun welcomed the commerce of the East to the city of his worship. But they were all dwarfs in size and pigmies in spirit beside this mighty structure and its inspiring thought. Higher than the monument in Trafalgar Square, which commemorates the victories of Nelson on the sea; higher than the Column Vendome, which perpetuates the triumphs of Napoleon on the land; higher than the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which exhibit the latest and grandest results of science, invention, and industrial progress, this Statue of Liberty rises toward the heavens to illustrate an idea which nerved the three hundred at Thermopylæ and armed the ten thousand at Marathon; which drove Tarquin from Rome and aimed the arrow of Tell; which charged with Cromwell and his Ironsides and accompanied Sidney to the block; which fired the farmer's gun at Lexington and razed the Bastile in Paris; which inspired the charter in the cabin of the Mayflower and the Declaration of Independence from the Continental Congress.

It means that with the abolition of privileges to the few and the enfranchisement of the individual, the equality of all men before the law, and universal suffrage, the ballot secure from fraud and the voter from intimidation, the press free and education furnished by the State for all, liberty of worship and free speech; the right to rise, and equal opportunity for honor and fortune, the problems of labor and capital, of social regeneration and moral growth, of property and poverty, will work themselves out under the benign influences of enlightened law-making and law-abiding liberty, without the aid of kings and armies, or of anarchists and bombs.

Through the Obelisk, so strangely recalling to us of yesterday the past of twenty centuries, a forgotten monarch says, "I am the Great King, the Conqueror, the Chastiser of Nations," and except as a monument of antiquity it conveys no meaning and touches no chord of human sympathy. But, for unnumbered centuries to come, as Liberty levels up the people to higher standards and a broader life, this statue will grow in the admiration and affections of mankind. When Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds, he little dreamed that in the evolution of science his discovery would illuminate the torch of Liberty for France and America. The rays from this beacon, lighting this gateway to the continent, will welcome the poor and the persecuted with the hope and promise of homes and citizenship. It will teach them that there is room

and brotherhood for all who will support our institutions and aid in our development; but that those who come to disturb our peace and dethrone our laws are aliens and enemies forever.

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

[*Oration at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac, 22 June,* 1887.]

IF it be true that the transmittible property of the world accumulated during the last twenty-five years equals all the gains from the birth of Christ to the beginning of the present century, then much of it has been made by this favored nation, which for sixteen hundred years had no existence, and was not an appreciable factor in the divisible property of the earth at the close of the Christian calculation. These unparalleled results can be protected and continued only by the spirit represented by your sacrifices and inspiring your victories—the spirit of patriotism. This is a republic, and neither Mammon nor Anarchy shall be king. The American asks only for a fair field and an equal chance. He believes that every man is entitled for himself and his children to the full enjoyment of all he honestly earns. But he will seek and find the means for eradicating conditions which hopelessly handicap him from the start. In this contest he does not want the assistance of the red flag, and he regards with equal hostility those who march under that banner and those who furnish argument and excuse for its existence. . .

Thirty years ago Macaulay wrote a letter to an eminent citizen of New York which carries to the reader the shock of an electric battery. In it he declares that our institutions are not strong enough to stand the strain of crowded populations and social distress, and that our public lands furnish the only escape from anarchy. With the opening of the next century, thirteen years hence, they will all be occupied, and at the first industrial disturbance which throws large masses of men out of employment we must meet the prediction of the famous historian. If Macaulay had witnessed the sublime response of the people to President Lincoln's call for troops to suppress rebellion and save the Union, it would have cleared his vision and modified his judgment. Nevertheless, the exhaustion of the public domain and the disappearance forever of the unbought homestead present part of Macaulay's problem. The ranks of anarchy and riot number no Americans. The leaders boldly proclaim that they come here, not to enjoy the blessings of our liberty and to sustain our institutions, but to destroy our government and dethrone our laws, to cut our throats and divide our property. Dissatisfied labor

furnishes the opportunity to preach their doctrines and mobs to try their tactics. Their recruiting officers are active in every city in Europe, and for once despotic governments give them accord and assistance in securing and shipping to America the most dangerous elements of their populations. The emigrants arriving this year will outnumber the people of several States and of every city in the country but three, and if some mighty power should instantly depopulate Maine or Connecticut or Nebraska or Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, and New Haven combined, with their culture, refinement, and varied professional, mechanical, and industrial excellence and enlightened government, and suddenly substitute these people, we could quickly estimate the character and value of this contribution to our institutions and wealth. The emigrants of the past have been of incalculable benefit to a country which needed settlers for its lands, and skilled and unskilled labor for its towns, and among them have been men who have filled and adorned the highest positions of power and trust. The officers of the Government report that there is a falling off of over seventy per cent. of farmers, mechanics, and trained workers, and their places are occupied by elements which must drift into and demoralize labor centres already overstocked and congested, or fill the highways and poor-houses. We do not wish to prohibit immigration, but our laws should be rigidly revised so that we may at least have some voice in the selection of our guests. We cannot afford to become the dumping-ground of the world for its vicious or ignorant or worthless or diseased. We will welcome, as always, all patriots fleeing from oppression, all who will contribute to the strength of our Government and the development of our resources, and we will freely grant to all who become citizens equal rights and privileges under the laws and in making them with the soldiers who saved the Republic, but no more. There is room in this country for only one flag, and "Old Glory" must head the procession or it cannot march.

Starr Hoyt Nichols.

Born in Danbury, Conn., 1834.

ST. THEODULE.

[*Monte Rosa. The Epic of an Alp.—Revised Edition.* 1886.]

BENEATH dark Breithorn's glancing helm, 'twixt that
And rearing Matterhorn, St. Theodule
Bends graciously its snow-white neck, as when
The laggard ox stoops low his tranquil head

To take the yoke; so forms a crescent pass
In that forbidding wall which otherwise
Imprisons Zermatt the streamy in its guard.
Thence on clear days when noon pours its steep light
On the white wonder of the Rosa's snows,
The Mount displays its royalties at full.
Set like a castle mastered of great drifts,—
Donjon, portcullis, banquet-hall and moat
All half-submerged beneath them,—while its lords
Are gone, and gone its ladies all, it stands
Corner to a supernal masonry
Whose marbled scarps within their crescent hold
The Gorner glacier's smooth arena, thus
Building a matchless amphitheatre—
Of girth to shrink Rome's Colosseum famed
To scarce a feaster's bowl,—with glacier paved,
And terraced through the clouds with shelf and wall
Of crystal glacier,—stairway to high heaven.
Here seems as if the Almighty's writ had run
To build a court for that tremendous day
When dead men's souls black with all sins are haled
Mid trumpets' blare, before the angelic hosts—
Cherub and seraph, singing, sworded, winged,
And here assembled, crowding coign and cave
With dazzling ranks of Heaven's imperial guard,
That still shall not out-brave the blazonry
Of these broad snows beneath this mid-day sun.

Here Breithorn, Kleine Matterhorn, and Twins,
Lyskamm, and many-towered Rosa flanked
By nameless goodly summits,—surpliced choir,
Of deathless singers choral without song,—
In one transcendent foreground meet the eye,
From crown to base, from base to dizzy crown;
What silver splendor,—great white throne of God!
How jetty precipice and delicate spire
With every craggy cape and curving bay
Are boldly marked amid the measureless snows,
With lustre blinding noon, and putting sun to shame!
What tireless roods of heaven-assaulting stone
Go charging at the zenith, lance in rest,
To pierce the trembling arch of firmament,
That bends a lover's pace beyond their tips,
And frames their majesty in blue repose!
Their near horizon hides the rest of earth,
And peasant Nature stands like churl new-crowned
Dazed at imperial glories all her own.

Here one refulgent morning, after days
Of storm when hosts of thoughtless clouds had flung
Discarded snows on every bossy hill,

Chanced a good bishop from a western See,
A man athletic for his years and work,
Who held great Nature dear and not too much
Accursed by her Creator's word of haste,
When Adam "took and ate." Here toiling on
O'er the high level of St. Theodule,
Whose sheeted slope as Indian ivory shone,
The Alpine spectacle immense and pure,
A visual anthem of the universe,
Stirred his grave soul to prophet's ecstasy;
That so he stood quite still and called his guides,
Those hardened veterans in such sceneries,
To check their swinging steps and bare their heads
With him in bended reverence, while each,
As each had learned at mother's knee, re-said
In his own native speech the Lord's great prayer,
Our Father which in Heaven art (as chanced
A psalm in triple tongue), to testify
Transcendent gratitude to most high God
For such amazing glory at its full.

So stood he with the astounded hill-men there,
Like some primeval Druid in his woods,
Head bared and lifted hands outspread toward heaven,
His white hair floating on the idle breeze,
Adoring ancient Nature—goddess dear
And mother of all worships 'neath the sun—
With deep, ancestral reverence ere he knew
Her gracious cult behind its thin disguise;
Stirring the wintry waste with such a voice
Of transport as his high cathedral roof
Had seldom echoed from its fretted vault.

Horace White.

Born in Colebrook, N. H., 1834.

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE.

[*Letter to Murat Halstead, Editor of the Cincinnati Commercial.—Published in that Newspaper, October*, 1871.]

Chicago Tribune Office, 14 *October*, 1871.

AS a slight acknowledgment of your thoughtful kindness in forwarding to us, without orders, a complete outfit of type and cases, when you heard that we had been burned out, I send you a hastily written sketch of what I saw at the great fire. . . . .

The history of the great fire in Chicago, which rises to the dignity of a national event, cannot be written until each witness, who makes any record whatever, shall have told what he saw. Nobody could see it all—no more than one man could see the whole of the battle of Gettysburg. It was too vast, too swift, too full of smoke, too full of danger, for anybody to see it all. My experience derives its only public importance from the fact that what I did, substantially, a hundred thousand others did or attempted—that is, saved or sought to save their lives and enough of their wearing-apparel to face the sky in. As you have printed in your columns a map of the burned district, I will remark that my starting-point was at my residence, No. 148 Michigan avenue, between Monroe and Adams streets.

What I saw at the great fire embraces nothing more heartrending than the destruction of property. I saw no human beings burned or suffocated in flame and smoke, though there were many. My brother early in the fray stumbled over the bodies of two dead men near the corner of La Salle and Adams streets. My wife saw the body of a dead boy in our own door-yard as she was taking leave of our home. How it got there we know not. Probably it was brought there as to a place of safety, the bearers leaving and forgetting it, or themselves getting fast in some inextricable throng of fugitives. I saw no mothers with newborn babes hurried into the street and carried miles through the night-air by the light of burning houses. I have a friend whose wife gave birth to a child within one hour of the time when the flames of Sunday night reddened the sky. Her home was in the North Division, which was swept clean of some ten thousand houses. This suffering lady was taken down stairs with her infant, and carried one mile to a place of supposed safety. She had not been there an hour when she was taken out a second time and carried a mile and a half westward. Blessed be God that she still lives and that the young child breathes sweetly on her bosom!

I had retired to rest, though not to sleep (Sunday, October 8), when the great bell struck the alarm, but fires had been so frequent of late, and had been so speedily extinguished, that I did not deem it worth while to get up and look at it, or even to count the strokes on the bell to learn where it was. The bell paused for fifteen minutes before giving the general alarm, which distinguishes a great fire from a small one. When it sounded the general alarm I rose and looked out. There was a great light to the southwest of my residence, but no greater than I had frequently seen in that quarter, where vast piles of pine lumber have been stored all the time I have lived in Chicago, some eighteen years. But it was not pine lumber that was burning this time. It was a row of wooden tenements in the South Division of the city, in which a few days

ago were standing whole rows of the most costly buildings which it hath entered into the hearts of architects to conceive. I watched the increasing light for a few moments. Red tongues of light began to shoot upward; my family were all aroused by this time, and I dressed myself for the purpose of going to the "Tribune" office to write something about the catastrophe. Once out upon the street, the magnitude of the fire was suddenly disclosed to me.

The dogs of hell were upon the housetops of La Salle and Wells streets, just south of Adams, bounding from one to another. The fire was moving northward like ocean surf on a sand beach. It had already travelled an eighth of a mile and was far beyond control. A column of flame would shoot up from a burning building, catch the force of the wind, and strike the next one, which in turn would perform the same direful office for its neighbor. It was simply indescribable in its terrible grandeur. Vice and crime had got the first scorching. The district where the fire got its first firm foothold was the Alsatia of Chicago. Fleeing before it was a crowd of blear-eyed, drunken, and diseased wretches, male and female, half naked, ghastly, with painted cheeks, cursing and uttering ribald jests as they drifted along.

I went to the "Tribune" office, ascended to the editorial rooms, took the only inflammable thing there, a kerosene lamp, and carried it to the basement, where I emptied the oil into the sewer. This was scarcely done when I perceived the flames breaking out of the roof of the court-house, the old nucleus of which, in the centre of the edifice, was not constructed of fire-proof material, as the new wings had been. As the flames had leaped a vacant space of nearly two hundred feet to get at this roof, it was evident that most of the business portion of the city must go down, but I did not reflect that the city water-works, with their four great pumping engines, were in a straight line with the fire and wind. Nor did I know then that this priceless machinery was covered by a wooden roof. The flames were driving thither with demon precision.

Billows of fire were rolling over the business palaces of the city and swallowing up their contents. Walls were falling so fast that the quaking of the ground under our feet was scarcely noticed, so continuous was the reverberation. Sober men and women were hurrying through the streets from the burning quarter, some with bundles of clothes on their shoulders, others dragging trunks along the sidewalks by means of strings and ropes fastened to the handles, children trudging by their sides or borne in their arms. Now and then a sick man or woman would be observed, half concealed in a mattress doubled up and borne by two men. Droves of horses were in the streets, moving by some sort of guidance to a place of safety. Vehicles of all descriptions were hur-

rying to and fro, some laden with trunks and bundles, others seeking similar loads and immediately finding them, the drivers making more money in one hour than they were used to see in a week or a month. Everybody in this quarter was hurrying towards the lake shore. All the streets crossing that part of Michigan Avenue which fronts on the lake (on which my own residence stood) were crowded with fugitives, hastening towards the blessed water.

What happened at the "Tribune" building has already been told in your columns. We saw the tall buildings on the opposite sides of the two streets melt down in a few moments without scorching ours. The heat broke the plate-glass windows in the lower stories, but not in the upper ones. After the fire in our neighborhood had spent its force, the editorial and composing rooms did not even smell of smoke. Several of our brave fellows who had been up all night had gone to sleep on the lounges, while others were at the sink washing their faces, supposing that all danger to us had passed. So I supposed, and in this belief went home to breakfast. The smoke to the northward was so dense that we could not see the North Division, where sixty thousand people were flying in mortal terror before the flames. The immense store of Field, Leiter & Co. I observed to be under a shower of water from their own fire-apparatus, and since the First National Bank, a fire-proof building, protected it on one corner, I concluded that the progress of the flames in that direction was stopped, as the "Tribune" building had stopped it where we were. Here, at least, I thought was a saving of twenty millions of property, including the great Central depot and the two grain-elevators adjoining, effected by two or three buildings which had been erected with a view to such an emergency. The post-office and custom-house building (also fire-proof, according to public rumor) had stopped the flames a little further to the southwest, although the interior of that structure was burning. A straight line drawn northeast from the post-office would nearly touch the "Tribune," First National Bank, Field, Leiter & Co.'s store, and the Illinois Central Railroad land department, another fire-proof. Everything east of that line seemed perfectly safe. And with this feeling I went home to breakfast.

There was still a mass of fire to the southwest, in the direction whence it originally came, but as the engines were all down there, and the buildings small and low, I felt sure that the firemen would manage it. As soon as I had swallowed a cup of coffee and communicated to my family the facts that I had gathered, I started out to see the end of the battle. Reaching State street, I glanced down to Field, Leiter & Co.'s store, and to my surprise noticed that the streams of water which had before been showering it, as though it had been a great artificial fountain, had ceased to run. But I did not conjecture the awful reality,

viz., that the great pumping engines had been disabled by a burning roof falling upon them. I thought perhaps the firemen on the store had discontinued their efforts because the danger was over. But why were men carrying out goods from the lower story? This query was soon answered by a gentleman who asked me if I had heard that the water had stopped! The awful truth was here! The pumping engines were disabled, and though we had at our feet a basin sixty miles wide by three hundred and sixty long, and seven hundred feet deep, all full of clear green water, we could not lift enough to quench a cooking-stove. Still the direction of the wind was such that I thought the remaining fire would not cross State street, nor reach the residences on Wabash and Michigan avenues and the terrified people on the lake shore. I determined to go down to the black cloud of smoke which was rising away to the southwest, the course of which could not be discovered on account of the height of the intervening buildings, but thought it most prudent to go home again, and tell my wife to get the family wearing-apparel in readiness for moving. I found that she had already done so. I then hurried toward the black cloud, some ten squares distant, and there found the rows of wooden houses on Third and Fourth avenues falling like ripe wheat before the reaper. At a glance I perceived that all was lost in our part of the city, and I conjectured that the "Tribune" building was doomed, too, for I had noticed with consternation that the fire-proof post-office had been completely gutted, notwithstanding it was detached from other buildings. The "Tribune" was fitted into a niche, one side of which consisted of a wholesale stationery store, and the other of McVicker's Theatre. But there was now no time to think of property. Life was in danger. The lives of those most dear to me depended upon their getting out of our house, out of our street, through an infernal gorge of horses, wagons, men, women, children, trunks, and plunder.

My brother was with me, and we seized the first empty wagon we could find, pinning the horse by the head. A hasty talk with the driver disclosed that we could have his establishment for one load for twenty dollars. I had not expected to get him for less than a hundred, unless we should take him by force, and this was a bad time for a fight. He approved himself a muscular as well as a faithful fellow, and I shall always be glad that I avoided a personal difficulty with him. One peculiarity of the situation was that nobody could get a team without ready money. I had not thought of this when I was revolving in my mind the offer of one hundred dollars, which was more greenbacks than our whole family could have put up if our lives had depended upon the issue. This driver had divined that, as all the banks were burned, a check on the Commercial National would not carry him very far,

although it might carry me to a place of safety. All the drivers had divined the same. Every man who had anything to sell perceived the same. "Pay as you go" had become the watchword of the hour. Never was there a community so hastily and so completely emancipated from the evils of the credit system.

With some little difficulty we reached our house, and in less time than we ever set out on a journey before, we dragged seven trunks, four bundles, four valises, two baskets, and one hamper of provisions into the street and piled them on the wagon. The fire was still more than a quarter of a mile distant, and the wind, which was increasing in violence, was driving it not exactly in our direction. The low wooden houses were nearly all gone, and after that the fire must make progress, if at all, against brick and stone. Several churches of massive architecture were between us and harm, and the great Palmer House had not been reached, and might not be if the firemen, who had now got their hose into the lake, could work efficiently in the ever-increasing jam of fugitives.

My wife thought we should have time to take another load; my brother thought so; we all thought so. We had not given due credit either to the savage strength of the fire or the firm pack on Michigan avenue. Leaving my brother to get the family safely out if I did not return in time, and to pile the most valuable portion of my library into the drawers of bureaus and tables ready for moving, I seized a bird-cage containing a talented green parrot, and mounted the seat with the driver. For one square southward from the corner of Monroe street we made pretty fair progress. The dust was so thick that we could not see the distance of a whole square ahead. It came, not in clouds, but in a steady storm of sand, the particles impinging against our faces like needle-points. Pretty soon we came to a dead halt. We could move neither forward, nor backward, nor sidewise. The gorge had caught fast somewhere. Yet everybody was good-natured and polite. If I should say I didn't hear an oath all the way down Michigan avenue, there are probably some mule-drivers in Cincinnati who would say it was a lie. But I did not. The only quarrelsome person I saw was a German laborer (a noted exception to his race), who was protesting that he had lost everything, and that he would not get out of the middle of the road although he was on foot. He became obstreperous on this point, and commenced beating the head of my horse with his fist. My driver was preparing to knock him down with the butt-end of his whip, when two men seized the insolent Teuton and dragged him to the water's edge, where it is to be hoped he was ducked.

Presently the jam began to move, and we got on perhaps twenty paces and stuck fast again. By accident we had edged over to the east side

of the street, and nothing but a board fence separated us from the lake park, a strip of ground a little wider than the street itself. A benevolent laborer on the park side of the fence pulled a loose post from the ground, and with this for a catapult knocked off the boards and invited us to pass through. It was a hazardous undertaking, as we had to drive diagonally over a raised sidewalk, but we thought it was best to risk it. Our horse mounted and gave us a jerk which nearly threw us off the seat, and sent the provision basket and one bundle of clothing whirling into the dirt. The eatables were irrecoverable. The bundle was rescued, with two or three pounds of butter plastered upon it. We started again, and here our parrot broke out with great rapidity and sharpness of utterance, "Get up, get up, get up, hurry up, hurry up, it's eight o'clock," ending with a shrill whistle. These ejaculations frightened a pair of carriage-horses, close to us, on the other side of the fence, but the jam was so tight they couldn't run.

By getting into the park we succeeded in advancing two squares without impediment, and we might have gone further had we not come upon an excavation which the public authorities had recently made. This drove us back to the avenue, where another battering-ram made a gap for us at the intersection of Van Buren street, the north end of Michigan Terrace. Here the gorge seemed impassable. The difficulty proceeded from teams entering Michigan avenue from cross-streets. Extempore policemen stationed themselves at these crossings, and helped as well as they could, but we were half an hour passing the terrace. From this imposing row of residences the millionaires were dragging their trunks and their bundles, and yet there was no panic, no frenzy, no boisterousness, but only the haste which the situation authorized. There was real danger to life all along this street, but nobody realized it, because the park was ample to hold all the people. None of us asked or thought what would become of those nearest the water if the smoke and cinders should drive the whole crowd down to the shore, or if the vast bazar of luggage should itself take fire, as some of it afterwards did. Fortunately for those in the street, there was a limit to the number of teams available in that quarter of the city. The contributions from the cross-streets grew less; and soon we began to move on a walk without interruption. Arriving at Eldridge Court, I turned into Wabash avenue, where the crowd was thinner. Arriving at the house of a friend, who was on the windward side of the fire, I tumbled off my load and started back to get another. Half way down Michigan avenue, which was now perceptibly easier to move in, I perceived my family on the sidewalk with their arms full of light household effects. My wife told me that the house was already burned, that the flames burst out ready made in the rear hall before she knew that the roof had been scorched, and that

one of the servants, who had disobeyed orders in her eagerness to save some article, had got singed, though not burned, in coming out. My wife and mother and all the rest were begrimed with dirt and smoke, like blackamoors; everybody was. The "bloated aristocrats" all along the streets, who supposed they had lost both home and fortune at one swoop, were a sorry but not despairing congregation. They had saved their lives at all events, and they knew that many of their fellow-creatures must have lost theirs. I saw a great many kindly acts done as we moved along. The poor helped the rich, and the rich helped the poor (if anybody could be called rich at such a time), to get on with their loads. I heard of cartmen demanding one hundred and fifty dollars (in hand, of course) for carrying a single load. Very likely it was so, but those cases did not come under my own notice. It did come under my notice that some cartmen worked for whatever the sufferers felt able to pay, and one I knew worked with alacrity for nothing. It takes all sorts of people to make a great fire.

Presently we heard loud detonations, and a rumor went around that buildings were being blown up with gunpowder. The depot of the Hazard Powder Company was situated at Brighton, seven or eight miles from the nearest point of the fire. At what time the effort was first made to reach this magazine, and bring powder into the service, I have not learned, but I know that Col. M. C. Stearns made heroic efforts with his great lime-wagons to haul the explosive material to the proper point.

This is no time to blame anybody, but in truth there was no directing head on the ground. Everybody was asking everybody else to pull down buildings. There were no hooks, no ropes, no axes. I had met General Sheridan on the street in front of the post-office two hours before. He had been trying to save the army records, including his own invaluable papers relating to the war of the rebellion. He told me they were all lost, and then added that "the post-office didn't seem to make a good fire." This was when we supposed the row of fire-proof buildings, already spoken of, had stopped the flames in our quarter. Where was General Sheridan now? everybody asked. Why didn't he do something when everybody else had failed? Presently a rumor went around that Sheridan was handling the gunpowder; then everybody felt relieved. The reverberations of the powder, whoever was handling it, gave us all heart again. Think of a people feeling encouraged because somebody was blowing up houses in the midst of the city, and that a shower of bricks was very likely to come down on their heads!

I had paid and discharged my driver after extorting his solemn promise to come back and move me again if the wind should shift to the north—in which event everybody knew that the whole South Division, for a distance of four miles, must perish. We soon arrived at the house

of the kind friend on Wabash avenue, where our trunks and bundles had been deposited. This was south of the line of fire, but this did not satisfy anybody, since we had all seen how resolutely the flames had gone transversely across the direction of the wind. Then came a story from down the street that Sheridan was going to blow up the Wabash avenue Methodist Church on the corner of Harrison street. We observed a general scattering away of people from that neighborhood. I was nearly four squares south of the locality, and thought that the missiles wouldn't come so far. We awaited the explosion, but it did not come. By and by we plucked up courage to go around two or three blocks and see whether the church had fallen down of its own accord. We perceived that two or three houses in the rear of the edifice had been levelled to the ground, that the church itself was standing, and that the fire was out, in that quarter at least; also, that the line of Harrison street marked the southern limits of the devastation. The wind continued to blow fiercely from the southwest, and has not ceased to this hour (Saturday, October 14). But it was liable to change. If it chopped around to the north, the burning embers would be blown back upon the South Division. If it veered to the east, they would be blown into the West Division, though the river afforded rather better protection there. Then we should have nothing to do but to keep ahead of the flames and get down as fast as possible to the open prairie, and there spend the night houseless and supperless—and what of the morrow? A full hundred thousand of us. And if we were spared, and the West Division were driven out upon their prairie (a hundred and fifty thousand according to the Federal census), how would the multitude be fed? If there could be anything more awful than what we had already gone through, it would be what we would certainly go through if the wind should change; for with the embers of this great fire flying about, and no water to fight them, we knew that there was not gunpowder enough in Illinois to stop the inevitable conflagration. But this was not all. A well-authenticated rumor came up to the city that the prairie was on fire south of Hyde Park, the largest of the southern suburbs. The grass was as dry as tinder, and so were the leaves in Cottage Grove, a piece of timber several miles square, containing hundreds of residences of the better class, some of them of palatial dimensions. A fire on the prairie, communicating itself to the grove, might cut off the retreat of the one hundred thousand people in the South Division; might invade the South Division itself, and come up under the impulsion of that fierce wind, and where should we all be then? There were three or four bridges leading to the West Division, the only possible avenues of escape; but what were these among so many? And what if the "Commune" should go to work and start incendiary fires while all was yet in

confusion? These fiends were improving the daylight by plundering along the street. Before dark the whole male population of the city was organized by spontaneous impulse into a night patrol, with pallid determination to put every incendiary to instant death.

About five o'clock P. M. I applied to a friend on Wabash avenue for the use of a team to convey my family and chattels to the southern suburbs, about four miles distant, where my brother happened to own a small cottage, which, up to the present time, nobody could be induced to occupy and pay rent for. My friend replied that his work-teams were engaged hauling water for people to drink. Here was another thing that I had not thought of—a great city with no water to drink. Plenty in the lake, to be sure, but none in the city mains or the connecting pipes. Fortunately the extreme western limits were provided with a number of artesian wells, bored for manufacturing establishments. Then there was the river—the horrible, black, stinking river of a few weeks ago, which has since become clear enough for fish to live in, by reason of the deepening of the canal, which draws to the Mississippi a perpetual flow of pure water from Lake Michigan. With the city pumping-works stopped, the sewers would no longer discharge themselves into the river. So this might be used; and it was. Twenty-four hours had not passed before tens of thousands of people were drinking the water of Chicago River, with no unpleasant taste or effects.

The work-teams of my friend being engaged in hauling water for people who could not get any from the wells or the river or lake, he placed at my disposal his carriage, horses and coachman, whom he directed to take me and the ladies to any place we desired to reach. While we were talking, he hailed another gentleman on the street, who owned a large stevedore wagon, and asked him to convey my trunks, etc., to Cottage Grove avenue, near Forty-third street, to which request an immediate and most gracious assent was given. And thus we started again, our hostess pressing a mattress upon us from her store. All the streets leading southward were yet filled with fugitives. Where they all found shelter that night, I know not, but every house seemed to be opened to anybody who desired to enter. Arrived at our new home, about dusk, we found in it, as we expected, a cold reception, there being neither stove, nor grate, nor fireplace, nor fuel, nor light therein. But I will not dwell upon these things. We really did not mind them, for when we thought of the thousands of men, women, and tender babes huddled together in Lincoln Park, seven miles to the north of us, with no prospect of food, exposed to rain, if it should come, with no canopy but the driving smoke of their homes, we thought how little we had suffered and how much we should be thankful for. How one feels at a particular time depends much upon how he sees others enjoy them-

selves. All the eight-hour strikers are possessed of more comfort and leisure than we have, but we do not notice anything of it at all. We have secured a stove, and there are plenty of trees around us, and the axe is mightier than the pen to get one's breakfast ready now.

The prairie fire southwest of Hyde Park we found to have been a veritable fact, but it had been put out by diligent effort. The ditches cut for drainage in that region during the last two or three years render it very difficult for a fire to spread far. Yet I revolved in my mind a plan of escape in case the fire should break out afresh, surmount the ditches, and get into the grove which surrounded us. I judged that a fire could be discerned from our window fully five miles away, and that before it could reach us we could get upon the new South Park boulevard, two hundred feet wide, the western side of which has no timber to burn. A mere prairie fire coming up to this gravelled driveway would go out, and we should suffer nothing worse than a little smoke. I learned the next day that some of the people on the lake shore east of us constructed rafts, and gathered a few household effects in convenient places, to be launched whenever the fire should make its appearance on the prairie. It turned out, from the experience of the North Division groves, that these oak woods would not have burned in any case, the timber containing too much moisture. But we did not then know that. There was no sleep for us until we heard the welcome sound of rain against our windows. How our hearts did rise in thankfulness to Heaven for that rain! We thought the poor people in Lincoln Park would rather have the rain on their heads than know that Chicago was exposed to the horror of total conflagration. The wind blew with increasing violence, till our frame house trembled in every rafter. We did not know but it would go over, yet if it would only rain we would stand our ground. We had no furniture to be broken by an overturned house, or to break our bones rolling about the floor. Now and then we looked at the red sky to the north, and satisfied ourselves that the rest of Chicago was not burning. This gave us comfort, but not sleep.

Details of what I saw might be spun out to the crack of doom, but I must draw it to a close. There will, of course, be much curiosity to know why the fire-proof buildings succumbed. . . . .

It is ascertained that no stone ever used in the business part of a city is worth a farthing in such a fire. Brick is the only thing which comes out whole, and is ready to try it again. But it is not fair to say that an absolutely fire-proof building cannot be erected. I think it can be. At all events, the architects of the world should come here and study. . . . .

And what shall I say of the Christ-like charity that has overwhelmed us in our misfortune? All the tears that have been shed in Chicago,

except those which have flowed for the dead and maimed, have been called to our eyes by reading that in this great city and that little town, and yonder hamlet, and across the lakes in Canada, and down among our late enemies of the South, and beyond the mountains in Utah and California, and over the water in England, and on the Continent, God's people were working and giving to save us out of our affliction. I cannot even write of it, for my own eyes fill whenever I think of it.

On Wednesday morning the "Tribune" came out with a half sheet, containing among other things a notice that an intelligence office had been opened for lost people to report to, and for those who had lost their friends to inquire at. On the following morning we printed two columns of personal items from this intelligence office. Perhaps you have copied them, but I send you a few taken at random:

Mrs. Bush is at 40 Arnold Street. She has lost her baby.

Peter Grace lost wife and children; Church, Carpenter and Washington streets.

Mrs. Tinney lost little girl six years old, Katie, Harrison House.

James Glass lost little boy, Arthur Glass, 342 Hubbard street.

A little girl, cannot speak her name, at Desplaine's Hotel.

The wife and child of Rev. W. A. Jones are missing.

Henry Schneider, baby, in blue poland waist, red skirt, has white hair. Inform Thomas Henninghauser, at Centenary Church.

Many of these lost babies were doubtless found; many of these separated families brought together again. What meetings there must have been! But many others have gone over the river, to be found of God, and delivered to their mothers' arms in mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Charles Henry Webb.

BORN in Rouse's Point, N. Y., 1834.

ALEC. DUNHAM'S BOAT.

[*Vagrom Verse.* 1889.]

THERE she lies at her moorings,
The little two-master,
Answering not now
The call of disaster.
Loose swings the rudder,
Unshipped the tiller;

Crossing the Bar so
  One sea would fill her!

Foresail and mainsail
  In loose folds are lying;
Naked the mast-heads—
  No pennon flying;
Seaweed and wreck
  Alike may drift past her;
There lies the pilot-boat—
  Where is her master?

Lantern at Great Point,
  Brightly it burns;
Beacon on Brant Point
  The signal returns.
Far out to sea
  Sankoty flashes;
White on the shore
  The crested wave dashes.

Strident No'th-easter
  And smoky Sou'-wester
Call for the pilot-boat,
  Eager to test her.
And a ship on the Bar,
  Just where the waves cast her!
Moored lies the pilot-boat—
  Where is her master?

Oh, barque driving in,
  God send that you lee get,
Past Tuckernuck shoals,
  The reefs of Muskeget.
There go minute guns;
  Now faster and faster—
But no more to their aid
  Flies the little two-master.

For the pilot one night
  Left his boat as you see her—
Light moored, that at signal
  He ready might free her.
But not from her moorings
  Came the pilot to cast her,
Though a signal he answered—
  One set by the Master.

Gone, say you, and whither?
  Do you ask me which way
Went good pilot as ever
  Brought ship into bay?

Who shall say how he cast off,
If to starboard or larboard?
But of one thing I'm sure—
The pilot's safe-harbored!

WITH A NANTUCKET SHELL.

I SEND thee a shell from the ocean beach;
But listen thou well, for my shell hath speech.
Hold to thine ear,
And plain thou'lt hear
Tales of ships
That were lost in the rips,
Or that sank on shoals
Where the bell-buoy tolls,
And ever and ever its iron tongue rolls
In a ceaseless lament for the poor lost souls.

And a song of the sea
Has my shell for thee;
The melody in it
Was hummed at Wauwinet,
And caught at Coatue
By the gull that flew
Outside to the ship with its perishing crew.
But the white wings wave
Where none may save,
And there's never a stone to mark a grave.

See, its sad heart bleeds
For the sailors' needs;
But it bleeds again
For more mortal pain,
More sorrow and woe
Than is theirs who go
With shuddering eyes and whitening lips
Down in the sea on their shattered ships.

Thou fearest the sea?
And a tyrant is he,—
A tyrant as cruel as tyrant may be;
But though winds fierce blow,
And the rocks lie low,
And the coast be lee,
This I say to thee:
Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!

THE LAY OF DAN'L DREW.

IT was a long lank Jerseyman,
And he stoppeth one of two:
"I ain't acquaint in these here parts;
I'm a-lookin' for Dan'l Drew.

"I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard;
My callin' I pursue
At the Institoot at Madison,
That was built by Dan'l Drew.

"I'm a lab'rer in the Vinnard;
My worldly wants are few;
But I want some pints on these here sheers—
I'm a-lookin' for Dan'l Drew."

Again I saw that laborer,
Corner of Wall and New;
He was looking for a ferry-boat,
And not for Daniel Drew.

Upon his back he bore a sack
Of stuff that men eschew;
Some yet moist scrip was in his grip,
A little "Waybosh" too.

He plain was long of old R. I.,
And short of some things "new."
There was never another laborer
Got just such "pints" from Drew.

At the ferry-gate I saw him late,
His white cravat askew,
A-paying his fare with a registered share
Of stock "preferred"—by Drew.

And these words came back from the Hackensack,
"If you want to gamble a few,
Just get in your paw at a game of *Draw*,
But don't take a hand at DREW!"

Adams Sherman Hill.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1833.

ENGLISH IN NEWSPAPERS AND NOVELS.

[*Our English.* 1889.]

IN both novels and newspapers, precision in language and nice distinctions in thought are rare. Superlatives abound. There is little gradation, little light and shade, little of the delicate discrimination, the patient search for truth, and the conscientious effort to express truth exactly, which characterize the work of a master. . . . .

Newspapers and novels alike keep "pet words"—words which, like other pets, are often in the way, often fill places that belong to their betters. A good speech is termed "breezy" or "neat"; a good style "crisp" or "incisive"; an "utterance" or a comely countenance, "clear-cut" or "clean-cut." Bad features are "accentuated" by sickness. Lectures are "punctuated" with applause. A clergyman "performs" at a funeral; a musician "officiates" or "presides" at the piano-forte. Many things, from noses to tendencies, are "pronounced"; many things, from a popular novel to a popular nostrum, are "unique," and one journal calls a thing "one of the most unique"; many things, from a circus to a book, have an "advent." Questions are "pivotal," achievements "colossal" or "monumental," books "epoch-making." Every week something is "inaugurated" or "initiated," and somebody or something is "in touch with" somebody or something else. We are often asked to "await developments." A few years ago newspapers were talking of A. and B. "and others of the same ilk." A word just now in vogue is "weird." We read not only of the "weird" beauty of Keats, but also of the "weirdest" misconstructions of facts, or misstatements of principles. "Factor" and "feature" appear in the oddest company, and "environment" has become a weariness to the spirit.

Some novels and most newspapers are prompt to adopt the slang of the day, whatever its source. We read, for example, of schemes for "raking in the dimes." One poetical paragraph ends, "It pulls one up dreadfully in one's reverie to hear," etc. Newspapers "take stock in" a senator, and "get to the bottom fact" of a discussion. The hero of one novel is "padded to the nines"; the heroine of another has a brow, eyes, and face that are all "strung up to the concert-pitch." The journalist's candidate and the novelist's hero alike "put in an appearance," and "pan out well."

The disposition to obscure the meaning by technical expressions is

not unknown in newspapers, but it shows itself chiefly in novels. Even in "The Heart of Midlothian" we are told that "the acid fermentation" of a dispute was "at once neutralized by the powerful alkali implied in the word secret." Even George Eliot, in her description of Gwendolen at the beginning of "Daniel Deronda," uses "dynamic" in a way which called forth much criticism when the book was published. A later novelist talks of "neuralgia of the emotions"; another of the "effect of the meerschaum's subtle influence upon certain groups of ganglionic nerve-cells deep in his cerebrum." Another calls the hero "one of the coefficients of the age"; and still another remarks that, "as men gravitate towards their leading grievance, he went off at a tangent." We read of fancy's taking "a tangential flight"; of the "inspiration that was to coördinate conflicting data"; of a man's "undergoing molecular moral disintegration"; of life as "being a function of two variables, money and fashion"; and of death as a "common and relentless factor, getting, as time went on, increasing value in the complicated equation of being."

One set of faults seems to spring from the belief on the part of some journalists and novelists, and of young writers who have caught the malady from them, that there are not enough words in the English language to supply their needs, and that, therefore, it is necessary to coin just a few more, or at least to take them from the mint of some other writer of the day. Hence, new forms for old words, and new formations from old words. One journal tells its readers that "'mentality,' though not in the dictionaries, is a good English word." Another says: "'Christmassing'; we ought to have such a word." The hero of one novel is engaged in "battle-axing" difficulties; the heroine of another has a terrible "disappoint." A traveller "gondoles" in Amsterdam, "hotelizes" in London, and is "recepted" and "dined" on his return to New York. A popular writer talks of rural mechanics too idle to "mechanize." "Burglarize" is a newspaper word; "burgled" has been borrowed for fiction from "The Pirates of Penzance." We read of sounds hollow and "echoey"; of "mayoral" qualities; of "faddists" (people with fads); of a bow which "grotesqued" a compliment; of an "aborigine" (apparently the singular of aborigines); of "caddesses" and "flirtees"; of the "genius of swellness"; of little fellows who "cheek" bigger ones; of men whose good looks do not atone for the "lackness" of their characters, and of desires which are "wide-horizoned." It would be easy to extend this list, if either my readers or I had the appetite to go through what a recent writer terms "a menu bristling with word-coinage." "There's nae living," as Meg Dods, in "St. Ronan's Well," says—"there's nae living for new words in this new world neither, and that is another vex to auld folks as me."

Another characteristic of both newspapers and novels comes sometimes from the ambition to command language that moves in the highest circles, and sometimes from the determination to be funny. I refer, of course, to the practice of using the longest and most high-sounding words and expressions—words which no one would think of using in conversation or in familiar correspondence. "Scribes" of this class, as they call themselves, "savor" their wine instead of tasting it, "locate" men and women instead of placing them, "imbibe" or "perform the rites of Bacchus," instead of drinking. In the morning they "unclose" the eyelids, and "perform the usual operation of a diligent friction of the organs of vision"; in the evening they occupy "curule chairs" until it is time for them to "withdraw to their apartments." Their spectacles are "lenses"; their burglar "reckons up the harvest of his hands"; their facts are "proven," their streets "paven" or "semi-paven"; the people who dine at their houses are "commensals," and those who ride in their cabs are "incumbents." With them snow becomes "white crystals" or "fluffed ermine purity," rain "an effusion of water," crape "sable insignia of death," potatoes and bread "staple edibles," a dressing-case "travelling arrangements"; "sales-ladies" wait upon "gilded youth"; names are "retired" from visiting-cards; seats are "resumed"; souls are "perused"; prices are "altitudinous"; a politician who happens to be in town blossoms into a "visiting statesman"; an author "obligates" instead of binding himself; a visitor "refreshes his olfactory organ" with a pinch of snuff; a fortune quickly made is said to be "as stupendously large as phenomenally swift won." The last citation, which is from a prominent journalist, is perhaps no worse in its way than "potential liquid refreshment," an expression used by Lord Beaconsfield and copied many times since; than a later novelist's remark that "the footfalls of a little black mare annotated the silence of the place," while "an isolated stellulated light illumined the snow"; or than a clever woman's designation of veteran soldiers as "mutilated pages of history." Perhaps, however, the palm may be carried off by the novelist who speaks of "the impression she gave from her little slit-like tacit sources"—that is, apparently, her eyes.

In this last characteristic, novels have, perhaps, taken the lead. Instances of it in its serious form are to be found even in Scott, when he is in what he himself calls his "big bow-wow" mood; as, "The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant"; "My blood throbbed to my feverish apprehension, in pulsations which resembled the deep and regular strokes of a distant fulling-mill, and tingled in my veins like streams of liquid fire." Instances of it in its humorous form are to be found even in Dickens, when the reporter in him gets the bet-

ter of the humorist; as, "ligneous sharper," *i. e.*, Wegg with his wooden leg; he was "accelerated to rest with a poker"; "The celebration is a breakfast, because a dinner on the desired scale of sumptuosity cannot be achieved within less limits than those of the non-existent palatial residence of which so many people are madly envious."

Word-pictures, so-called, sometimes hang on newspaper columns; and they abound in recent novels. One author declares that "God's gold" was in the heroine's hair, for "it was shot through with sunset spikes of yellow light." Another says of the heroine that "the sunlight made a rush at her rich chestnut hair," and affirms that she had "white teeth showing like pearls dropped in a rose, and a white throat in a foam of creamy laces." Another says that "the moon searched out the deep-red lines" in the heroine's hair, and that her lips had "musical curves." We read of "sultry eyes flashing with the vistas of victory"; of "the amber and crimson lustres of joy"; of a sun "resting on the hill like a drop of blood on an eyelid"; of a head "with one little round spot on the top reminding one of what a bird's-eye view might show of Drummond Lake in the Dismal Swamp"; of a landscape which is "a perfect symphony in brown"; of a woman who is "a ravishing symphony in white, pale green, and gold"; of another who "clings to the fringes of night"; of another whose "small hand, which seemed to blush at its own naked beauties, supported her head, embedded in the volumes of her hair, like the fairest alabaster set in the deepest ebony"; and of another whose "soft, impotent defiance flew like an angry bird, and was transfixed on the still penetrating gaze of his eyes."

Such are some of the varieties of bad English to be found in newspapers and novels, bad English to which we are exposed, and by which our own English will be injured unless we guard it with the utmost care. For the sake of our English, if for no other reason, we should all try to like something better than reading of this class, and should persist in the effort until we succeed.

Charles Augustus Young.

BORN in Hanover, N. H., 1834.

SOURCE AND DURATION OF THE SOLAR HEAT.

[*The Sun*, 1881.]

ASTRONOMERS generally, while conceding that a portion, and possibly a considerable fraction, of the solar heat may be accounted for by the meteoric hypothesis, are disposed to look further for their explanation of the principal revenue of solar energy. They find it in the probable slow contraction of the sun's diameter, and the gradual liquefaction and solidification of the gaseous mass. The same total amount of heat is produced when a body moves against a resistance which brings it to rest gradually as if it had fallen through the same distance freely and been suddenly stopped. If, then, the sun does contract, heat is necessarily produced by the process, and that in enormous quantity, since the attracting force at the solar surface is more than twenty-seven times as great as gravity at the surface of the earth, and the contracting mass is so immense.

In this process of contraction, each particle at the surface moves inward by an amount equal to the whole diminution of the solar radius, while a particle below the surface moves less, and under a diminished gravitating force: but every particle in the whole mass of the sun, excepting only that at the exact centre of the globe, contributes something to the evolution of heat. To calculate the precise amount of heat developed, it would be necessary to know the law of increase of the sun's density from the surface to the centre; but Helmholtz, who first suggested the hypothesis, in 1853, has shown that, under the most unfavorable suppositions, a contraction in the sun's diameter of about two hundred and fifty feet a year—a mile in a trifle over twenty-one years—would account for its whole annual heat-emission. This contraction is so slow that it would be quite imperceptible to observation. It would require nine thousand five hundred years to reduce the diameter a single second of arc (since 1 second equals 450 miles at the sun's distance), and nothing less would be certainly detectable.

Of course, if the contraction is more rapid than this, the mean temperature of the sun must be actually rising, notwithstanding the amount of heat it is losing. Observation alone can determine whether this is so or not.

If the sun were wholly gaseous, we could assert positively that it must be growing hotter; for it is a most curious (and at first sight paradoxi-

cal) fact, first pointed out by Lane in 1870, that the temperature of a gaseous body continually rises as it contracts from loss of heat. By losing heat it contracts, but the heat generated by the contraction is more than sufficient to keep the temperature from falling. A gaseous mass losing heat by radiation must, therefore, at the same time grow both smaller and hotter, until the density becomes so great that the ordinary laws of gaseous expansion reach their limit, and condensation into the liquid form begins. The sun seems to have arrived at this point, if indeed it were ever wholly gaseous, which is questionable. At any rate, so far as we can now make out, the exterior portion—the photosphere—appears to be a shell of cloudy matter, precipitated from the vapors which make up the principal mass, and the progressive contraction, if it is indeed a fact, must result in a continual thickening of this shell and the increase of the cloud-like portion of the solar mass.

This change from the gaseous to the liquid form must also be accompanied by the liberation of an enormous quantity of heat, sufficient to materially diminish the amount of contraction needed to maintain the solar radiation.

Of course, if this theory of the source of the solar heat is correct, it follows that in time it must come to an end; and looking backward we see that there must also have been a beginning. Time was when there was no such solar heat as now, and the time must come when it will cease.

We do not know enough about the amount of solid and liquid matter at present in the sun, or of the nature of this matter, to calculate the future duration of the sun with great exactness, though an approximate estimate can be made. The problem is a little complicated, even on the simplest hypothesis of purely gaseous contraction, because as the sun shrinks the force of gravity increases, and the amount of contraction necessary to generate a given amount of heat becomes less and less; but this difficulty is easily met by a skilful mathematician. According to Newcomb, if the sun maintains its present radiation it will have shrunk to half its present diameter in about five million years at the longest. As it must, when reduced to this size, be eight times as dense as now, it can hardly then continue to be mainly gaseous, and its temperature must have begun to fall. Newcomb's conclusion, therefore, is that it is hardly likely that the sun can continue to give sufficient heat to support life on the earth (such life as we now are acquainted with, at least) for ten million years from the present time.

It is possible to compute the past of the solar history upon this hypothesis somewhat more definitely than the future. The present rate of contraction being known, and the law of variation, it becomes a purely mathematical problem to compute the dimensions of the sun at any date

in the past, supposing its heat-radiation to have remained unchanged. Indeed, it is not even necessary to know anything more than the present amount of radiation, and the mass of the sun, to compute how long the solar fire can have been maintained, at its present intensity, by the process of condensation. No conclusion of geometry is more certain than that the contraction of the sun from a diameter even many times larger than that of Neptune's orbit to its present dimensions, if such a contraction has actually taken place, has furnished about eighteen million times as much heat as the sun now supplies in a year; and therefore that the sun cannot have been emitting heat at the present rate for more than that length of time, if its heat has really been generated in this manner. If it could be shown that the sun has been shining as now, for a longer time than that, the theory would be refuted; but if the hypothesis be true, as it probably is in the main, we are inexorably shut up to the conclusion that the total life of the solar system, from its birth to its death, is included in some such space of time as thirty million years. No reasonable allowances for the fall of meteoric matter, based on what we are now able to observe, or for the development of heat by liquefaction, solidification, and chemical combination of dissociated vapors, could raise it to sixty million.

At the same time, it is of course impossible to assert that there has been no catastrophe in the past—no collision with some wandering star, endued, as Croll has supposed, like some of those we know of now in the heavens, with a velocity far surpassing that to be acquired by a fall even from infinity, producing a shock which might in a few hours, or moments even, restore the wasted energy of ages. Neither is it wholly safe to assume that there may not be ways, of which we yet have no conception, by which the energy apparently lost in space may be returned, and burned-out suns and run-down systems restored; or, if not restored themselves, be made the germs and material of new ones to replace the old.

But the whole course and tendency of Nature, so far as science now makes out, points backward to a beginning and forward to an end. The present order of things seems to be bounded, both in the past and in the future, by terminal catastrophes, which are veiled in clouds as yet impenetrable.

Charles Francis Adams, Jr.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1835.

THE ROAD TO A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

[*From "A College Fetich."—Address Delivered before the Φ. B. K. of Harvard.* 1883.]

I AM no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar, money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome. On the contrary, the whole experience and observation of my life lead me to look with greater admiration, and an envy ever increasing, on the broadened culture which is the true end and aim of the University. On this point I cannot be too explicit; for I should be sorry indeed if anything I might utter were construed into an argument against the most liberal education. There is a considerable period in every man's life, when the best thing he can do is to let his mind soak and tan in the vats of literature. The atmosphere of a university is breathed into the student's system,—it enters by the very pores. But just as all roads lead to Rome, so I hold there may be a modern road as well as the classic avenue to the goal of a true liberal education. I object to no man's causing his children to approach that goal by the old, the time-honored entrance. On the contrary, I will admit that, for those who travel it well, it is the best entrance. But I do ask that the modern entrance should not be closed. Vested interests always look upon a claim for simple recognition as a covert attack on their very existence, and the advocates of an exclusively classic college-education are quick to interpret a desire for modern learning as a covert attack on dead learning. I have no wish to attack it, except in its spirit of selfish exclusiveness. I do challenge the right of the classicist to longer say that by his path, and by his path only, shall the University be approached. I would not narrow the basis of liberal education; I would broaden it. No longer content with classic sources, I would have the University seek fresh inspiration at the fountains of living thought; for Goethe I hold to be the equal of Sophocles, and I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero.

Neither, though venturing on these comparisons, have I any light or disrespectful word to utter of the study of Latin or of Greek, much less of the classic literatures. While recognizing fully the benefit to be derived from a severe training in these mother tongues, I fully appreciate the pleasure those must have who enjoy an easy familiarity with the authors who yet live in them. No one admires—I am not prepared to

admit that any one can admire—more than I the subtile, indescribable fineness, both of thought and diction, which a thorough classical education gives to the scholar. Mr. Gladstone is, as Macaulay was, a striking case in point. As much as any one I note and deplore the absence of this literary Tower-stamp in the writings and utterances of many of our own authors and public men. But its absence is not so deplorable as that display of cheap learning which made the American oration of thirty and fifty years ago a national humiliation. Even in its best form it was bedizened with classic tinsel which bespoke the vanity of the half-taught scholar. We no longer admire that sort of thing. But among men of my own generation I do both admire and envy those who I am told make it a daily rule to read a little of Homer or Thucydides, of Horace or Tacitus. I wish I could do the same; and yet I must frankly say I should not do it if I could. Life after all is limited, and I belong enough to the present to feel satisfied that I could employ that little time each day both more enjoyably and more profitably if I should devote it to keeping pace with modern thought, as it finds expression even in the ephemeral pages of the despised review. Do what he will, no man can keep pace with that wonderful modern thought; and if I must choose—and choose I must—I would rather learn something daily from the living who are to perish, than daily muse with the immortal dead. Yet for the purpose of my argument I do not for a moment dispute the superiority—I am ready to say the hopeless, the unattainable superiority—of the classic masterpieces. They are sealed books to me, as they are to at least nineteen out of twenty of the graduates of our colleges; and we can neither affirm nor deny that in them, and in them alone, are to be found the choicest thoughts of the human mind and the most perfect forms of human speech.

All that has nothing to do with the question. We are not living in any ideal world. We are living in this world of to-day; and it is the business of the college to fit men for it. Does she do it? As I have said, my own experience of thirty years ago tells me that she did not do it then. The facts being much the same, I do not see how she can do it now. It seems to me she starts from a radically wrong basis. It is, to use plain language, a basis of fetich worship, in which the real and practical is systematically sacrificed to the ideal and theoretical.

To-day, whether I want to or not, I must speak from individual experience. Indeed, I have no other ground on which to stand. I am not a scholar; I am not an educator; I am not a philosopher; but I submit that in educational matters individual, practical experience is entitled to some weight. Not one man in ten thousand can contribute anything to this discussion in the way of more profound views or deeper insight. Yet any concrete, actual experience, if it be only simply and directly told,

may prove a contribution of value, and that contribution we all can bring. An average college graduate, I am here to subject the college theories to the practical test of an experience in the tussle of life. Recurring to the simile with which I began, the wrestler in the games is back at the gymnasium. If he is to talk to any good purpose he must talk of himself, and how he fared in the struggle. It is he who speaks.

I was fitted for college in the usual way. I went to the Latin School; I learned the two grammars by heart; at length I could even puzzle out the simpler classic writings with the aid of a lexicon, and apply more or less correctly the rules of construction. This, and the other rudiments of what we are pleased to call a liberal education, took five years of my time. I was fortunately fond of reading, and so learned English myself, and with some thoroughness. I say fortunately, for in our preparatory curriculum no place was found for English; being a modern language, it was thought not worth studying,—as our examination papers conclusively showed. We turned English into bad enough Greek, but our thoughts were expressed in even more abominable English. I then went to college,—to Harvard. I have already spoken of the standard of instruction, so far as thoroughness was concerned, then prevailing here. Presently I was graduated, and passed some years in the study of the law. Thus far, as you will see, my course was thoroughly correct. It was the course pursued by a large proportion of all graduates then, and the course pursued by more than a third of them now. Then the War of the Rebellion came, and swept me out of a lawyer's office into a cavalry saddle. Let me say, in passing, that I have always felt under deep personal obligation to the War of the Rebellion. Returning presently to civil life, and not taking kindly to my profession, I endeavored to strike out a new path, and fastened myself, not, as Mr. Emerson recommends, to a star, but to the locomotive-engine. I made for myself what might perhaps be called a specialty in connection with the development of the railroad system. I do not hesitate to say that I have been incapacitated from properly developing my specialty, by the sins of omission and commission incident to my college training. The mischief is done, and so far as I am concerned is irreparable. I am only one more sacrifice to the fetich. But I do not propose to be a silent sacrifice. I am here to-day to put the responsibility for my failure, so far as I have failed, where I think it belongs,—at the door of my preparatory and college education.

Nor has that incapacity, and the consequent failure to which I have referred, been a mere thing of imagination or sentiment. On the contrary, it has been not only matter-of-fact and real, but to the last degree humiliating. I have not, in following out my specialty, had at my command—nor has it been in my power, placed as I was, to acquire—the

ordinary tools which an educated man must have to enable him to work to advantage on the developing problems of modern, scientific life. But on this point I feel that I can, with few words, safely make my appeal to the members of this Society.

Many of you are scientific men; others are literary men; some are professional men. I believe, from your own personal experience, you will bear me out when I say that, with a single exception, there is no modern scientific study which can be thoroughly pursued in any one living language, even with the assistance of all the dead languages that ever were spoken. The researches in the dead languages are indeed carried on through the medium of several living languages. I have admitted there is one exception to this rule. That exception is the law. Lawyers alone, I believe, join with our statesmen in caring nothing for "abroad." Except in its more elevated and theoretical branches, which rarely find their way into the courts, the law is a purely local pursuit. Those who follow it may grow gray in active practice, and yet never have occasion to consult a work in any language but their own. It is not so with medicine or theology or science or art, in any of their numerous branches, or with government, or political economy, or with any other of the whole long list. With the exception of law, I think I might safely challenge any one of you to name a single modern calling, either learned or scientific, in which a worker who is unable to read and write and speak at least German and French, does not stand at a great and always recurring disadvantage. He is without the essential tools of his trade.

John James Piatt.

BORN in James Mill, now Milton, Ind., 1835.

THE MOWER IN OHIO.

[*Western Windows.* 1869.—*Poems of House and Home.* 1879.—*Idyls and Lyrics of the Ohio Valley.* 1888.]

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am making my hay:
The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the air is so very still
I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds I cannot hear—
That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy swaths they sweep—
They ring about me, resting, when I waver half asleep;

So still, I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen there be,
Or if something brings a rumor home of the cannon so far from me:

Far away in Virginia, where Joseph and Grant, I know,
Will tell them what I meant when first I had my mowers go!

Joseph, he is my eldest one, the only boy of my three
Whose shadow can darken my door again, and lighten my heart for me.

Joseph, he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking ahead!
William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the long-run led.

William, he was my youngest; John, between them I somehow see,
When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from Gettysburg, last July,
(The mowing was over already, although the only mower was I):

William, my captain, came home for good to his mother; and I'll be bound
We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles with music and gun:
It seemed his country claimed him then—as well as his mother—her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand miles or near,
And only the bees are abroad at work with me in the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that hummed again in the air?
Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their Onward to Richmond there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat an hour it would seem—
It may be I slept a minute, too, or wavered into a dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes as they went,
Tramping a steady tramp as of old, with the strength in their arms unspent;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like soldiers that march to the beat
Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes of silver that shone,
Every step, from their scythes that rang as if they needed the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass)—and, coming toward me, they beamed
With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—surely I must have dreamed!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were working ahead.
There were three in my vision—remember, old man: and what if Joseph were dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them both, to boot),
Will go into Richmond together, no matter which is ahead or afoot!

Meantime, alone at the mowing here—an old man somewhat gray—
I must stay at home as long as I can, making myself the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard whistles blithe;—
But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet again my scythe.

June, 1864.

THE MORNING STREET.

ALONE I walk the morning street,
Filled with the silence vague and sweet:
All seems as strange, as still, as dead,
As if unnumbered years had fled,
Letting the noisy Babel lie
Breathless and dumb against the sky.
The light wind walks with me, alone
Where the hot day, flame-like, was blown;
Where the wheels roared, the dust was beat:—
The dew is in the morning street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour
Along this mighty corridor
While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd
Whose footsteps make the city loud?—
The myriad faces, hearts that beat
No more in the deserted street?
Those footsteps, in their dreaming maze,
Cross thresholds of forgotten days;
Those faces brighten from the years
In rising suns long set in tears;
Those hearts—far in the Past they beat,
Unheard within the morning street.

Some city of the world's gray prime,
Lost in some desert far from Time,
Where noiseless ages, gliding through,
Have only sifted sand and dew,—
Yet a mysterious hand of man
Lying on all the haunted plan,
The passions of the human heart
Quickening the marble breast of Art,—
Were not more strange, to one who first
Upon its ghostly silence burst,
Than this vast quiet, where the tide
Of Life, upheaved on either side,

Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat
With human waves the morning street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood
Breaks through the charmèd solitude:
This silent stone, to music won,
Shall murmur to the rising sun;
The busy place, in dust and heat,
Shall roar with wheels and swarm with feet;—
The Arachne-threads of Purpose stream,
Unseen, within the morning gleam;
The life shall move, the death be plain;
The bridal throng, the funeral train,
Together, face to face, shall meet
And pass, within the morning street.

A LOST GRAVEYARD.

NEAR by, a soundless road is seen, o'ergrown with grass and brier;
Far off, the highway's signal flies—a hurrying dust of fire.

But here among forgotten graves, in June's delicious breath,
I linger where the living loved to dream of lovely death.

Worn letters, lit with heavenward thought, these crumbled headstones wear;
Fresh flowers (old epitaphs of Love) are fragrant here and there.

Years, years ago, these graves were made—no mourners come to-day:
Their footsteps vanished, one by one, moving the other way.

Through the loud world they walk, or lie—like those here left at rest—
With two long-folded useless arms on each forgotten breast.

APART.

AT sea are tossing ships;
On shore are dreaming shells,
And the waiting heart and the loving lips,
Blossoms and bridal bells.

At sea are sails agleam;
On shore are longing eyes,
And the far horizon's haunting dream
Of ships that sail the skies.

At sea are masts that rise
  Like spectres from the deep;
On shore are the ghosts of drowning cries
  That cross the waves of sleep.

At sea are wrecks astrand;
  On shore are shells that moan,
Old anchors buried in barren sand,
  Sea-mist and dreams alone.

LEAVES AT MY WINDOW.

I WATCH the leaves that flutter in the wind,
  Bathing my eyes with coolness and my heart
Filling with springs of grateful sense anew,
Before my window—in the sun and rain,
And now the wind is gone and now the rain,
And all a motionless moment breathe, and now
Playful the wind comes back—again the shower,
Again the sunshine! Like a golden swarm
Of butterflies the leaves are fluttering,
The leaves are dancing, singing—all alive
(For Fancy gives her breath to every leaf)
For the blithe moment. Beautiful to me,
Of all inanimate things most beautiful,
And dear as flowers their kindred, are the leaves
In all their summer life; and, when a child,
I loved to lie through sunny afternoons
With half-shut eyes (familiar eyes with things
Long unfamiliar, knowing Fairyland
And all the unhidden mysteries of the Earth)
Using my kinship in those earlier days
With Nature and the humbler people, dear
To her green life, in every shade and sun.
The leaves had myriad voices, and their joy
One with the birds' that sang among them seemed;
And, oftentimes, I lay in breezy shade
Till, creeping with the loving stealth he takes
In healthy temperaments, the blessèd Sleep
(Thrice-blessèd and thrice-blessing now, because
Of sleepless things that will not give us rest)
Came with his weird processions—dreams that wore
All happy masks—blithe fairies numberless,
Forever passing, never more to pass,
The Spirits of the Leaves. Awaking then,
Behold the sun was swimming in my face
Through mists of his creations, swarming gold,

And all the leaves in sultry languor lay
Above me, for I wakened when they dropped
Asleep, unmoving. Now, when Time has ceased
His holiday, and I am prisoned close
In his harsh service, mastered by his Hours,
The leaves have not forgotten me: behold,
They play with me like children who, awake,
Find one most dear asleep and waken him
To their own gladness from his sultry dream;
But nothing sweeter do they give to me
Than thoughts of one who, far away, perchance
Watches like me the leaves and thinks of me
While o'er her window, sunnily the shower
Touches all boughs to music, and the rose
Beneath swings lovingly toward the pane,
And she, whom Nature gave the freshest sense
For all her delicate life, rejoices in
The joy of birds that use the sun to sing
With breasts o'erfull of music. "Little Birds,"
She sings, "Sing to my little Bird below!"
And with her child-like fancy, half-belief,
She hears them sing and makes-believe they obey,
And the child, wakening, listens motionless.

THE GRAVE OF ROSE.

I CAME to find her blithe and bright,
Breathing the household full of bloom,
Wreathing the fireside with delight;—
I found her in her tomb!

I came to find her gathering flowers—
Their fragrant souls, so pure and dear,
Haunting her face in lonely hours;—
Her single flower is here!

For, look: the gentle name that shows
Her love, her loveliness, and bloom
(Her only epitaph a rose),
Is growing on her tomb!

THE CHILD IN THE STREET.

FOR A BOOK OF TWO.

EVEN as tender parents lovingly
Send a dear child in some true servant's care
Forth on the street, for larger light and air,
Feeling the sun her guardian will be,
And dreaming with a blushful pride that she
Will earn sweet smiles and glances everywhere,
From loving faces, and that passers fair
Will bend, and bless, and kiss her, when they see,
And ask her name, and if her home is near,
And think, "O gentle child, how blessed are they
Whose twofold love bears up a single flower!"
And so with softer musing move away:
We send thee forth, O Book, thy little hour—
The world may pardon us to hold thee dear.

Phillips Brooks.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1835.

THE MINISTRY FOR OUR AGE.

[*Lectures on Preaching. Delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College.* 1877.]

WE ministers cannot help noting with interest among the symptoms of our time the way in which the preacher himself is regarded. To remark the changed attitude which the people generally hold towards ministers is the most familiar commonplace; to mourn over it as a sign of decadence in the religious spirit is the habit of some people. But the reasons of it are plain enough and have been often pointed out. The preacher is no longer the manifest superior of other men in wit and wisdom. That deference which was once paid to the minister's office, upon the reasonable presumption that the man who occupied it was better educated, more large in his ideas, a better reasoner, a more trustworthy guide in all the various affairs of life than other men, if it were paid still would either be the perpetuation of an old habit, or would be paid to the office purely for itself without any presumption at all about the man. This latter could not be long possible; no dignity of office can secure men's respect for itself continuously unless it can show a worthy character in those who hold it. I am glad that the mere forms

of reverence for the preacher's office have so far passed away. I am not making a virtue of necessity. I rejoice at it. Nothing could be worse for us than for men to keep telling us by deferential forms that we are the wisest of men when their shelves are full of books with far wiser words in them than the best that we can preach; or that we are the most eloquent of men when there are better orators by the score on every side; or that we are the best of men when we know of sainthoods among the most obscure souls before which we stand ashamed. No manly man is satisfied with any *ex-officio* estimate of his character. Whether it makes him better or worse than he is, he cares nothing for it. And so the nearer that ministers come to being judged like other men just for what they are, the more they ought to rejoice, the more I think they do rejoice. But what then? Is the minister's sacred office nothing? Does not his truth gain authority and his example urgency from the position where he stands? Indeed they do. It seems to me that the best privilege which can be given to any man is a position which shall stimulate him to his best and which shall make his best most effective. And that is just what is given to the minister. An official position which should substitute some other power for the best powers of the man himself, and should make him seem effective beyond his real force, would be an injury to him and ultimately would be recognized as an empty sham itself. I quarrel with no man for his conscientious belief about the high and separate commission of the Christian ministry. I only quarrel with the man who, resting satisfied with what he holds to be his high commission, is not eager to match it with a high character. The more you think yourself different from other men because you are a minister, the more try to be different from other men by being more fully what all men ought to be. That is a High Churchmanship of which we cannot have too much.

I hold then that the Christian ministry has still in men's esteem all that is essentially valuable, and all that it is really good for it to have. It has a place of utterance more powerful and sacred than any other in the world. Then comes the question, What has it to utter? The pedestal is still there. Men will not gather about it as they once did perhaps, without regard to the statue that stands upon it. But if a truly good statue stands there the world can see it as it could if it stood nowhere else.

There are two great faults of the ministry which come, one of them from ignoring, the other from rebelling against, this change in the attitude of the minister and the people towards each other. The first is the perpetual assertion of the minister's authority for the truth which he teaches. To claim that men should believe what we teach them because we teach it to them and not because they see it to be true is to assume a

place which God does not give us and men will not acknowledge for us. Many a Christian minister needs to be sent back to him whom we call the heathen Socrates, to read these noble words in the Phædo—which whole dialogue, by the way, is itself no unworthy pattern of the best qualities of preaching. "You, if you take my advice, will think little about Socrates, but a great deal about Truth."

And the other fault is the constant desire to make people hear us who seem determined to forget us. This is the fault of the sensational preaching. A large part of what is called sensational preaching is simply the effort of a man who has no faith in his office or in the essential power of truth to keep himself before people's eyes by some kind of intellectual fantasticalness. It is a pursuit of brightness and vivacity of thought for its own sake, which seems to come from a certain almost desperate determination of the sensational minister that he will not be forgotten. I think there is a great deal of nervous uneasiness of mind which shows a shaken confidence in one's position. It struggles for cleverness. It lives by making points. It is fatal to that justice of thought which alone in the long run commands confidence and carries weight. The man who is always trying to attract attention and be brilliant counts the mere sober effort after absolute truth and justice dull. It is more tempting to be clever and unjust than to be serious and just. Every preacher has constantly to make his choice which he will be. It does not belong to men, like angels, to be "ever bright and fair" together. And the anxious desire for glitter is one of the signs of the dislodgement of the clerical position in our time.

There is a possible life of great nobleness and usefulness for the preacher who, frankly recognizing and cordially accepting the attitude towards his office which he finds on the world's part, preaches truth and duty on their own intrinsic authority, and wins personal power and influence because he does not seek them, but seeks the prevalence of righteousness and the salvation of men's souls.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

Born in Pomfret, Conn., 1835.

A PAINTED FAN.

[*Poems*. 1878.]

ROSES and butterflies snared on a fan,
All that is left of a summer gone by;
Of swift, bright wings that flashed in the sun,
And loveliest blossoms that bloomed to die!

By what subtle spell did you lure them here,
Fixing a beauty that will not change;
Roses whose petals never will fall,
Bright, swift wings that never will range?

Had you owned but the skill to snare as well
The swift-winged hours that came and went,
To prison the words that in music died,
And fix with a spell the heart's content,

Then had you been of magicians the chief;
And loved and lovers should bless your art,
If you could but have painted the soul of the thing,—
Not the rose alone, but the rose's heart!

Flown are those days with their winged delights,
As the odor is gone from the summer rose;
Yet still, whenever I wave my fan,
The soft, south wind of memory blows.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

NOT a hand has lifted the latchet
Since she went out of the door,—
No footstep shall cross the threshold,
Since she can come in no more.

There is rust upon locks and hinges,
And mould and blight on the walls,
And silence faints in the chambers,
And darkness waits in the halls,—

Waits as all things have waited
Since she went, that day of spring,
Borne in her pallid splendor,
To dwell in the Court of the King:

With lilies on brow and bosom,
With robes of silken sheen,
And her wonderful frozen beauty
The lilies and silk between.

Red roses she left behind her,
But they died long, long ago,—
'Twas the odorous ghost of a blossom
That seemed through the dusk to glow.

The garments she left mock the shadows
With hints of womanly grace,
And her image swims in the mirror
That was so used to her face.

The birds make insolent music
Where the sunshine riots outside;
And the winds are merry and wanton,
With the summer's pomp and pride.

But into this desolate mansion,
Where Love has closed the door,
Nor sunshine nor summer shall enter,
Since she can come in no more.

WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

WE lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest.
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low,—
Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet, red lips,
And left them sweet and red:
The rose the wild bee sips
Blooms on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,
But they who love us best,
When we are under ground,
Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun
But other hands can take:
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep,
Our weary eyes we close:
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows.

TO NIGHT.

BEND low, O dusky Night,
And give my spirit rest.
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight.
Give back the lost delight
That once my soul possest,
When Love was loveliest.
Bend low, O dusky Night!

Enfold me in your arms—
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embracing grave
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms;
Your deepest spell I brave.
O, strong to slay or save,
Enfold me in your arms!

THE LONDON CABBY.

[*Random Rambles.* 1881.]

SHALL I ever forget my first solitary experience of the tender mercies of a London cabby? I had been there two weeks, perhaps, and had been driven here and there in friendly company; but at last I was to venture forth alone. It was a Sunday afternoon,—a lovely June day, which should have produced a melting mood even in the hard heart of a cabby. I had been bidden to an informal five o'clock tea at the house of a certain poet in a certain quiet "road" among the many "roads" of Kensington. An American friend put me sadly but hopefully into a hansom. I asked him how much I was to pay, and was told eighteenpence. I always ask this question by way of precaution; but I have

found since that there is usually a sad discrepancy of opinion between my friend at the beginning and my driver at the end of the route; however, I had not learned this fact at that early epoch.

"Eighteenpence," said my friend. "I think you'll be all right; but if there's any trouble, you know, you must ask for his number, and I'll have him up for you to-morrow."

I thought he was pretty well "up" already. Indeed the upness, if I may coin a word, of the driver is the most extraordinary thing about a hansom.

I heard my friend announce the street and number of my destination, and the sweet little cherub that sat up aloft make reply:

"The lady knows where she's a-goin', don't she?" and then we drove away. To me the drive did not seem long. As I have said, it was a day in June:

> "Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky."

I could not see much of the sky, however, but I caught, when I strained my eyes upward, glimpses of a great, deep, blue dome, with white clouds drifting across it now and then, like the wings of gigantic birds. As we got a little out of the thick of the town, the sweet breath of roses from gardens in bloom filled the air; in the gentle breeze the tree-boughs waved lazily; there was everywhere a brooding warmth and peace, which I pleased my democratic heart by thinking that cabby must also enjoy. Was he not grateful to me, I wondered, for taking him a little off his accustomed track into these pleasant paths? Suddenly my revery was broken by his voice. He had opened the trap in the roof, and was calling down to me from his perch:

"Which o' them turns, ma'am?"

I had never been in Kensington before. I looked on in front, and down the cross-street at each side. Instinct failed me; I had not even a conjecture to hazard. I answered mildly:

"Why, I don't know, I'm sure."

"Oh, you don't know, don't you? Well, then, I'm sure *I* don't. The gentleman said as *you* knew where you was a-goin', or I wouldn't a' took you."

Then I spoke severely. The dignity of a freeborn American asserted itself. I said:

"*I* am not driving this cab. I wish to go to 163 Blank Road, but it is not my business to find the way. You can ask the first policeman you see."

But the peace of the June afternoon was over. It seemed to me that the very hansom moved sullenly. We kept bringing up with a jerk at

some corner, while cabby shouted out his inquiry, and then we went on again. At last we reached Blank Road. I saw the name on a street-sign, and soon we drew up before 163. I extracted eighteenpence from my purse, and handed it with sweet serenity to my charioteer. Words fail me to describe the contempt upon his expressive countenance. He turned the money over in his hand and looked at it, as a naturalist might at a curious insect. At length he demanded, in a tone which implied great self-control on his part:

"Will you tell me what this 'ere money is fur?"

"It is your fare," I said, with a smile which should have melted his heart, but didn't.

"My fare, is it?" and his voice rose to a wild shriek. "My fare, is it? And you take me away, on a Sunday afternoon, from a beat where I was gettin' a dozen fares an hour, and bring me to this God-forsaken place, and then offer me one-and-sixpence! My fare! I ought to 'ave a crown; and a 'alf a crown is the very least as I'll take."

I took out another silver shilling, and handed it to him; but I felt that I had the dignity of an American to maintain. I remembered what my friend had told me, and I said loftily:

"And now I will take your number, if you please."

"Yes, I'll give you my number. Oh, yes, you shall 'ave my number and welcome!" and he tore off from somewhere a sort of tin plate with figures on it. I had been accustomed to the printed slip which every French *cocher* hands you without asking; and it occurred to me that this metal card was rather clumsy, and that if he carried many such about him they must somewhat weigh down his pockets; but I knew that England was a country where they believed in making things solid and durable, and I supposed it was quite natural that cabbies should present their passengers with metal numbers instead of paper ones; so, holding the thing gingerly in my hand, I marched tranquilly up the steps of my friend's house.

I have seen in Italy and elsewhere various pictures of the descent of the fallen and condemned, but I think even Michael Angelo might have caught a new inspiration from the descent of my cabby. He plunged—I can think of no other word—down from his height, tore the badge from my trembling fingers, and shook his hard and brawny fist within the eighth of an inch of my tip-tilted nose.

"'Ow dare you," he screamed, "'ow dare you be makin' off with my badge? I'll 'ave *you* up, hif you don't mind your heye."

And, indeed, I thought my eye very likely to need minding. But he mounted his perch again, badge in hand, and poured out imprecations like a flood, while I pulled frantically at bell and knocker. When at last I was in my friend's drawing-room, I told my troublous tale.

"Oh, I hope you have his number," said my host.

"No, he took it away, as I'm telling you."

"Oh, but don't you remember it? You should have taken it down with a pencil."

Then I discovered what my mistake had been.

I have never, since that first adventure with the London cabby, encountered anything quite so formidable and terrifying; but I still feel that the London Jehu is a being to be dreaded. My second experience of him was to drive under his auspices to a dinner-party. I gave him eighteenpence for a distance which I have since learned only entitled him to a shilling. He was a very polite cabman, quite the politest cabman I have ever seen. He regarded his one-and-sixpence with a gentle smile, a little tinged with melancholy. Then he touched his hat and said most respectfully:

"I begs your pardon, but I thinks has you don't know the distances. No lady has did know would give me less than two shillings."

I gave him another sixpence. I should have done so even if I had known better, his courtesy was so beguiling. He thanked me sweetly; then he said:

"About what time would my lady be going 'ome? If I'm hin this neighborhood I'll come for you."

I told him that I did not know; but he was evidently better informed than I was, for at about eleven o'clock a servant came to me and told me that the cabman who brought me was waiting for me; so I submitted to destiny and went home under his banner.

Since then I have made the acquaintance of all sorts of cabmen. One of my latest adventures was with one who had committed the slight but pardonable error of mistaking whiskey for beer, and so was rather inclined to darken knowledge with want of understanding. It was a four-wheeler which he drove, and he was certainly agile of limb and anxious to do his duty, for at least once in every five minutes he presented himself at my window and asked in a most ingratiating manner if I would tell him just where I wanted to go. I suppose I told him some twenty times or more before we arrived at our not distant destination. Faithful to the last, he dismounted again and rang the bell; but this final politeness had nearly proved too much for him, for he fell his length in coming down the steps. He picked himself up, however, and jauntily handed me from his chariot, took the fare I gave him with thanks, and parted from me on the kindest terms.

I have often wondered whether, if I had had the honor to have been born in London, my experience of cabby would have been just the same, or whether, even to his often bleared but perhaps not undiscriminating eyes, it is evident that I am a foreigner.

AFAR.

WHERE thou art not, no day holds light for me:
The brightest noontide turns to midnight deep,
Where no bird sings, and awsome shadows creep,
Persistent ghosts that hold my memory
And walk where Joy and Hope once walked with thee,
And in thy place their lonesome vigil keep,—
Sad ghosts that haunt the inmost ways of sleep,—
Ghosts whom no kindly morning makes to flee.
Their tireless footsteps never more will cease,—
Like crownless queens they tread their ancient ways,
These phantoms of old dreams and vanished days,
And mock my poor endeavors after peace.
Too long this arctic night, too keen its cold,—
Come back, strong sun, and warm me as of old.

IN TIME TO COME.

THE time will come, full soon, I shall be gone,
And you sit silent in the silent place,
With the sad Autumn sunlight on your face:
Remembering the loves that were your own,
Haunted, perchance, by some familiar tone,—
You will grow weary then for the dead days,
And mindful of their sweet and bitter ways,
Though passion into memory shall have grown.
Then shall I with your other ghosts draw nigh,
And whisper, as I pass, some former word,
Some old endearment known in days gone by,
Some tenderness that once your pulses stirred,—
Which was it spoke to you, the wind or I,
I think you, musing, scarcely will have heard.

Moses Coit Tyler.

Born in Griswold, Conn., 1835.

THE COLONIAL AMERICAN LITERATURE.

[*A History of American Literature.—Vols. I., II.* 1879.]

OUR FIRST LITERARY PERIOD.

THE present race of Americans who are of English lineage—that is, the most numerous and decidedly the dominant portion of the American people of to-day—are the direct descendants of the crowds of Englishmen who came to America in the seventeenth century. Our first literary period, therefore, fills the larger part of that century in which American civilization had its planting; even as its training into some maturity and power has been the business of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Of course, also, the most of the men who produced American literature during that period were immigrant authors of English birth and English culture; while the most of those who have produced American literature in the subsequent periods have been authors of American birth and of American culture. Notwithstanding their English birth, these first writers in America were Americans: we may not exclude them from our story of American literature. They founded that literature; they are its Fathers; they stamped their spiritual lineaments upon it; and we shall never deeply enter into the meanings of American literature in its later forms without tracing it back, affectionately, to its beginning with them. At the same time, our first literary epoch cannot fail to bear traces of the fact that nearly all the men who made it were Englishmen who had become Americans merely by removing to America. American life, indeed, at once reacted upon their minds, and began to give its tone and hue to their words; and for every reason, what they wrote here, we rightfully claim as a part of American literature; but England has a right to claim it likewise as a part of English literature. Indeed England and America are joint proprietors of this first tract of the great literary territory which we have undertaken to survey. Ought any one to wonder, however, if in the American literature of the seventeenth century he shall find the distinctive traits, good and bad, which during the same period characterized English literature? How could it be otherwise? Is it likely that an Englishman undergoes a literary revolution by sitting down to write in America instead of in England; or that he will write either much better or much worse only for having sailed across a thousand leagues of brine?

Undoubtedly literature for its own sake was not much thought of, or lived for, in those days. The men and women of force were putting their force into the strong and most urgent tasks pertaining to this world and the next. There was an abundance of intellectual vitality among them; and the nation grew

> "strong thru shifts, an' wants, an' pains,
> Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains."

Literature as a fine art, literature as the voice and the mistress of æsthetic delight, they had perhaps little skill in and little regard for; but literature as an instrument of humane and immediate utility, they honored, and at this they wrought with all the earnestness that was born in their blood. They wrote books not because they cared to write books, but because by writing books they could accomplish certain other things which they did care for.

And what were those other things? If we can discover them we shall at once grasp the clue to the right classification and the right interpretation of that still chaotic heap of writings which make up American literature in the colonial age. . . . .

The several groups of writings . . . sprang in considerable measure from motives looking toward the love, or the interest, or the authority of the people of England, from whom those earliest Americans had but recently withdrawn themselves. These groups of writings, however, by no means constitute a moiety of American literature even in our first period. By far the larger portion of our writings were composed for our own people alone, and with reference to our own interests, inspirations, and needs. These include, first, sermons and other religious treatises; second, histories; and third, poetry and some examples of miscellaneous prose.

Since the earliest English colonists upon these shores began to make a literature as soon as they arrived here, it follows that we can fix the exact date of the birth of American literature. It is that year 1607, when Englishmen, by transplanting themselves to America, first began to be Americans. Thus may the history of our literature be traced back from the present hour, as it recedes along the track of our national life, through the early days of the republic, through five generations of colonial existence, until, in the first decade of the seventeenth century, it is merged in its splendid parentage—the written speech of England. And the birth-epoch of American literature was a fortunate one: it was amid the full magnificence of the Elizabethan period, whose creative vitality, whose superb fruitage reached forward and cast their glory across the entire generation succeeding the death of Elizabeth herself. The first lispings of American literature were heard along the sands of the Chesapeake

and near the gurgling tides of the James River, at the very time when the firmament of English literature was all ablaze with the light of her full-orbed and most wonderful writers, the wits, the dramatists, scholars, orators, singers, philosophers, who formed that incomparable group of titanic men gathered in London during the earlier years of the seventeenth century; when the very air of London must have been electric with the daily words of those immortals, whose casual talk upon the pavement by the street-side was a coinage of speech richer, more virile, more expressive, than has been known on this planet since the great days of Athenian poetry, eloquence, and mirth. . . . . .

THE NEW ENGLAND WRITERS.

Did the people of New England in their earliest age begin to produce a literature? Who can doubt it? With their incessant activity of brain, with so much both of common and of uncommon culture among them, with intellectual interests so lofty and strong, with so many outward occasions to stir their deepest passions into the same great currents, it would be hard to explain it had they indeed produced no literature. Moreover, contrary to what is commonly asserted of them, they were not without a literary class. In as large a proportion to the whole population as was then the case in the mother-country, there were in New England many men trained to the use of books, accustomed to express themselves fluently by voice and pen, and not so immersed in the physical tasks of life as to be deprived of the leisure for whatever writing they were prompted to undertake. It was a literary class made up of men of affairs, country-gentlemen, teachers, above all of clergymen; men of letters who did not depend upon letters for their bread, and who thus did their work under conditions of intellectual independence. Nor is it true that all the environments of their lives were unfriendly to literary action; indeed for a certain class of minds those environments were extremely wholesome and stimulating. There were about them many of the tokens and forces of a picturesque, romantic, and impressive life: the infinite solitudes of the wilderness, its mystery, its peace; the near presence of nature, vast, potent, unassailed; the strange problems presented to them by savage character and savage life; their own escape from great cities, from crowds, from mean competitions; the luxury of having room enough; the delight of being free; the urgent interest of all the Protestant world in their undertaking; the hopes of humanity already looking thither; the coming to them of scholars, saints, statesmen, philosophers. Many of these factors in the early colonial times are such as cannot be reached by statistics, and are apt to be lost by those who merely grope on the surface of history. If our

antiquarians have generally missed this view, it may reassure us to know that our greatest literary artists have not failed to see it. "New England," as Hawthorne believed, "was then in a state incomparably more picturesque than at present, or than it has been within the memory of man." That, indeed, was the beginning of "the old colonial day" which Longfellow has pictured to us,

> "When men lived in a grander way,
> With ampler hospitality."

For the study of literature, they turned with eagerness to the ancient classics; read them freely; quoted them with apt facility. Though their new home was but a province, their minds were not provincial: they had so stalwart and chaste a faith in the ideas which brought them to America as to think that wherever those ideas were put into practice, there was the metropolis. In the public expression of thought they limited themselves by restraints which, though then prevalent in all parts of the civilized world, now seem shameful and intolerable: the printing-press in New England during the seventeenth century was in chains. The first instrument of the craft and mystery of printing was set up at Cambridge in 1639, under the auspices of Harvard College; and for the subsequent twenty-three years the president of that College was in effect responsible for the good behavior of the terrible machine. His control of it did not prove sufficiently vigilant. The fears of the clergy were excited by the lenity that had permitted the escape into the world of certain books which tended "to open the door of heresy"; therefore, in 1662 two official licensers were appointed, without whose consent nothing was to be printed. Even this did not make the world seem safe; and two years afterward the law was made more stringent. Other licensers were appointed; excepting the one at Cambridge no printing-press was to be allowed in the colony; and if from the printing-press that was allowed, anything should be printed without the permission of the licensers, the peccant engine was to be forfeited to the government and the printer himself was to be forbidden the exercise of his profession "within this jurisdiction for the time to come." But even the new licensers were not severe enough. In 1667, having learned that these officers had given their consent to the publication of "The Imitation of Christ," a book written "by a popish minister, wherein is contained some things that are less safe to be infused amongst the people of this place," the authorities directed that the book should be returned to the licensers for "a more full revisal," and that in the mean time the printing-press should stand still. In the leading colony of New England legal restraints upon printing were not entirely removed until about twenty-one years before the Declaration of Independence.

The chief literary disadvantages of New England were, that her writers lived far from the great repositories of books, and far from the central currents of the world's best thinking; that the lines of their own literary activity were few; and that, though they nourished their minds upon the Hebrew Scriptures and upon the classics of the Roman and Greek literatures, they stood aloof, with a sort of horror, from the richest and most exhilarating types of classic writing in their own tongue. In many ways their literary development was stunted and stiffened by the narrowness of Puritanism. Nevertheless, what they lacked in symmetry of culture and in range of literary movement, was something which the very integrity of their natures was sure to compel them, either in themselves or in their posterity, to acquire. For the people of New England it must be said that in stock, spiritual and physical, they were well started; and that of such a race, under such opportunities, almost anything great and bright may be predicted. Within their souls at that time the æsthetic sense was crushed down and almost trampled out by the fell tyranny of their creed. But the æsthetic sense was still within them; and in pure and wholesome natures such as theirs, its emergence was only a matter of normal growth. They who have their eyes fixed in adoration upon the beauty of holiness are not far from the sight of all beauty. It is not permitted to us to doubt that in music, in painting, architecture, sculpture, poetry, prose, the highest art will be reached, in some epoch of its growth, by the robust and versatile race sprung from those practical idealists of the seventeenth century—those impassioned seekers after the invisible truth and beauty and goodness. Even in their times, as we shall presently see, some sparkles and prophecies of the destined splendor could not help breaking forth. . . .

PREACHING IN NEW ENGLAND.

In his theme, in his audience, in the appointments of each sacred occasion, the preacher had everything to stimulate him to put into his sermons his utmost intellectual force. The entire community were present, constituting a congregation hardly to be equalled now for its high average of critical intelligence: trained to acute and rugged thinking by their habit of grappling day by day with the most difficult problems in theology; fond of subtile metaphysical distinctions; fond of system, minuteness, and completeness of treatment; not bringing to church any moods of listlessness or flippancy; not expecting to find there mental diversion, or mental repose; but going there with their minds aroused for strenuous and robust work, and demanding from the preacher solid thought, not gushes of sentiment, not torrents of eloquent sound. Then, too, there was time enough for the preacher to move upon his subject

carefully, and to turn himself about in it, and to develop the resources of it amply, to his mind's content, hour by hour, in perfect assurance that his congregation would not desert him either by going out or by going to sleep. Moreover, if a single discourse, even on the vast scale of a Puritan pulpit-performance, were not enough to enable him to give full statement to his topic, he was at liberty, according to a favorite usage in those days, to resume and continue the topic week by week, and month by month, in orderly sequence; thus, after the manner of a professor of theology, traversing with minute care and triumphant completeness the several great realms of his science. If the methods of the preacher resembled those of a theological professor, it may be added that his congregation likewise had the appearance of an assemblage of theological students; since it was customary for nearly every one to bring his note-book to church, and to write in it diligently as much of the sermon as he could take down. They had no newspapers, no theatres, no miscellaneous lectures, no entertainments of secular music or of secular oratory, none of the genial distractions of our modern life: the place of all these was filled by the sermon. The sermon was without a competitor in the eye or mind of the community. It was the central and commanding incident in their lives; the one stately spectacle for all men and all women year after year; the grandest matter of anticipation or of memory; the theme for hot disputes on which all New England would take sides, and which would seem sometimes to shake the world to its centre. Thus were the preachers held to a high standard of intellectual work. Hardly anything was lacking that could incite a strong man to do his best continually, to the end of his days; and into the function of preaching, the supreme function at that time in popular homage and influence, the strongest men were drawn. Their pastorships were usually for life; and no man could long satisfy such listeners, or fail soon to talk himself empty in their presence, who did not toil mightily in reading and in thinking, pouring ideas into his mind even faster than he poured them out of it.

Without doubt, the sermons produced in New England during the colonial times, and especially during the seventeenth century, are the most authentic and characteristic revelations of the mind of New England for all that wonderful epoch. They are commonly spoken of mirthfully by an age that lacks the faith of that period, its earnestness, its grip, its mental robustness; a grinning and a flabby age, an age hating effort, and requiring to be amused. The theological and religious writings of early New England may not now be readable; but they are certainly not despicable. They represent an enormous amount of subtile, sustained, and sturdy brain-power. They are, of course, grave, dry, abstruse, dreadful; to our debilitated attentions they are hard to

follow; in style they are often uncouth and ponderous; they are technical in the extreme; they are devoted to a theology that yet lingers in the memory of mankind only through certain shells of words long since emptied of their original meaning. Nevertheless, these writings are monuments of vast learning, and of a stupendous intellectual energy both in the men who produced them and in the men who listened to them. Of course they can never be recalled to any vital human interest. They have long since done their work in moving the minds of men. Few of them can be cited as literature. In the mass, they can only be labelled by the antiquarians and laid away upon shelves to be looked at occasionally as curiosities of verbal expression, and as relics of an intellectual condition gone forever. They were conceived by noble minds; they are themselves noble. They are superior to our jests. We may deride them, if we will; but they are not derided. . . . .

POETRY AND PURITANISM.

A happy surprise awaits those who come to the study of the early literature of New England with the expectation of finding it altogether arid in sentiment, or void of the spirit and aroma of poetry. The New-Englander of the seventeenth century was indeed a typical Puritan; and it will hardly be said that any typical Puritan of that century was a poetical personage. In proportion to his devotion to the ideas that won for him the derisive honor of his name, was he at war with nearly every form of the beautiful. He himself believed that there was an inappeasable feud between religion and art; and hence, the duty of suppressing art was bound up in his soul with the master-purpose of promoting religion. He cultivated the grim and the ugly. He was afraid of the approaches of Satan through the avenues of what is graceful and joyous. The principal business of men and women in this world seemed to him to be not to make it as delightful as possible, but to get through it as safely as possible. By a whimsical and horrid freak of unconscious Manichæism, he thought that whatever is good here is appropriated to God, and whatever is pleasant, to the devil. It is not strange if he were inclined to measure the holiness of a man's life by its disagreeableness. In the logic and fury of his tremendous faith, he turned away utterly from music, from sculpture and painting, from architecture, from the adornments of costume, from the pleasures and embellishments of society; because these things seemed only "the devil's flippery and seduction" to his "ascetic soul, aglow with the gloomy or rapturous mysteries of his theology." Hence, very naturally, he turned away likewise from certain great and splendid types of literature,—from the drama, from the playful and sensuous verse of Chaucer and his innumerable sons,

from the secular prose writings of his contemporaries, and from all forms of modern lyric verse except the Calvinistic hymn.

Nevertheless, the Puritan did not succeed in eradicating poetry from his nature. Of course, poetry was planted there too deep even for his theological grub-hooks to root it out. Though denied expression in one way, the poetry that was in him forced itself into utterance in another. If his theology drove poetry out of many forms in which it had been used to reside, poetry itself practised a noble revenge by taking up its abode in his theology. His supreme thought was given to theology; and there he nourished his imagination with the mightiest and sublimest conceptions that a human being can entertain—conceptions of God and man, of angels and devils, of Providence and duty and destiny, of heaven, earth, hell. Though he stamped his foot in horror and scorn upon many exquisite and delicious types of literary art; stripped society of all its embellishments, life of all its amenities, sacred architecture of all its grandeur, the public service of divine worship of the hallowed pomp, the pathos and beauty of its most reverend and stately forms; though his prayers were often a snuffle, his hymns a dolorous whine, his extemporized liturgy a bleak ritual of ungainly postures and of harsh monotonous howls; yet the idea that filled and thrilled his soul was one in every way sublime, immense, imaginative, poetic—the idea of the awful omnipotent Jehovah, his inexorable justice, his holiness, the inconceivable brightness of his majesty, the vastness of his unchanging designs along the entire range of his relations with the hierarchies of heaven, the principalities and powers of the pit, and the elect and the reprobate of the sons of Adam. How resplendent and superb was the poetry that lay at the heart of Puritanism, was seen by the sightless eyes of John Milton, whose great epic is indeed the epic of Puritanism.

Turning to Puritanism as it existed in New England, we may perhaps imagine it as solemnly declining the visits of the Muses of poetry, sending out to them the blunt but honest message—"Otherwise engaged." Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course, Thalia, and Melpomene, and Terpsichore could not under any pretence have been admitted; but Polyhymnia—why should not she have been allowed to come in? especially if she were willing to forsake her deplorable sisters, give up her pagan habits, and submit to Christian baptism. Indeed, the Muse of New England, whosoever that respectable damsel may have been, was a muse by no means exclusive; such as she was, she cordially visited every one who would receive her,—and every one would receive her. It is an extraordinary fact about these grave and substantial men of New England, especially during our earliest literary age, that they all had a lurking propensity to write what they sincerely believed to be

poetry,—and this, in most cases, in unconscious defiance of the edicts of nature and of a predetermining Providence. Lady Mary Montagu said that in England, in her time, verse-making had become as common as taking snuff: in New England, in the age before that, it had become much more common than taking snuff—since there were some who did not take snuff. It is impressive to note, as we inspect our first period, that neither advanced age, nor high office, nor mental unfitness, nor previous condition of respectability, was sufficient to protect any one from the poetic vice. We read of venerable men, like Peter Bulkley, continuing to lapse into it when far beyond the grand climacteric. Governor Thomas Dudley was hardly a man to be suspected of such a thing; yet even against him the evidence must be pronounced conclusive: some verses in his own handwriting were found upon his person after his death. Even the sage and serious governor of Plymouth wrote ostensible poems. The renowned pulpit-orator, John Cotton, did the same; although, in some instances, he prudently concealed the fact by inscribing his English verses in Greek characters upon the blank leaves of his almanac. Here and there, even a town-clerk, placing on record the deeply prosaic proceedings of the selectmen, would adorn them in the sacred costume of poetry. Perhaps, indeed, all this was their solitary condescension to human frailty. The earthly element, the passion, the carnal taint, the vanity, the weariness, or whatever else it be that, in other men, works itself off in a pleasure-journey, in a flirtation, in going to the play, or in a convivial bout, did in these venerable men exhaust itself in the sly dissipation of writing verses. Remembering their unfriendly attitude toward art in general, this universal mania of theirs for some forms of the poetic art—this unrestrained proclivity toward the "lust of versification"—must seem to us an odd psychological freak. Or, shall we rather say that it was not a freak at all, but a normal effort of nature, which, being unduly repressed in one direction, is accustomed to burst over all barriers in another; and that these grim and godly personages in the old times fell into the intemperance of rhyming, just as in later days, excellent ministers of the gospel and gray-haired deacons, recoiling from the sin and scandal of a game at billiards, have been known to manifest an inordinate joy in the orthodox frivolity of croquet? As respects the poetry which was perpetrated by our ancestors, it must be mentioned that a benignant Providence has its own methods of protecting the human family from intolerable misfortune; and that the most of this poetry has perished. Enough, however, has survived to furnish us with materials for everlasting gratitude, by enabling us in a measure to realize the nature and extent of the calamity which the divine intervention has spared us. . . . . .

COTTON MATHER.

In the intellectual distinction of the Mather family, there seemed to be, for at least three generations, a certain cumulative felicity. The general acknowledgment of this fact is recorded in an old epitaph, composed for the founder of the illustrious tribe:

> "Under this stone lies Richard Mather,
> Who had a son greater than his father,
> And eke a grandson greater than either."

This overtopping grandson was, of course, none other than Cotton Mather, the literary behemoth of New England in our colonial era; the man whose fame as a writer surpasses, in later times and especially in foreign countries, that of any other pre-Revolutionary American, excepting Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin.

The twelfth of February, 1663, was the happy day on which he was bestowed upon the world,—the eldest of a family of ten children, his mother being the only daughter of the celebrated pulpit-orator, John Cotton. In himself, therefore, the forces and graces of two ancestral lines renowned for force and for grace seemed to meet and culminate.

From his earliest childhood, and through all his days, he was gazed at and belauded by his immediate associates, as a being of almost supernatural genius, and of quite indescribable godliness. That his nature early became saturated with self-consciousness, and that he grew to be a vast literary and religious coxcomb, is a thing not likely to astonish any one who duly considers, first, the strong original aptitude of the man in that direction, and, secondly, the manner of his mortal life from the cradle to the grave,—the idol of a distinguished family, the prodigy both of school and of college, the oracle of a rich parish, the pet and demigod of an endless series of sewing-societies.

It may be said of Cotton Mather, that he was born with an enormous memory, an enormous appetite for every species of knowledge, an enormous zeal and power for work, an enormous passion for praise. At his birth, also, he came into a household of books and of students. The first breath he drew was air charged with erudition. His toys and his playmates were books. The dialect of his childhood was the ponderous phraseology of philosophers and divines. To be a scholar was a part of the family inheritance. At eleven years of age he was a freshman in Harvard College; having, however, before that time, read Homer and Isocrates, and many unusual Latin authors, and having likewise entered upon the congenial employment of exhorting his juvenile friends to lives of godliness, and even of writing "poems of devotion" for their private use. At fifteen, on taking his first degree, he had the pleasure of hear-

ing the president of the college address to him, by name, in the presence of the great throng at commencement, a glowing compliment,—admirably constructed to ripen in this precocious and decidedly priggish young gentleman his already well-developed sense of his own importance. At eighteen, on taking his second degree, he delivered a learned and persuasive thesis, on "the divine origin of the Hebrew points."

One year before the event last mentioned, he began to preach. Being oppressed by a grievous habit of stammering, he was on the point of abandoning the ministry for the medical profession, when "that good old school-master, Mr. Corlet," told him that he could cure himself of his trouble, if he would but remember always to speak "with a dilated deliberation." He adopted the suggestion, and was cured. At the age of twenty-two, he was made an associate of his father in the pastorship of North Church, Boston. There, in the pauseless prosecution of almost incredible labors, literary, philanthropic, oratorical, and social, he continued to the end of his days on earth. He departed this life in 1728, having been permitted to contemplate, for many years and with immense delight, the progress of his own fame, as it reverberated through Christendom.

Upon the whole, the picture of Cotton Mather, given to us in his own writings, and in the writings of those who knew him and loved him, is one of surpassing painfulness. We see a person whose intellectual endowments were quite remarkable, but inflated and perverted by egotism; himself imposed upon by his own moral affectations; completely surrendered to spiritual artifice; stretched, every instant of his life, on the rack of ostentatious exertion, intellectual and religious, and all this partly for vanity's sake, partly for conscience' sake—in deference to a dreadful system of ascetic and pharisaic formalism, in which his nature was hopelessly enmeshed. . . . .

At the age of sixteen, he had drawn up for himself systems of all the sciences. Besides the ancient languages, Hebrew, Latin, Greek, which he used with facility, he knew French, Spanish, and even one of the Indian tongues, and prided himself on having composed and published works in most of them. It was his ambition to be acquainted with all branches of knowledge, with all spheres of thought; to get sight of all books. His library was the largest private collection on the American continent. They who called upon him in his study were instructed by this legend written in capitals above the door: "Be Short." He had no time to waste. He was always at work. They who beheld him marvelled at his power of dispatching most books at a glance, and yet of possessing all that was in them. "He would ride post through an author." "He pencilled as he went along, and at the end reduced the substance to his commonplaces, to be reviewed at lei-

sure; and all this with wonderful celerity." The results of all his omnivorous readings were at perfect command; his talk overflowed with learning and wit: "he seemed to have an inexhaustible source of divine flame and vigor. . . . How instructive, learned, pious, and engaging was he in his private converse; superior company for the greatest of men. . . . How agreeably tempered with a various mixture of wit and cheerfulness." The readers of his books may, indeed, infer from them something of his splendid powers of intellect; but they cannot "imagine that extraordinary lustre of pious and useful literature wherewith we were every day entertained, surprised, and satisfied, who dwelt in the directer rays, in the more immediate vision." The people in daily association with him were, indeed, constantly amazed at "the capacity of his mind, the readiness of his wit, the vastness of his reading, the strength of his memory, . . . the tenor of a most entertaining and profitable conversation."

On his death-bed, he gave to his son, Samuel, this final charge: "Remember only that one word—'Fructuosus.'" It seemed the hereditary motto of the Mathers. He himself could have uttered no word more descriptive of the passion and achievement of his own life. There is a chronological list of the publications made in America during the colonial time; and it is swollen and overlaid by the name of Cotton Mather, and by the polyglot and arduous titles of his books. We are told that in a single year, besides doing all his work as minister of a great metropolitan parish, and besides keeping sixty fasts and twenty vigils, he published fourteen books. The whole number of his separate writings published during his lifetime exceeds three hundred and eighty-three. No wonder that his contemporaries took note of such fecundity. One of them exclaimed:

"Is the blest Mather necromancer turned?"

Another one declared:

"Play is his toil, and work his recreation."

The most famous book produced by him,—the most famous book, likewise, produced by any American during the colonial time,—is one to which, in these pages, we have often gone for curious spoils: "Magnalia Christi Americana; or, The Ecclesiastical History of New England, from its first planting, in the year 1620, unto the year of our Lord 1698." . . . .

Upon the whole, as an historian, he was unequal to his high opportunity. The "Magnalia" has great merits: it has, also, fatal defects. In its mighty chaos of fables and blunders and misrepresentations, are of course lodged many single facts of the utmost value, personal remi-

niscences, social gossip, snatches of conversation, touches of description, traits of character and life, that can be found nowhere else, and that help us to paint for ourselves some living picture of the great men and the great days of early New England; yet herein, also, history and fiction are so jumbled and shuffled together, that it is never possible to tell, without other help than the author's, just where the fiction ends and the history begins. On no disputed question of fact is the unaided testimony of Cotton Mather of much weight; and it is probably true, as a very acute though very unfriendly modern critic of his has declared, that he has "published more errors of carelessness than any other writer on the history of New England."

Though the fame of the "Magnalia" overshadows that of all the other writings produced by its author, it was the book of a young man—if, indeed, we are permitted to suppose that Cotton Mather ever was a young man. Of the books he wrote after that, and especially in his later years, several are more readable, and perhaps also more valuable, than the work on which his literary renown principally rests. . .

The true place of Cotton Mather in our literary history is indicated when we say that he was in prose writing exactly what Nicholas Noyes was in poetry,—the last, the most vigorous, and, therefore, the most disagreeable representative of the Fantastic school in literature; and that, like Nicholas Noyes, he prolonged in New England the methods of that school even after his most cultivated contemporaries there had outgrown them and had come to dislike them. The expulsion of the beautiful from thought, from sentiment, from language; a lawless and a merciless fury for the odd, the disorderly, the grotesque, the violent; strained analogies, unexpected images, pedantries, indelicacies, freaks of allusion, monstrosities of phrase;—these are the traits of Cotton Mather's writing, even as they are the traits common to that perverse and detestable literary mood that held sway in different countries of Christendom during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Its birthplace was Italy; New England was its grave; Cotton Mather was its last great apostle.

His writings, in fact, are an immense reservoir of examples in Fantastic prose. Their most salient characteristic is pedantry,—a pedantry that is gigantic, stark, untempered, rejoicing in itself, unconscious of shame, filling all space in his books like an atmosphere. The mind of Cotton Mather was so possessed by the books he had read that his most common thought had to force its way into utterance through dense hedges and jungles of quotation. Not only every sentence, but nearly every clause, pivots itself on some learned allusion; and by inveterate habit he had come to consider all subjects not directly, but in their reflections and echoes in books. It is quite evident, too, that, just as the poet often shapes his idea to his rhymes and is helped to an idea by

his rhyme, so Mather's mind acquired the knack of steering his thought so as to take in his quotation, from which in turn, perhaps, he reaped another thought.

That his manner of writing outlived the liking of his contemporaries, especially his later contemporaries, is plain. The best of them,—Jeremiah Dummer, Benjamin Colman, John Barnard, Mather Byles, Charles Chauncy, Jonathan Mayhew,—rejected his style, and formed themselves, instead, upon the temperate and tasteful prose that had already come into use in England; while, even by his most devoted admirers, the vices of his literary expression were acknowledged. Thomas Prince, for example, gently said of him: "In his style he was something singular, and not so agreeable to the gust of the age." Even his own son, Samuel Mather, regretted his fault of "straining for far-fetched and dear-bought hints."

But Cotton Mather had not formed his style by accident, nor was he without a philosophy to justify it. In early life he described his compositions as ornamented "by the multiplied references to other and former concerns, closely couched, for the observation of the attentive, in almost every paragraph"; and declared that this was "the best way of writing." And in his old age, nettled by the many sarcastic criticisms that were made upon his style by presumptuous persons even in his own city, he resumed the subject; and in a simple and trenchant passage, of real worth not only for itself but for its bearing upon the literary spirit of the period, he proudly defended his own literary manner, and even retorted criticism upon the literary manner of his assailants.

EARLY COLONIAL ISOLATION.

This notable fact of the isolation of each colony or of each small group of colonies reflects itself both in the form and in the spirit of our early literature, giving to each colony or to each group its own literary accent.

The English language that prevailed in all the colonies was, of course, the English language that had been brought from England in the seventeenth century; but, according to a well-established linguistic law, it had at once suffered here an arrest of development, remaining for some time in the stage in which it was at the period of the emigration; and when it began to alter, it altered more slowly than it had done, in the mean time, in the mother-country, and it altered in a different direction. Indeed, even in the nineteenth century, "the speech of the American English is archaic with respect to that of the British English," its peculiarities consisting, in the main, of "seventeenth century survivals as modified by environment."

Moreover, just as environment led to many modifications of the English language as between the several colonies and the mother-country, so did it lead to many modifications of the English language as between the several colonies themselves; and by the year 1752 it was possible for Benjamin Franklin to say that every colony had "some peculiar expressions, familiar to its own people, but strange and unintelligible to others."

But the separate literary accent of each colony was derived, also, from dissimilarities deeper than those relating to verbal forms and verbal combinations, namely, dissimilarities in personal character. Thus, the literature of the Churchmen and Cavaliers of Virginia differed from the literature of the Calvinists and Roundheads of New England, just as their natures differed: the former being merry, sparkling, with a sensual and a worldly vein, having some echoes from the lyric poets and the dramatists of the seventeenth century, and from the wits of the time of Queen Anne; the latter, sad, devout, theological, analytic, with a constant effort toward the austerities of the spirit, looking joylessly upon this material world as upon a sphere blighted by sin, giving back plaintive reverberations from the diction of the Bible, of the sermon-writers, and of the makers of grim and sorrowful verse. Between these two extremes—Virginia and New England—there lay the middle regions of spiritual and literary compromise, New York and Pennsylvania; and there the gravity and immobility of the Dutch Presbyterians, the primness, the literalness, the art-scorning mysticism of the Pennsylvania Quakers, were soon tempered and diversified by an infusion of personal influences that were strongly stimulating and expanding,—many of them being, indeed, free-minded, light-hearted, and moved by a conscious attraction toward the catholic and the beautiful. In general, the characteristic note of American literature in the colonial time is, for New England, scholarly, logical, speculative, unworldly, rugged, sombre; and as one passes southward along the coast, across other spiritual zones, this literary note changes rapidly toward lightness and brightness, until it reaches the sensuous mirth, the frank and jovial worldliness, the satire, the persiflage, the gentlemanly grace, the amenity, the jocular coarseness, of literature in Maryland, Virginia, and the farther south.

On the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that, while the tendency toward colonial isolation had its way, throughout the entire colonial age, there was also an opposite tendency—a tendency toward colonial fellowship—that asserted itself even from the first, and yet at the first faintly, but afterward with steadily increasing power as time went on; until at last, in 1765, aided by a fortunate blunder in the statesmanship of England, this tendency became suddenly dominant,

and led to that united and great national life, without which a united and great national literature here would have been forever impossible. This august fact of fellowship between the several English populations in America,—a fellowship maintained and even strengthened after the original occasion of it had ceased,—has perhaps saved the English language in America from finally breaking up into a multitude of mutually repellent dialects; it has certainly saved American literature from the pettiness of permanent local distinctions, from fitfulness in its development, and from disheartening limitations in its audience.

Of the causes that were at work during our colonial age to produce and strengthen this benign tendency toward colonial fellowship, and to ripen it for the illustrious opportunity that came in the year 1765, several belong especially to the domain of general history; and it will be enough for our present purposes merely to name them here. First, it is evident that, between the English residents in America, blood told; for, whatever partisan distinctions, religious or political, separated the primitive colonists on their departure from England and during their earlier years here, these distinctions, after a while, grew dim, especially under the consciousness that they who cherished them were, after all, members of the same great English family, and that the contrasts between themselves were far less than the contrasts between themselves and all other persons on this side of the Atlantic,—Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Indians. Secondly, there were certain religious sympathies that led to intercolonial acquaintance,—Churchmen in one colony reaching out the hand of brotherhood to Churchmen in another colony, Quakers in Pennsylvania greeting Quakers in New Jersey or Rhode Island, the Congregational Calvinists of New England reciprocating kind words with the Presbyterian Calvinists of the middle colonies and the south. Thirdly, in the interchange of commodities between the several colonies, commerce played its usual part as a missionary of genial acquaintance and coöperation. Fourthly, there were in all the colonies certain problems common to all, growing out of their relation to the supreme authority of England; and the method of dealing with these problems in any one colony was of interest to all the others. Finally, all were aware of a common peril from the American ambition of France, and from the savage allies of France on this continent.

Besides these general causes leading toward colonial union,—kinship, religion, commerce, dependence upon the same sovereign, peril from the same enemies,—there were three other causes that may be described as purely intellectual—the rise of journalism, the founding of colleges, and the study of physical science. . . . .

In spite of all these influences working toward colonial fellowship, the prevailing fact in American life, down to the year 1765, was colonial

isolation. With that year came the immense event that suddenly swept nearly all minds in the several colonies into the same great current of absorbing thought, and that held them there for nearly twenty years. From the date of that event, we cease to concern ourselves with an American literature in the east or the south, in this colony or in that. Henceforward American literature flows in one great common stream, and not in petty rills of geographical discrimination.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Born in Calais, Me., 1835.

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!

[*Poems.* 1882.]

COME up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh;
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the fulness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dusk and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

MAGDALEN.

IF any woman of us all,
  If any woman of the street,
Before the Lord should pause and fall,
  And with her long hair wipe his feet;

He, whom with yearning hearts we love,
  And fain would see with human eyes
Around our living pathway move,
  And underneath our daily skies;

The Maker of the heavens and earth,
  The Lord of life, the Lord of death,
In whom the universe had birth
  But breathing of our breath one breath!—

If any woman of the street
  Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh
Of her long tresses wipe his feet,
  And with her kisses kiss their flesh,—

How round that woman would we throng!
  How willingly would clasp her hands,
Fresh from that touch divine, and long
  To gather up the twice-blest strands!

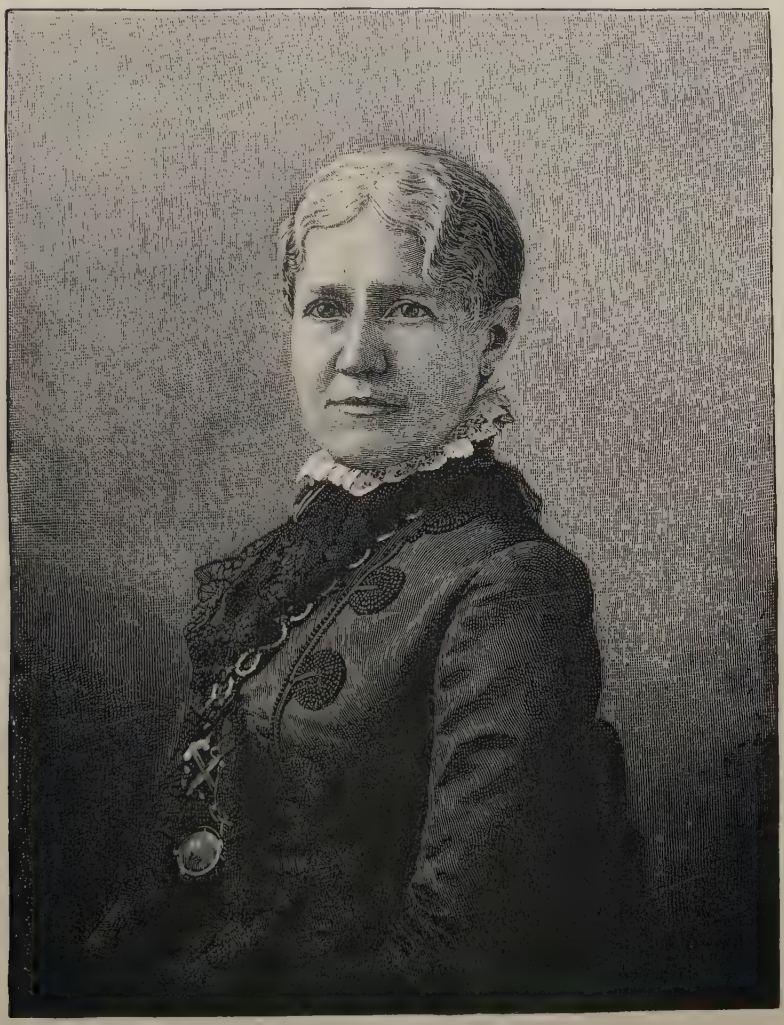
How eagerly with her would change
  Our trivial innocence, nor heed
Her shameful memories and strange,
  Could we but also claim that deed!

A SIGH.

IT was nothing but a rose I gave her,—
  Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
  Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
  With a hand as chill,—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
  Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
  Crumpled fold on fold,—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
  Cannot make it old!



Harriet Prescott Spofford

CIRCUMSTANCE.

[*The Amber Gods, and Other Stories.* 1863.]

SHE had remained, during all that day, with a sick neighbor,—those eastern wilds of Maine in that epoch frequently making neighbors and miles synonymous,—and so busy had she been with care and sympathy that she did not at first observe the approaching night. But finally the level rays, reddening the snow, threw their gleam upon the wall, and, hastily donning cloak and hood, she bade her friends farewell and sallied forth on her return. Home lay some three miles distant, across a copse, a meadow, and a piece of woods,—the woods being a fringe on the skirts of the great forests that stretch far away into the North. That home was one of a dozen log houses lying a few furlongs apart from each other, with their half-cleared demesnes separating them at the rear from a wilderness untrodden save by stealthy native or deadly panther tribes.

She was in a nowise exalted frame of spirit,—on the contrary, rather depressed by the pain she had witnessed and the fatigue she had endured; but in certain temperaments such a condition throws open the mental pores, so to speak, and renders one receptive of every influence. Through the little copse she walked slowly, with her cloak folded about her, lingering to imbibe the sense of shelter, the sunset filtered in purple through the mist of woven spray and twig, the companionship of growth not sufficiently dense to band against her, the sweet home-feeling of a young and tender wintry wood. It was therefore just on the edge of the evening that she emerged from the place and began to cross the meadow-land. At one hand lay the forest to which her path wound; at the other the evening star hung over a tide of failing orange that slowly slipped down to the earth's broad side to sadden other hemispheres with sweet regret. Walking rapidly now, and with her eyes wide open, she distinctly saw in the air before her what was not there a moment ago, a winding-sheet,—cold, white, and ghastly, waved by the likeness of four wan hands,—that rose with a long inflation, and fell in rigid folds, while a voice, shaping itself from the hollowness above, spectral and melancholy, sighed: "The Lord have mercy on the people! The Lord have mercy on the people!" Three times the sheet with its corpse-covering outline waved beneath the pale hands, and the voice, awful in its solemn and mysterious depth, sighed: "The Lord have mercy on the people!" Then all was gone, the place was clear again, the gray sky was obstructed by no deathly blot; she looked about her, shook her shoulders decidedly, and, pulling on her hood, went forward once more.

She might have been a little frightened by such an apparition, if she

had led a life of less reality than frontier settlers are apt to lead; but dealing with hard fact does not engender a flimsy habit of mind, and this woman was too sincere and earnest in her character, and too happy in her situation, to be thrown by antagonism, merely, upon superstitious fancies and chimeras of the second-sight. She did not even believe herself subject to an hallucination, but smiled simply, a little vexed that her thought could have framed such a glamour from the day's occurrences, and not sorry to lift the bough of the warder of the woods and enter and disappear in their sombre path. If she had been imaginative, she would have hesitated at her first step into a region whose dangers were not visionary; but I suppose that the thought of a little child at home would conquer that propensity in the most habituated. So, biting a bit of spicy birch, she went along. Now and then she came to a gap where the trees had been partially felled, and here she found that the lingering twilight was explained by that peculiar and perhaps electric film which sometimes sheathes the sky in diffused light for many hours before a brilliant aurora. Suddenly, a swift shadow, like the fabulous flying-dragon, writhed through the air before her, and she felt herself instantly seized and borne aloft. It was that wild beast—the most savage and serpentine and subtle and fearless of our latitudes—known by hunters as the Indian Devil, and he held her in his clutches on the broad floor of a swinging fir-bough. His long sharp claws were caught in her clothing; he worried them sagaciously a little, then, finding that ineffectual to free them, he commenced licking her bare arms with his rasping tongue and pouring over her the wide streams of his hot, fetid breath. So quick had this flashing action been that the woman had had no time for alarm; moreover, she was not of the screaming kind: but now, as she felt him endeavoring to disentangle his claws, and the horrid sense of her fate smote her, and she saw instinctively the fierce plunge of those weapons, the long strips of living flesh torn from her bones, the agony, the quivering disgust, itself a worse agony,—while by her side, and holding her in his great lithe embrace, the monster crouched, his white tusks whetting and gnashing, his eyes glaring through all the darkness like balls of red fire,—a shriek, that rang in every forest hollow, that startled every winter-housed thing, that stirred and woke the least needle of the tasselled pines, tore through her lips. A moment afterward, the beast left the arm, once white, now crimson, and looked up alertly.

She did not think at this instant to call upon God. She called upon her husband. It seemed to her that she had but one friend in the world; that was he; and again the cry, loud, clear, prolonged, echoed through the woods. It was not the shriek that disturbed the creature at his relish; he was not born in the woods to be scared of an owl, you

know; what then? It must have been the echo, most musical, most resonant, repeated and yet repeated, dying with long sighs of sweet sound, vibrated from rock to river and back again from depth to depth of cave and cliff. Her thought flew after it; she knew that, even if her husband heard it, he yet could not reach her in time; she saw that while the beast listened he would not gnaw,—and this she *felt* directly, when the rough, sharp, and multiplied stings of his tongue retouched her arm. Again her lips opened by instinct, but the sound that issued thence came by reason. She had heard that music charmed wild beasts,—just this point between life and death intensified every faculty,—and when she opened her lips the third time, it was not for shrieking, but for singing.

A little thread of melody stole out, a rill of tremulous motion; it was the cradle-song with which she rocked her baby;—how could she sing that? And then she remembered the baby sleeping rosily on the long settee before the fire,—the father cleaning his gun, with one foot on the green wooden rundle,—the merry light from the chimney dancing out and through the room, on the rafters of the ceiling with their tassels of onions and herbs, on the log walls painted with lichens and festooned with apples, on the king's-arm slung across the shelf with the old pirate's-cutlass, on the snow-pile of the bed, and on the great brass clock,—dancing, too, and lingering on the baby, with his fringed-gentian eyes, his chubby fists clinched on the pillow, and his fine breezy hair fanning with the motion of his father's foot. All this struck her in one, and made a sob of her breath, and she ceased.

Immediately the long red tongue thrust forth again. Before it touched, a song sprang to her lips, a wild sea-song, such as some sailor might be singing far out on trackless blue water that night, the shrouds whistling with frost and the sheets glued in ice,—a song with the wind in its burden and the spray in its chorus. The monster raised his head and flared the fiery eyeballs upon her, then fretted the imprisoned claws a moment and was quiet; only the breath like the vapor from some hell-pit still swathed her. Her voice, at first faint and fearful, gradually lost its quaver, grew under her control and subject to her modulation; it rose on long swells, it fell in subtile cadences, now and then its tones pealed out like bells from distant belfries on fresh sonorous mornings. She sung the song through, and, wondering lest his name of Indian Devil were not his true name, and if he would not detect her, she repeated it. Once or twice now, indeed, the beast stirred uneasily, turned, and made the bough sway at his movement. As she ended, he snapped his jaws together, and tore away the fettered member, curling it under him with a snarl,—when she burst into the gayest reel that ever answered a fiddle-bow. How many a time she had heard her husband play it on the homely

fiddle made by himself from birch and cherry wood! how many a time she had seen it danced on the floor of their one room, to the patter of wooden clogs and the rustle of homespun petticoat! how many a time she had danced it herself!—and did she not remember once, as they joined clasps for eight-hands round, how it had lent its gay, bright measure to her life? And here she was singing it alone, in the forest, at midnight, to a wild beast! As she sent her voice trilling up and down its quick oscillations between joy and pain, the creature who grasped her uncurled his paw and scratched the bark from the bough; she must vary the spell; and her voice spun leaping along the projecting points of tune of a hornpipe. Still singing, she felt herself twisted about with a low growl and a lifting of the red lip from the glittering teeth; she broke the hornpipe's thread, and commenced unravelling a lighter, livelier thing, an Irish jig. Up and down and round about her voice flew, the beast threw back his head so that the diabolical face fronted hers, and the torrent of his breath prepared her for his feast as the anaconda slimes his prey. Frantically she darted from tune to tune; his restless movements followed her. She tired herself with dancing and vivid national airs, growing feverish with singing spasmodically as she felt her horrid tomb yawning wider. Touching in this manner all the slogan and keen clan cries, the beast moved again, but only to lay the disengaged paw across her with heavy satisfaction. She did not dare to pause; through the clear cold air, the frosty starlight, she sang. If there were yet any tremor in the tone, it was not fear,—she had learned the secret of sound at last; nor could it be chill,—far too high a fever throbbed her pulses; it was nothing but the thought of the log house and of what might be passing within it. She fancied the baby stirring in his sleep and moving his pretty lips,—her husband rising and opening the door, looking out after her, and wondering at her absence. She fancied the light pouring through the chink and then shut in again with all the safety and comfort and joy, her husband taking down the fiddle and playing lightly with his head inclined, playing while she sang, while she sang for her life to an Indian Devil. Then she knew he was fumbling for and finding some shining fragment and scoring it down the yellowing hair, and unconsciously her voice forsook the wild war-tunes and drifted into the half-gay, half-melancholy "Rosin the Bow."

Suddenly she woke pierced with a pang, and the daggered tooth penetrating her flesh;—dreaming of safety, she had ceased singing and lost it. The beast had regained the use of all his limbs, and now, standing and raising his back, bristling and foaming, with sounds that would have been like hisses but for their deep and fearful sonority, he withdrew step by step toward the trunk of the tree, still with his flaming balls upon her. She was all at once free, on one end of the bough,

twenty feet from the ground. She did not measure the distance, but rose to drop herself down, careless of any death, so that it were not this. Instantly, as if he scanned her thoughts, the creature bounded forward with a yell and caught her again in his dreadful hold. It might be that he was not greatly famished; for, as she suddenly flung up her voice again, he settled himself composedly on the bough, still clasping her with invincible pressure to his rough, ravenous breast, and listening in a fascination to the sad, strange U-la-lu that now moaned forth in loud, hollow tones above him. He half closed his eyes, and sleepily reopened and shut them again.

What rending pains were close at hand! Death! and what a death! worse than any other that is to be named! Water, be it cold or warm, that which buoys up blue ice-fields, or which bathes tropical coasts with currents of balmy bliss, is yet a gentle conqueror, kisses as it kills, and draws you down gently through darkening fathoms to its heart. Death at the sword is the festival of trumpet and bugle and banner, with glory ringing out around you and distant hearts thrilling through yours. No gnawing disease can bring such hideous end as this; for that is a fiend bred of your own flesh, and this—is it a fiend, this living lump of appetites? What dread comes with the thought of perishing in flames! but fire, let it leap and hiss never so hotly, is something too remote, too alien, to inspire us with such loathly horror as a wild beast; if it have a life, that life is too utterly beyond our comprehension. Fire is not half ourselves; as it devours, arouses neither hatred nor disgust; is not to be known by the strength of our lower natures let loose; does not drip our blood into our faces from foaming chaps, nor mouth nor slaver above us with vitality. Let us be ended by fire, and we are ashes, for the winds to bear, the leaves to cover; let us be ended by wild beasts, and the base, cursed thing howls with us forever through the forest. All this she felt as she charmed him, and what force it lent to her song God knows. If her voice should fail! If the damp and cold should give her any fatal hoarseness! If all the silent powers of the forest did not conspire to help her! The dark, hollow night rose indifferently over her; the wide, cold air breathed rudely past her, lifted her wet hair and blew it down again; the great boughs swung with a ponderous strength, now and then clashed their iron lengths together and shook off a sparkle of icy spears or some long-lain weight of snow from their heavy shadows. The green depths were utterly cold and silent and stern. These beautiful haunts that all the summer were hers and rejoiced to share with her their bounty, these heavens that had yielded their largess, these stems that had thrust their blossoms into her hands, all these friends of three moons ago forgot her now and knew her no longer.

Feeling her desolation, wild, melancholy, forsaken songs rose thereon from that frightful aerie,—weeping, wailing tunes, that sob among the people from age to age, and overflow with otherwise unexpressed sadness,—all rude, mournful ballads,—old tearful strains, that Shakespeare heard the vagrants sing, and that rise and fall like the wind and tide,—sailor-songs, to be heard only in lone midwatches beneath the moon and stars,—ghastly rhyming romances, such as that famous one of the Lady Margaret, when

> "She slipped on her gown of green
> A piece below the knee,—
> And 'twas all a long cold winter's night
> A dead corse followed she."

Still the beast lay with closed eyes, yet never relaxing his grasp. Once a half-whine of enjoyment escaped him,—he fawned his fearful head upon her; once he scored her cheek with his tongue: savage caresses that hurt like wounds. How weary she was! and yet how terribly awake! How fuller and fuller of dismay grew the knowledge that she was only prolonging her anguish and playing with death! How appalling the thought that with her voice ceased her existence! Yet she could not sing forever; her throat was dry and hard; her very breath was a pain; her mouth was hotter than any desert-worn pilgrim's;—if she could but drop upon her burning tongue one atom of the ice that glittered about her!—but both of her arms were pinioned in the giant's vice. She remembered the winding-sheet, and for the first time in her life shivered with spiritual fear. Was it hers? She asked herself, as she sang, what sins she had committed, what life she had led, to find her punishment so soon and in these pangs,—and then she sought eagerly for some reason why her husband was not up and abroad to find her. He failed her,—her one sole hope in life; and without being aware of it, her voice forsook the songs of suffering and sorrow for old Covenanting hymns,—hymns with which her mother had lulled her, which the class-leader pitched in the chimney-corners,—grand and sweet Methodist hymns, brimming with melody and with all fantastic involutions of tune to suit that ecstatic worship,—hymns full of the beauty of holiness, steadfast, relying, sanctified by the salvation they had lent to those in worse extremity than hers,—for they had found themselves in the grasp of hell, while she was but in the jaws of death. Out of this strange music, peculiar to one character of faith, and than which there is none more beautiful in its degree nor owning a more potent sway of sound, her voice soared into the glorified chants of churches. What to her was death by cold or famine or wild beasts? "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," she sang. High and clear through the frore fair night, the level moonbeams splintering in the wood, the

scarce glints of stars in the shadowy roof of branches, these sacred anthems rose,—rose as a hope from despair, as some snowy spray of flower-bells from blackest mould. Was she not in God's hands? Did not the world swing at his will? If this were in his great plan of providence, was it not best, and should she not accept it?

"He is the Lord our God; his judgments are in all the earth."

Oh, sublime faith of our fathers, where utter self-sacrifice alone was true love, the fragrance of whose unrequired subjection was pleasanter than that of golden censers swung in purple-vapored chancels!

Never ceasing in the rhythm of her thoughts, articulated in music as they thronged, the memory of her first communion flashed over her. Again she was in that distant place on that sweet spring morning. Again the congregation rustled out, and the few remained, and she trembled to find herself among them. How well she remembered the devout, quiet faces, too accustomed to the sacred feast to glow with their inner joy! how well the snowy linen at the altar, and silver vessels slowly and silently shifting! and as the cup approached and passed, how the sense of delicious perfume stole in and heightened the transport of her prayer, and she had seemed, looking up through the windows where the sky soared blue in constant freshness, to feel all heaven's balms dripping from the portals, and to scent the lilies of eternal peace! Perhaps another would not have felt so much ecstasy as satisfaction on that occasion; but it is a true, if a later, disciple, who has said, "The Lord bestoweth his blessings there, where he findeth the vessels empty."

"And does it need the walls of a church to renew my communion?" she asked. "Does not every moment stand a temple four-square to God? And in that morning, with its buoyant sunlight, was I any dearer to the Heart of the World than now?—'My beloved is mine, and I am his.'" she sang over and over again, with all varied inflection and profuse tune. How gently all the winter-wrapt things bent toward her then! into what relation with her had they grown! how this common dependence was the spell of their intimacy! how at one with Nature had she become! how all the night and the silence and the forest seemed to hold its breath, and to send its soul up to God in her singing! It was no longer despondency, that singing. It was neither prayer nor petition. She had left imploring, "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death! For in death there is no remembrance of thee,"—with countless other such fragments of supplication. She cried rather, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me,"—and lingered, and repeated, and sang again, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

Then she thought of the Great Deliverance, when he drew her up out of many waters, and the flashing old psalm pealed forth triumphantly:

"The Lord descended from above,
and bow'd the heavens hie:
And underneath his feet he cast
the darknesse of the skie.
On cherubs and on cherubins
full royally he road:
And on the wings of all the winds
came flying all abroad."

She forgot how recently, and with what a strange pity for her own shapeless form that was to be, she had quaintly sung:

"O lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?
Not all the gay pageants that breathe
Can with a dead body compare!"

She remembered instead,—"In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore. God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for He shall receive me. He will swallow up death in victory." Not once now did she say, "Lord, how long wilt thou look on; rescue my soul from their destructions, my darling from the lions,"—for she knew that the young lions roar after their prey and seek their meat from God. "O Lord, thou preservest man and beast!" she said.

She had no comfort or consolation in this season, such as sustained the Christian martyrs in the amphitheatre. She was not dying for her faith; there were no palms in heaven for her to wave; but how many a time had she declared,—"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness!" And as the broad rays here and there broke through the dense covert of shade and lay in rivers of lustre on crystal sheathing and frozen fretting of trunk and limb and on the great spaces of refraction, they builded up visibly that house, the shining city on the hill, and singing, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the North, the city of the Great King," her vision climbed to that higher picture where the angel shows the dazzling thing, the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God, with its splendid battlements and gates of pearls, and its foundations, the eleventh a jacinth, the twelfth an amethyst,—with its great white throne, and the rainbow round about it, in sight like unto an emerald: "And there shall be no night there,—for the Lord God giveth them light," she sang.

What whisper of dawn now rustled through the wilderness? How the night was passing! And still the beast crouched upon the bough,

changing only the posture of his head, that again he might command her with those charmed eyes;—half their fire was gone; she could almost have released herself from his custody; yet, had she stirred, no one knows what malevolent instinct might have dominated anew. But of that she did not dream; long ago stripped of any expectation, she was experiencing in her divine rapture how mystically true it is that "he that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

Slow clarion cries now wound from the distance as the cocks caught the intelligence of day and reëchoed it faintly from farm to farm,—sleepy sentinels of night, sounding the foe's invasion, and translating that dim intuition to ringing notes of warning. Still she chanted on. A remote crash of brushwood told of some other beast on his depredations, or some night-belated traveller groping his way through the narrow path. Still she chanted on. The far, faint echoes of the chanticleers died into distance, the crashing of the branches grew nearer. No wild beast that, but a man's step,—a man's form in the moonlight, stalwart and strong,—on one arm slept a little child, in the other hand he held his gun. Still she chanted on.

Perhaps, when her husband last looked forth, he was half ashamed to find what a fear he felt for her. He knew she would never leave the child so long but for some direst need,—and yet he may have laughed at himself, as he lifted and wrapped it with awkward care, and, loading his gun and strapping on his horn, opened the door again and closed it behind him, going out and plunging into the darkness and dangers of the forest. He was more singularly alarmed than he would have been willing to acknowledge; as he had sat with his bow hovering over the strings, he had half believed to hear her voice mingling gayly with the instrument, till he paused and listened if she were not about to lift the latch and enter. As he drew nearer the heart of the forest, that intimation of melody seemed to grow more actual, to take body and breath, to come and go on long swells and ebbs of the night-breeze, to increase with tune and words, till a strange shrill singing grew ever clearer, and as he stepped into an open space of moonbeams, far up in the branches, rocked by the wind, and singing, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace," he saw his wife,—his wife,—but, great God in heaven! how? Some mad exclamation escaped him, but without diverting her. The child knew the singing voice, though never heard before in that unearthly key, and turned toward it through the veiling dreams. With a celerity almost instantaneous, it lay, in the twinkling of an eye, on the ground at the father's feet, while his gun was raised to his shoulder and levelled at the monster covering his wife with shaggy form and flaming gaze,—

his wife so ghastly white, so rigid, so stained with blood, her eyes so fixedly bent above, and her lips, that had indurated into the chiselled pallor of marble, parted only with that flood of solemn song.

I do not know if it were the mother-instinct that for a moment lowered her eyes,—those eyes, so lately riveted on heaven, now suddenly seeing all life-long bliss possible. A thrill of joy pierced and shivered through her like a weapon, her voice trembled in its course, her glance lost its steady strength, fever-flushes chased each other over her face, yet she never once ceased chanting. She was quite aware that, if her husband shot now, the ball must pierce her body before reaching any vital part of the beast,—and yet better that death by his hand than the other. But this her husband also knew, and he remained motionless, just covering the creature with the sight. He dared not fire, lest some wound not mortal should break the spell exercised by her voice, and the beast, enraged with pain, should rend her in atoms; moreover, the light was too uncertain for his aim. So he waited. Now and then he examined his gun to see if the damp were injuring its charge, now and then he wiped the great drops from his forehead. Again the cocks crowed with the passing hour,—the last time they were heard on that night. Cheerful home sound then, how full of safety and all comfort and rest it seemed! what sweet morning incidents of sparkling fire and sunshine, of gay household bustle, shining dresser, and cooing baby, of steaming cattle in the yard, and brimming milk-pails at the door! what pleasant voices! what laughter! what security! and here—

Now, as she sang on in the slow, endless, infinite moments, the fervent vision of God's peace was gone. Just as the grave had lost its sting, she was snatched back again into the arms of earthly hope. In vain she tried to sing, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God,"—her eyes trembled on her husband's, and she could only think of him, and of the child, and of happiness that yet might be, but with what a dreadful gulf of doubt between! She shuddered now in the suspense; all calm forsook her; she was tortured with dissolving heats or frozen with icy blasts; her face contracted, growing small and pinched; her voice was hoarse and sharp,—every tone cut like a knife,—the notes became heavy to lift,—withheld by some hostile pressure,—impossible. One gasp, a convulsive effort, and there was silence,—she had lost her voice.

The beast made a sluggish movement,—stretched and fawned like one awaking,—then, as if he would have yet more of the enchantment, stirred her slightly with his muzzle. As he did so, a sidelong hint of the man standing below with the raised gun smote him; he sprang round furiously, and, seizing his prey, was about to leap into some unknown airy den of the topmost branches now waving to the slow dawn. The late moon had rounded through the sky so that her gleam

at last fell full upon the bough with fairy frosting; the wintry morning light did not yet penetrate the gloom. The woman, suspended in mid-air an instant, cast only one agonized glance beneath,—but across and through it, ere the lids could fall, shot a withering sheet of flame,—a rifle-crack, half-heard, was lost in the terrible yell of desperation that bounded after it and filled her ears with savage echoes, and in the wide arc of some eternal descent she was falling;—but the beast fell under her.

I think that the moment following must have been too sacred for us, and perhaps the three have no special interest again till they issue from the shadows of the wilderness upon the white hills that skirt their home. The father carries the child hushed again into slumber, the mother follows with no such feeble step as might be anticipated. It is not time for reaction,—the tension not yet relaxed, the nerves still vibrant, she seems to herself like some one newly made; the night was a dream; the present, stamped upon her in deep satisfaction, neither weighed nor compared with the past; if she has the careful tricks of former habit, it is as an automaton; and as they slowly climb the steep under the clear gray vault and the paling morning star, and as she stops to gather a spray of the red-rose berries or a feathery tuft of dead grasses for the chimney-piece of the log house, or a handful of brown cones for the child's play, —of these quiet, happy folk you would scarcely dream how lately they had stolen from under the banner and encampment of the great King Death. The husband proceeds a step or two in advance; the wife lingers over a singular footprint in the snow, stoops and examines it, then looks up with a hurried word. Her husband stands alone on the hill, his arms folded across the babe, his gun fallen,—stands defined as a silhouette against the pallid sky. What is there in their home, lying below and yellowing in the light, to fix him with such a stare? She springs to his side. There is no home there. The log house, the barns, the neighboring farms, the fences, are all blotted out and mingled in one smoking ruin. Desolation and death were indeed there, and beneficence and life in the forest. Tomahawk and scalping-knife, descending during that night, had left behind them only this work of their accomplished hatred and one subtle footprint in the snow.

For the rest,—the world was all before them, where to choose.

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

WHEN stars pursue their solemn flight,
Oft in the middle of the night,
A strain of music visits me,
Hushed in a moment silverly,—
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody.

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet as musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revellers, all flown with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt sprays, it may be,
Of many a mile of rushing sea;
Or some high-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night nor me.

Or how or whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight;
While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody,—
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along:
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

BALLAD.

IN the summer even
While yet the dew was hoar,
I went plucking purple pansies,
Till my love should come to shore.
The fishing-lights their dances
Were keeping out at sea,
And come, I sung, my true love!
Come hasten home to me!

But the sea, it fell a-moaning,
And the white gulls rocked thereon;
And the young moon dropped from heaven,
And the lights hid one by one.
All silently their glances
Slipped down the cruel sea,
And wait! cried the night and wind and storm,—
Wait, till I come to thee!

FANTASIA.

WE'RE all alone, we're all alone!
The moon and stars are dead and gone;
The night's at deep, the wind asleep,
And thou and I are all alone!

What care have we though life there be?
Tumult and life are not for me!
Silence and sleep about us creep;
Tumult and life are not for thee!

How late it is since such as this
Had topped the height of breathing bliss!
And now we keep an iron sleep,—
In that grave thou, and I in this!

Thomas Wallace Knox.

Born in Pembroke, N. H., 1835.

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

[*Overland through Asia.* 1870.]

THE best parts of Russia for wolf-hunting are in the western governments, where there is less game and more population than in Siberia. It is in these regions that travellers are sometimes pursued by wolves, but such incidents are not frequent. It is only in the severest winters, when driven to desperation by hunger, that the wolves dare to attack men. The horses are the real objects of their pursuit, but when once a party is overtaken the wolves make no nice distinctions, and horses and men are alike devoured. Apropos of hunting I heard a story of a thrilling character.

It had been (said the gentleman who narrated the incident) a severe winter in Vitebsk and Vilna. I had spent several weeks at the country residence of a friend in Vitebsk, and we heard, during the latter part of my stay, rumors of the unusual ferocity of the wolves.

One day Kanchin, my host, proposed a wolf-hunt. "We shall have capital sport," said he, "for the winter has made the wolves hungry, and they will be on the alert when they hear our decoy."

We prepared a sledge, one of the common kind, made of stout withes, woven like basket-work, and firmly fastened to the frame and runners. It was wide enough for both of us and the same height all around, so that we could shoot in any direction except straight forward. We took a few furs to keep us warm, and each had a short gun of large bore, capable of carrying a heavy load of buckshot. Rifles are not desirable weapons where one cannot take accurate aim. As a precaution we stowed two extra guns in the bottom of the sledge.

The driver, Ivan, on learning the business before him, was evidently reluctant to go, but as a Russian servant has no choice beyond obeying his master, the man offered no objection. Three spirited horses were attached, and I heard Kanchin order that every part of the harness should be in the best condition.

We had a pig confined in a strong cage of ropes and withes, that he might last longer than if dragged by the legs. A rope ten feet long was attached to the cage and ready to be tied to the sledge.

We kept the pig in furs at the bottom of the sledge, and drove silently into the forest. The last order given by Kanchin was to open the gates of the courtyard and hang a bright lantern in front. I asked the reason of this, and he replied with a smile:

"If we should be going at full speed on our return, I don't wish to stop till we reach the middle of the yard."

As by mutual consent, neither uttered a word as we drove along. We carried no bells, and there was no creaking of any part of the sledge. Ivan did not speak, but held his reins taut and allowed the horses to take their own pace. In his secure and warm covering the pig was evidently asleep. The moon and stars were perfectly unclouded, and there was no motion of anything in the forest. The road was excellent, but we did not meet or pass a single traveller. I do not believe I ever *felt* silence more forcibly than then.

The forest in that region is not dense, and on either side of the road there is a space of a hundred yards or more entirely open. The snow lay crisp and sparkling, and as the country was but slightly undulating we could frequently see long distances. The apparent movement of the trees as we drove past them caused me to fancy the woods filled with animate forms to whom the breeze gave voices that mocked us.

About eight versts from the house we reached a cross-road that led deeper into the forest. "*Na prava*," in a low voice from my companion, turned us to the right into the road. Eight or ten versts further Kanchin, in the same low tone, commanded "*Stoi*." Without a word Ivan drew harder upon his reins, and we came to a halt. At a gesture from my friend the team was turned about.

Kanchin stepped carefully from the sledge and asked me to hand him the rope attached to the cage. He tied this to the rear cross-bar, and removing his cloak told me to do the same. Getting our guns, ammunition, and ourselves in readiness, and taking our seats with our backs toward the driver, we threw out the pig and his cage and ordered Ivan to proceed.

The first cry from the pig awoke an answering howl in a dozen directions. The horses sprang as if struck with a heavy hand, and I felt my blood chill at the dismal sound. The driver with great difficulty kept his team from breaking into a gallop.

Five minutes later, a wolf came galloping from the forest on the left side where I sat.

"Don't fire till he is quite near," said Kanchin; "we shall have no occasion to make long shots."

The wolf was distinctly visible on the clean snow, and I allowed him to approach within twenty yards. I fired, and he fell. As I turned to reload Kanchin raised his gun to shoot a wolf approaching the right of the sledge. His shot was successful, the wolf falling dead upon the snow.

I reloaded very quickly, and when I looked up there were three wolves running toward me, while as many more were visible on Kan-

chin's side. My companion raised his eyes when his gun was ready and gave a start that thrilled me with horror. Ivan was immovable in his place, and holding with all his might upon the reins.

"*Poshol!*" shouted Kanchin.

The howling grew more terrific. Whatever way we looked we could see the wolves emerging from the forest—

> "With their long gallop, which can tire,
> The hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire."

Not only behind and on either side, but away to the front, I could see their dark forms. We fired and loaded and fired again, every shot telling but not availing to stop the pursuit.

The driver did not need Kanchin's shout of "*poshol!*" and the horses exerted every nerve without being urged. But with all our speed we could not outstrip the wolves that grew every moment more numerous. If we could only keep up our pace we might escape, but should a horse stumble, the harness give way, or the sledge overturn, we were hopelessly lost. We threw away our furs and cloaks, keeping only our arms and ammunition. The wolves hardly paused over these things, but steadily adhered to the pursuit.

Suddenly I thought of a new danger that menaced us. I grasped Kanchin's arm and asked how we could turn the corner into the main road. Should we attempt it at full speed the sledge would be overturned. If we slackened our pace the wolves would be upon us.

I felt my friend trembling in my grasp, but his voice was firm.

"When I say the word," he replied, giving me his hunting-knife, "lean over and cut the rope of the decoy. That will detain them a short time. Soon as you have done so, lie down on the left side of the sledge and cling to the cords across the bottom."

Then turning to Ivan he ordered him to slacken speed a little, but only a little, at the corner, and keep the horses from running to either side as he turned. This done, Kanchin clung to the left side of the sledge prepared to step upon its fender and counteract, if possible, our centrifugal force.

We approached the main road, and just as I discovered the open space at the crossing Kanchin shouted—

"Strike!"

I whipped off the rope in an instant and we left our decoy behind us. The wolves stopped, gathered densely about the prize, and began quarrelling over it. Only a few remained to tear the cage asunder. The rest, after a brief halt, continued the pursuit, but the little time they lost was of precious value to us.

We approached the dreaded turning. Kanchin placed his feet upon

the fender and fastened his hands into the network of the sledge. I lay down in the place assigned me, and never did drowning man cling to a rope more firmly than I clung to the bottom of our vehicle. As we swept around the corner the sledge was whirled in air, turned upon its side, and only saved from complete oversetting by the positions of Kanchin and myself.

Just as the sledge righted, and ran upon both runners, I heard a piercing cry. Ivan, occupied with his horses, was not able to cling like ourselves; he fell from his seat, and hardly struck the snow before the wolves were upon him. That one shriek that filled my ears was all he could utter.

The reins were trailing, but fortunately where they were not likely to be entangled. The horses needed no driver; all the whips in the world could not increase their speed. Two of our guns were lost as we turned from the by-road, but the two that lay under me in the sledge were providentially saved. We fired as fast as possible into the dark mass that filled the road not twenty yards behind us. Every shot told, but the pursuit did not lag. To-day I shudder as I think of that surging mass of gray forms with eyes glistening like fireballs, and the serrated jaws that opened as if certain of a feast.

A stern chase is proverbially a long one. If no accident happened to sledge or horses, we felt certain that the wolves which followed could not overtake us.

As we approached home our horses gave signs of lagging, and the pursuing wolves came nearer. One huge beast sprang at the sledge and actually fastened his fore paws upon it. I struck him over the head with my gun and he released his hold.

A moment later I heard the barking of our dogs at the house, and as the gleam of the lantern caught my eye I fell unconscious to the bottom of the sledge. I woke an hour later and saw Kanchin pacing the floor in silence. Repeatedly I spoke to him, but he answered only in monosyllables.

The next day, a party of peasants went to look for the remains of poor Ivan. A few shreds of clothing, and the cross he wore about his neck, were all the vestiges that could be found. For three weeks I lay ill with a fever and returned to St. Petersburg immediately on my recovery. Kanchin has lived in seclusion ever since, and both of us were gray-haired within six months.

Henry Lynden Flash.

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1835.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

NOT midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the vandal foe,
Did kingly Death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

Though his alone the blood that flecks the ground,
Recalling all his grand heroic deeds,
Freedom herself is writhing in the wound,
And all the country bleeds.

He entered not the nation's Promised Land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth,
But broke the House of Bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South!

O gracious God! not gainless is the loss:
A glorious sunbeam gilds thy sternest frown;
And while his country staggers 'neath the Cross,
He rises with the Crown!

10 *May*, 1863.

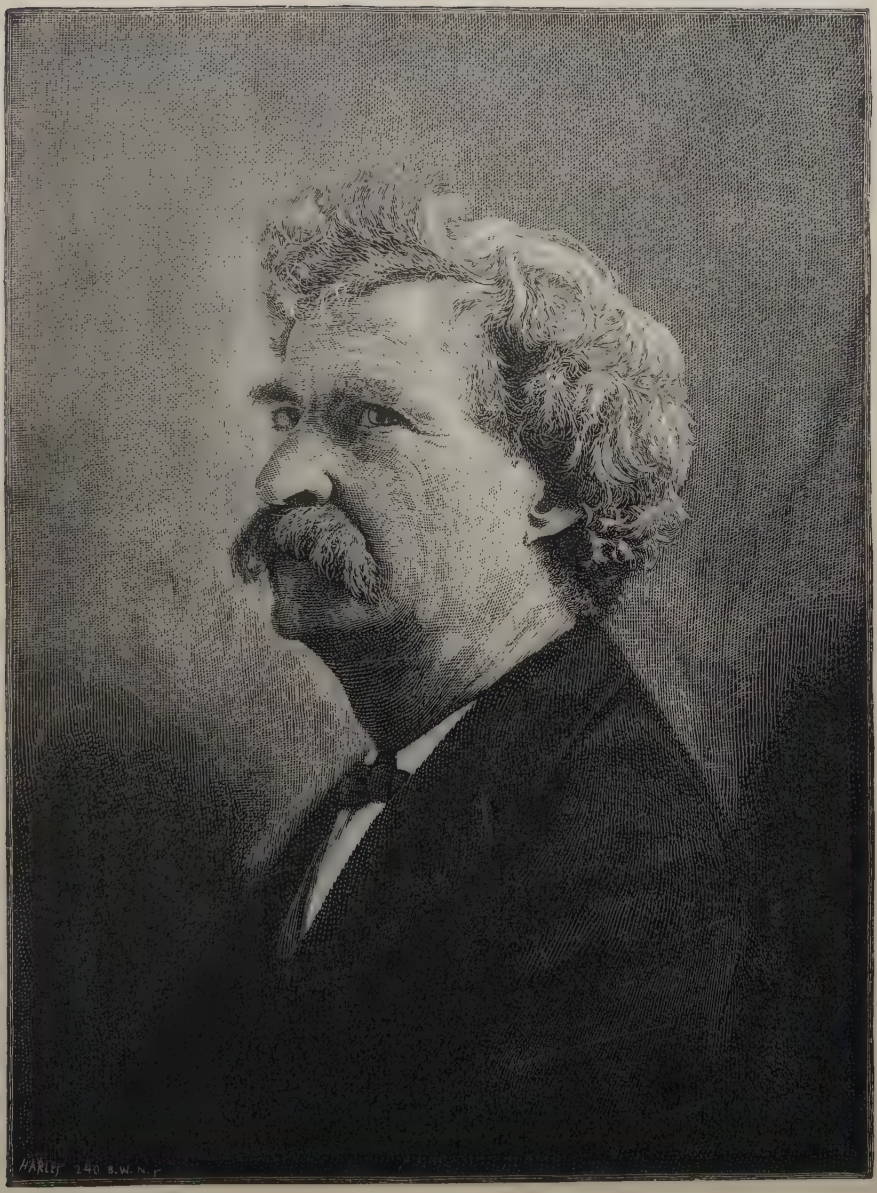
Samuel Langhorne Clemens.

Born in Florida, Mo., 1835.

THE NOTORIOUS JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

[*The Jumping Frog, and Other Sketches. By Mark Twain.* 1867.]

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked



Mark Twain.

old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named *Leonidas W.* Smiley—*Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley—a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

"Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49, or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other, is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiousest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other side would suit *him*—any way, just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready, and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly

first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here; and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to; and if you took him up he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for, and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he'd bet *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was consid'able better —thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy!—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll resk two-and-a-half she don't, anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow, and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and *always* fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down.

"And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at him you'd think he warn't worth a cent but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover and shine like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him and bullyrag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab the other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only just grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off in a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the

money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he see in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight; and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him and he had genius—I know it, because he had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken-cocks, and tom-cats and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, and kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor ag'in as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

"Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a

stranger in the camp, he was—come acrost him with his box, and says:

"'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?'

"'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, 'I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while, thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail-shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—*git!*' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well,' he says, '*I* don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says, 'Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after the feller, but he never ketched him. And——."

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] A turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:

"Well, this-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

However, lacking both time and inclination, I did not wait to hear about the afflicted cow, but took my leave.

HOW THEY BURNED WOMEN AT THE STAKE IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

[*The Prince and the Pauper. A Tale, for Young People of all ages. By Mark Twain.* 1882.]

THIS news struck his majesty dumb with amazement, and plunged him into so deep and dismal a revery that he heard no more of the old man's gossip. He wondered if the "little urchin" was the beggar-boy whom he left dressed in his own garments in the palace. It did not seem possible that this could be, for surely his manners and speech would betray him if he pretended to be the Prince of Wales—then he would be driven out, and search made for the true prince. Could it be that the Court had set up some sprig of the nobility in his place? No, for his uncle would not allow that—he was all-powerful and could and would crush such a movement, of course. The boy's musings profited him nothing; the more he tried to unriddle the mystery the more perplexed he became, the more his head ached, and the worse he slept.

His impatience to get to London grew hourly, and his captivity became almost unendurable.

Hendon's arts all failed with the king—he could not be comforted; but a couple of women who were chained near him, succeeded better. Under their gentle ministrations he found peace and learned a degree of patience. He was very grateful, and came to love them dearly and to delight in the sweet and soothing influence of their presence. He asked them why they were in prison, and when they said they were Baptists, he smiled, and inquired:

"Is that a crime to be shut up for, in a prison? Now I grieve, for I shall lose ye—they will not keep ye long for such a little thing."

They did not answer; and something in their faces made him uneasy. He said, eagerly:

"You do not speak—be good to me, and tell me—there will be no other punishment? Prithee tell me there is no fear of that."

They tried to change the topic, but his fears were aroused, and he pursued it:

"Will they scourge thee? No, no, they would not be so cruel! Say they would not. Come, they *will* not, will they?"

The women betrayed confusion and distress, but there was no avoiding an answer, so one of them said, in a voice choked with emotion—

"O, thou'lt break our hearts, thou gentle spirit!—God will help us to bear our"—

"It is a confession!" the king broke in. "Then they *will* scourge thee, the stonyhearted wretches! But O, thou must not weep, I cannot bear it. Keep up thy courage—I shall come to my own in time to save thee from this bitter thing, and I will do it!"

When the king awoke in the morning, the women were gone.

"They are saved!" he said, joyfully; then added, despondently, "but woe is me!—for they were my comforters."

Each of them had left a shred of ribbon pinned to his clothing, in token of remembrance. He said he would keep these things always; and that soon he would seek out these dear good friends of his and take them under his protection.

Just then the jailer came in with some subordinates and commanded that the prisoners be conducted to the jail-yard. The king was overjoyed—it would be a blessed thing to see the blue sky and breathe the fresh air once more. He fretted and chafed at the slowness of the officers, but his turn came at last and he was released from his staple and ordered to follow the other prisoners, with Hendon.

The court or quadrangle was stone-paved and open to the sky. The prisoners entered it through a massive archway of masonry, and were placed in file, standing, with their backs against the wall. A rope was

stretched in front of them, and they were also guarded by their officers. It was a chill and lowering morning, and a light snow which had fallen during the night whitened the great empty space and added to the general dismalness of its aspect. Now and then a wintry wind shivered through the place and sent the snow eddying hither and thither.

In the centre of the court stood two women, chained to posts. A glance showed the king that these were his good friends. He shuddered, and said to himself: "Alack, they are not gone free, as I had thought. To think that such as these should know the lash!—in England! Ay, there's the shame of it—not in Heathenesse, but Christian England! They will be scourged; and I, whom they have comforted and kindly entreated, must look on and see the great wrong done; it is strange, so strange! that I, the very source of power in this broad realm, am helpless to protect them. But let these miscreants look well to themselves, for there is a day coming when I will require of them a heavy reckoning for this work. For every blow they strike now, they shall feel a hundred, then."

A great gate swung open and a crowd of citizens poured in. They flocked around the two women, and hid them from the king's view. A clergyman entered and passed through the crowd, and he also was hidden. The king now heard talking, back and forth, as if questions were being asked and answered, but he could not make out what was said. Next there was a deal of bustle and preparation, and much passing and repassing of officials through that part of the crowd that stood on the further side of the women; and whilst this proceeded a deep hush gradually fell upon the people.

Now, by command, the masses parted and fell aside, and the king saw a spectacle that froze the marrow in his bones. Fagots had been piled about the two women, and a kneeling man was lighting them!

The women bowed their heads, and covered their faces with their hands; the yellow flames began to climb upward among the snapping and crackling fagots, and wreaths of blue smoke to stream away on the wind; the clergyman lifted his hands and began a prayer—just then two young girls came flying through the great gate, uttering piercing screams, and threw themselves upon the women at the stake. Instantly they were torn away by the officers, and one of them was kept in a tight grip, but the other broke loose, saying she would die with her mother; and before she could be stopped she had flung her arms about her mother's neck again. She was torn away once more, and with her gown on fire. Two or three men held her, and the burning portion of her gown was snatched off and thrown flaming aside, she struggling all the while to free herself, and saying she would be alone in the world, now, and begging to be allowed to die with her mother. Both the girls

screamed continually, and fought for freedom; but suddenly this tumult was drowned under a volley of heart-piercing shrieks of mortal agony,—the king glanced from the frantic girls to the stake, then turned away and leaned his ashen face against the wall, and looked no more. He said: "That which I have seen, in that one little moment, will never go out from my memory, but will abide there; and I shall see it all the days, and dream of it all the nights, till I die. Would God I had been blind!"

Hendon was watching the king. He said to himself, with satisfaction: "His disorder mendeth; he hath changed, and groweth gentler. If he had followed his wont, he would have stormed at these varlets, and said he was king, and commanded that the women be turned loose unscathed. Soon his delusion will pass away and be forgotten, and his poor mind will be whole again. God speed the day!"

That same day several prisoners were brought in to remain over night, who were being conveyed, under guard, to various places in the kingdom, to undergo punishment for crimes committed. The king conversed with these,—he had made it a point, from the beginning, to instruct himself for the kingly office by questioning prisoners whenever the opportunity offered,—and the tale of their woes wrung his heart. One of them was a poor half-witted woman who had stolen a yard or two of cloth from a weaver—she was to be hanged for it. Another was a man who had been accused of stealing a horse; he said the proof had failed, and he had imagined that he was safe from the halter; but no—he was hardly free before he was arraigned for killing a deer in the king's park; this was proved against him, and now he was on his way to the gallows. There was a tradesman's apprentice whose case particularly distressed the king; this youth said he found a hawk, one evening, that had escaped from its owner, and he took it home with him, imagining himself entitled to it; but the court convicted him of stealing it, and sentenced him to death.

The king was furious over these inhumanities, and wanted Hendon to break jail and fly with him to Westminster, so that he could mount his throne and hold out his sceptre in mercy over these unfortunate people and save their lives. "Poor child," sighed Hendon, "these woful tales have brought his malady upon him again—alack, but for this evil hap, he would have been well in a little time."

Among these prisoners was an old lawyer—a man with a strong face and a dauntless mien. Three years past, he had written a pamphlet against the Lord Chancellor, accusing him of injustice, and had been punished for it by the loss of his ears in the pillory, and degradation from the bar, and in addition had been fined £3,000 and sentenced to imprisonment for life. Lately he had repeated his offence; and in con-

sequence was now under sentence to lose *what remained of his ears*, pay a fine of £5,000, be branded on both cheeks, and remain in prison for life.

"These be honorable scars," he said, and turned back his gray hair and showed the mutilated stubs of what had once been his ears.

The king's eye burned with passion. He said:

"None believe in me—neither wilt thou. But no matter—within the compass of a month thou shalt be free; and more, the laws that have dishonored thee, and shamed the English name, shall be swept from the statute books. The world is made wrong; kings should go to school to their own laws, at times, and so learn mercy."

THE FEUD.

[*Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. By Mark Twain.* 1885.]

COL. GRANGERFORD was a gentleman, you see. He was a gentleman all over; and so was his family. He was well born, as the saying is, and that's worth as much in a man as it is in a horse, so the Widow Douglass said, and nobody ever denied that she was of the first aristocracy in our town; and pap he always said it, too, though he warn't no more quality than a mudcat, himself. Col. Grangerford was very tall and very slim, and had a darkish-paly complexion, not a sign of red in it anywheres; he was clean-shaved every morning, all over his thin face, and he had the thinnest kind of lips, and the thinnest kind of nostrils, and a high nose, and heavy eyebrows, and the blackest kind of eyes, sunk so deep that they seemed like they was looking out of caverns at you, as you may say. His forehead was high, and his hair was black and straight, and hung to his shoulders. His hands was long and thin, and every day of his life he put on a clean shirt and a full suit from head to foot made out of linen so white it hurt your eyes to look at it; and on Sundays he wore a blue tail-coat with brass buttons on it. He carried a mahogany cane with a silver head to it. There warn't no frivolishness about him, not a bit, and he warn't ever loud. He was as kind as he could be—you could feel that, you know, and so you had confidence. Sometimes he smiled, and it was good to see; but when he straightened himself up like a liberty-pole, and the lightning begun to flicker out from under his eyebrows you wanted to climb a tree first, and find out what the matter was afterwards. He didn't ever have to tell anybody to mind their manners—everybody was always good mannered where he was. Everybody loved to have him around, too; he was sunshine most always—I mean he made it seem like good weather.

When he turned into a cloud-bank it was awful dark for a half a minute, and that was enough; there wouldn't nothing go wrong again for a week.

When him and the old lady come down in the morning, all the family got up out of their chairs and give them good-day, and didn't set down again till they had set down. Then Tom and Bob went to the sideboard where the decanters was, and mixed a glass of bitters and handed it to him, and he held it in his hand and waited till Tom's and Bob's was mixed, and then they bowed and said: "Our duty to you, sir, and madam"; and *they* bowed the least bit in the world and said: "Thank you"; and so they drank, all three, and Bob and Tom poured a spoonful of water on the sugar and the mite of whiskey or apple brandy in the bottom of their tumblers, and give it to me and Buck, and we drank to the old people too.

Bob was the oldest, and Tom next. Tall, beautiful men with very broad shoulders and brown faces, and long black hair and black eyes. They dressed in white linen from head to foot, like the old gentleman, and wore broad Panama hats.

Then there was Miss Charlotte, she was twenty-five, and tall and proud and grand, but as good as she could be, when she warn't stirred up; but when she was, she had a look that would make you wilt in your tracks, like her father. She was beautiful.

So was her sister, Miss Sophia, but it was a different kind. She was gentle and sweet, like a dove, and she was only twenty.

Each person had their own nigger to wait on them—Buck too. My nigger had a monstrous easy time, because I warn't used to having anybody do anything for me, but Buck's was on the jump most of the time.

This was all there was of the family, now; but there used to be more—three sons; they got killed; and Emmeline that died.

The old gentleman owned a lot of farms, and over a hundred niggers. Sometimes a stack of people would come there, horseback, from ten or fifteen miles around, and stay five or six days, and have such junketings round about and on the river, and dances and picnics in the woods, day-times, and balls at the house, nights. These people was mostly kinfolks of the family. The men brought their guns with them. It was a handsome lot of quality, I tell you.

There was another clan of aristocracy around there—five or six families—mostly of the name of Shepherdson. They was as high-toned, and well born, and rich and grand, as the tribe of Grangerfords. The Shepherdsons and the Grangerfords used the same steamboat landing, which was about two mile above our house; so sometimes when I went up there with a lot of our folks I used to see a lot of the Shepherdsons there, on their fine horses.

One day Buck and me was away out in the woods, hunting, and heard a horse coming. We was crossing the road. Buck says:

"Quick! Jump for the woods!"

We done it, and then peeped down the woods through the leaves. Pretty soon a splendid young man came galloping down the road, setting his horse easy and looking like a soldier. He had his gun across his pommel. I had seen him before. It was young Harney Shepherdson. I heard Buck's gun go off at my ear, and Harney's hat tumbled off from his head. He grabbed his gun and rode straight to the place where we was hid. But we didn't wait. We started through the woods on a run. The woods warn't thick, so I looked over my shoulder, to dodge the bullet, and twice I seen Harney cover Buck with his gun; and then he rode away the way he come—to get his hat, I reckon, but I couldn't see. We never stopped running till we got home. The old gentleman's eyes blazed a minute—'twas pleasure, mainly, I judged—then his face sort of smoothed down, and he says, kind of gentle:

"I don't like that shooting from behind a bush. Why didn't you step into the road, my boy?"

"The Shepherdsons don't, father. They always take advantage."

Miss Charlotte she held her head up like a queen while Buck was telling his tale, and her nostrils spread and her eyes snapped. The two young men looked dark, but never said nothing. Miss Sophia she turned pale, but the color came back when she found the man warn't hurt.

Soon as I could get Buck down by the corn-cribs under the trees by ourselves, I says:

"Did you want to kill him, Buck?"

"Well, I bet I did."

"What did he do to you?"

"Him? He never done nothing to me."

"Well, then, what did you want to kill him for?"

"Why nothing—only it's on account of the feud."

"What's a feud?"

"Why, where was you raised? Don't you know what a feud is?"

"Never heard of it before—tell me about it."

"Well," says Buck, "a feud is this way. A man has a quarrel with another man, and kills him; then that other man's brother kills *him;* then the other brothers, on both sides, goes for one another; then the *cousins* chip in—and by-and-by everybody's killed off, and there ain't no more feud. But it's kind of slow, and takes a long time."

"Has this one been going on long, Buck?"

"Well, I should *reckon!* it started thirty year ago, or som'ers along there. There was trouble 'bout something and then a lawsuit to settle it; and the suit went agin one of the men, and so he up and shot the

man that won the suit—which he would naturally do, of course. Anybody would."

"What was the trouble about, Buck?—land?"

"I reckon maybe—I don't know."

"Well, who done the shooting?—was it a Grangerford or a Shepherdson?"

"Laws, how do *I* know? it was so long ago."

"Don't anybody know?"

"Oh, yes, pa knows, I reckon, and some of the other old folks; but they don't know, now, what the row was about in the first place."

"Has there been many killed, Buck?"

"Yes—right smart chance of funerals. But they don't always kill. Pa's got a few buckshot in him; but he don't mind it 'cuz he don't weigh much anyway. Bob's been carved up some with a bowie, and Tom's been hurt once or twice."

"Has anybody been killed this year, Buck?"

"Yes, we got one and they got one. 'Bout three months ago, my cousin Bud, fourteen year old, was riding through the woods, on t'other side of the river, and didn't have no weapon with him, which was blame' foolishness, and in a lonesome place he hears a horse a-coming behind him, and sees old Baldy Shepherdson a-linkin' after him with his gun in his hand and his white hair a-flying in the wind; and 'stead of jumping off and taking to the brush, Bud 'lowed he could outrun him; so they had it, nip and tuck, for five mile or more, the old man a-gaining all the time; so at last Bud seen it warn't any use, so he stopped and faced around so as to have the bullet holes in front, you know, and the old man he rode up and shot him down. But he didn't git much chance to enjoy his luck, for inside of a week our folks laid *him* out."

"I reckon that old man was a coward, Buck."

"I reckon he *warn't* a coward. Not by a blame' sight. There ain't a coward amongst them Shepherdsons—not a one. And there ain't no cowards amongst the Grangerfords, either. Why, that old man kep' up his end in a fight one day, for a half an hour, against three Grangerfords, and come out winner. They was all a-horseback; he lit off of his horse and got behind a little wood-pile, and kep' his horse before him to stop the bullets; but the Grangerfords staid on their horses and capered around the old man, and peppered away at him, and he peppered away at them. Him and his horse both went home pretty leaky and crippled, but the Grangerfords had to be *fetched* home—and one of 'em was dead and another died the next day. No, sir, if a body's out hunting for cowards, he don't want to fool away any time amongst them Shepherdsons, becuz they don't breed any of that *kind*."

Next Sunday we all went to church, about three mile, everybody a-horseback. The men took their guns along, so did Buck, and kept them between their knees or stood them handy against the wall. The Shepherdsons done the same. It was pretty ornery preaching—all about brotherly love, and such-like tiresomeness; but everybody said it was a good sermon, and they all talked it over going home, and had such a powerful lot to say about faith, and good works, and free grace, and preforeordestination, and I don't know what all, that it did seem to me to be one of the roughest Sundays I had run across yet.

About an hour after dinner everybody was dozing around, some in their chairs and some in their rooms, and it got to be pretty dull. Buck and a dog was stretched out on the grass in the sun, sound asleep. I went up to our room, and judged I would take a nap myself. I found that sweet Miss Sophia standing in her door, which was next to ours, and she took me in her room and shut the door very soft, and asked me if I liked her, and I said I did; and she asked me if I would do something for her and not tell anybody, and I said I would. Then she said she'd forgot her Testament, and left it in the seat at church, between two other books, and would I slip out quiet and go there and fetch it to her, and not say nothing to nobody. I said I would. So I slid out and slipped off up the road, and there warn't anybody at the church, except maybe a hog or two, for there warn't any lock on the door, and hogs likes a puncheon floor in summer-time because it's cool. If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different.

Says I to myself, something's up—it ain't natural for a girl to be in such a sweat about a Testament; so I give it a shake, and out drops a little piece of paper with "*Half-past two*" wrote on it with a pencil. I ransacked it, but couldn't find anything else. I couldn't make anything out of that, so I put the paper in the book again, and when I got home and up stairs, there was Miss Sophia in her door waiting for me. She pulled me in and shut the door; then she looked in the Testament till she found the paper, and as soon as she read it she looked glad; and before a body could think, she grabbed me and give me a squeeze, and said I was the best boy in the world, and not to tell anybody. She was mighty red in the face, for a minute, and her eyes lighted up and it made her powerful pretty. I was a good deal astonished, but when I got my breath I asked her what the paper was about, and she asked me if I had read it, and I said no, and she asked me if I could read writing, and I told her "no, only coarse-hand," and then she said the paper warn't anything but a book-mark to keep her place, and I might go and play now.

I went off down to the river, studying over this thing, and pretty soon

I noticed that my nigger was following along behind. When we was out of sight of the house, he looked back and around a second, and then comes a-running, and says:

"Mars Jawge, if you'll come down into de swamp, I'll show you a whole stack o' water-moccasins."

Thinks I, that's mighty curious; he said that yesterday. He oughter know a body don't love water-moccasins enough to go around hunting for them. What is he up to anyway? So I says:

"All right, trot ahead."

I followed a half a mile, then he struck out over the swamp and waded ankle deep as much as another half mile. We come to a little flat piece of land which was dry and very thick with trees and bushes and vines, and he says:

"You shove right in dah, jist a few steps, Mars Jawge, dah's whah dey is. I's seed 'm befo', I don't k'yer to see 'em no mo'."

Then he slopped right along and went away, and pretty soon the trees hid him. I poked into the place a-ways, and come to a little open patch as big as a bedroom, all hung around with vines, and found a man laying there asleep—and by jings it was my old Jim! . . . .

I don't want to talk much about the next day. I reckon I'll cut it pretty short. I waked up about dawn, and was agoing to turn over and go to sleep again, when I noticed how still it was—didn't seem to be anybody stirring. That warn't usual. Next I noticed that Buck was up and gone. Well, I gets up, a-wondering, and goes down stairs—nobody around; everything as still as a mouse. Just the same outside; thinks I, what does it mean? Down by the wood-pile I comes across my Jack, and says:

"What's it all about?"

Says he:

"Don't you know, Mars Jawge?"

"No," says I, "I don't."

"Well, den, Miss Sophia's run off! 'deed she has. She run off in de night, sometime—nobody don't know jis' when—run off to git married to dat young Harney Shepherdson, you know—leastways, so dey 'spec. De fambly foun' it out, 'bout half an hour ago—maybe a little mo'—en I *tell* you dey warn't no time los'. Sich another hurryin' up guns en hosses *you* never see! De women folks has gone for to stir up de relations, en ole Mars Saul en de boys tuck dey guns en rode up de river road for to try to ketch dat young man en kill him 'fo' he kin git acrost de river wid Miss Sophia. I reck'n dey's gwine to be mighty rough times."

"Buck went off 'thout waking me up."

"Well I reck'n he *did!* Dey warn't gwine to mix you up in it.

Mars Buck he loaded up his gun en 'lowed he's gwine to fetch home a Shepherdson or bust. Well, dey'll be plenty un 'm dah, I reck'n, en you bet you he'll fetch one ef he gits a chanst."

I took up the river road as hard as I could put. By-and-by I begin to hear guns a good ways off. When I come in sight of the log store and the wood-pile where the steamboats lands, I worked along under the trees and brush till I got to a good place, and then I climb up into the forks of a cotton-wood that was out of reach, and watched. There was a wood-rank four foot high, a little ways in front of the tree, and first I was going to hide behind that; but maybe it was luckier I didn't.

There was four or five men cavorting around on their horses in the open place before the log store, cussing and yelling, and trying to get at a couple of young chaps that was behind the wood-rank alongside of the steamboat landing—but they couldn't come it. Every time one of them showed himself on the river side of the wood-pile he got shot at. The two boys was squatting back to back behind the pile, so they could watch both ways.

By-and-by the men stopped cavorting around and yelling. They started riding towards the store; then up gets one of the boys, draws a steady bead over the wood-rank, and drops one of them out of his saddle. All the men jumped off of their horses and grabbed the hurt one and started to carry him to the store; and that minute the two boys started on the run. They got half-way to the tree I was in before the men noticed. Then the men see them, and jumped on their horses and took out after them. They gained on the boys, but it didn't do no good, the boys had too good a start; they got to the wood-pile that was in front of my tree, and slipped in behind it, and so they had the bulge on the men again. One of the boys was Buck, and the other was a slim young chap about nineteen years old.

The men ripped around awhile, and then rode away. As soon as they was out of sight, I sung out to Buck and told him. He didn't know what to make of my voice coming out of the tree, at first. He was awful surprised. He told me to watch out sharp and let him know when the men come in sight again; said they was up to some devilment or other—wouldn't be gone long. I wished I was out of that tree, but I dasn't come down. Buck begun to cry and rip, and 'lowed that him and his cousin Joe (that was the other young chap) would make up for this day, yet. He said his father and his two brothers was killed, and two or three of the enemy. Said the Shepherdsons laid for them, in ambush. Buck said his father and brothers ought to waited for their relations—the Shepherdsons was too strong for them. I asked him what was become of young Harney and Miss Sophia. He said they'd got across the river and was safe. I was glad of that; but the way

Buck did take on because he didn't manage to kill Harney that day he shot at him—I hain't ever heard anything like it.

All of a sudden, bang! bang! bang! goes three or four guns—the men had slipped around through the woods and come in from behind without their horses! The boys jumped for the river—both of them hurt—and as they swum down the current the men run along the bank shooting at them and singing out, "Kill them, kill them!" It made me so sick I most fell out of the tree. I ain't agoing to tell *all* that happened—it would make me sick again if I was to do that. I wished I hadn't ever come ashore that night, to see such things. I ain't ever going to get shut of them—lots of times I dream about them.

I staid in the tree till it begun to get dark, afraid to come down. Sometimes I heard guns away off in the woods; and twice I seen little gangs of men gallop past the log store with guns; so I reckoned the trouble was still agoing on. I was mighty down-hearted; so I made up my mind I wouldn't ever go anear that house again, because I reckoned I was to blame, somehow. I judged that that piece of paper meant that Miss Sophia was to meet Harney somewheres at half-past two and run off; and I judged I ought to told her father about that paper and the curious way she acted, and then maybe he would a locked her up and this awful mess wouldn't ever happened.

When I got down out of the tree, I crept along down the river bank a piece, and found the two bodies laying in the edge of the water, and tugged at them till I got them ashore; then I covered up their faces, and got away as quick as I could. I cried a little when I was covering up Buck's face, for he was mighty good to me.

It was just dark, now. I never went near the house, but struck through the woods and made for the swamp. Jim warn't on his island, so I tramped off in a hurry for the crick, and crowded through the willows, red-hot to jump aboard and get out of that awful country—the raft was gone! My souls, but I was scared! I couldn't get my breath for most a minute. Then I raised a yell. A voice not twenty-five foot from me, says:

"Good lan'! is dat you, honey? Doan' make no noise."

It was Jim's voice—nothing ever sounded so good before. I run along the bank a piece and got aboard, and Jim he grabbed me and hugged me, he was so glad to see me. He says:

"Laws bless you, chile, I 'uz right down sho' you's dead agin. Jack's been heah, he say he reck'n you's ben shot, kase you didn' come home no mo'; so I's jes' dis minute a startin' de raf' down towards de mouf er de crick, so's to be all ready for to shove out en leave soon as Jack comes agin en tells me for certain you *is* dead. Lawsy, I's mighty glad to git you back agin, honey."

I says:

"All right—that's mighty good; they won't find me, and they'll think I've been killed, and floated down the river—there's something up there that'll help them to think so—so don't you lose no time, Jim, but just shove off for the big water as fast as ever you can."

I never felt easy till the raft was two mile below there and out in the middle of the Mississippi.

Augusta Evans Wilson.

Born near Columbus, Ga., 1835.

THE MASTERFUL STYLE OF PROPOSAL.

[*Beulah. A Novel.* 1859.]

THE day was dull, misty, and gusty. All the morning there had been a driving southeasterly rain; but toward noon there was a lull. The afternoon was heavy and threatening, while armies of dense clouds drifted before the wind. Dr. Asbury had not yet returned from his round of evening visits; Mrs. Asbury had gone to the Asylum to see a sick child, and Georgia was dining with her husband's mother. Beulah came home from school more than usually fatigued; one of the assistant teachers was indisposed, and she had done double work to relieve her. She sat before her desk, writing industriously on an article she had promised to complete before the end of the week. Her head ached; the lines grew dim, and she laid aside her manuscript and leaned her face on her palms. The beautiful lashes lay against her brow, for the eyes were raised to the portrait above her desk, and she gazed up at the faultless features with an expression of sad hopelessness. Years had not filled the void in her heart with other treasures. At this hour it ached with its own desolation, and extending her arms imploringly toward the picture, she exclaimed sorrowfully:

"O my God, how long must I wait? Oh, how long!"

She opened the desk, and taking out a key, left her room, and slowly ascended to the third story. Charon crept up the steps after her. She unlocked the apartment which Mrs. Asbury had given into her charge some time before, and raising one of the windows, looped back the heavy blue curtains which gave a sombre hue to all within. From this elevated position she could see the stormy, sullen waters of the bay breaking against the wharves, and hear their hoarse muttering as they rocked

themselves to rest after the scourging of the tempest. Gray clouds hung low, and scudded northward; everything looked dull and gloomy. She turned from the window and glanced around the room. It was at all times a painful pleasure to come here, and now, particularly, the interior impressed her sadly. Here were the paintings and statues she had long been so familiar with, and here, too, the melodeon which at rare intervals she opened. The house was very quiet; not a sound came up from below; she raised the lid of the instrument, and played a plaintive prelude. Echoes, seven or eight years old, suddenly fell on her ears; she had not heard one note of this air since she left Dr. Hartwell's roof. It was a favorite song of his; a German hymn he had taught her, and now after seven years she sang it. It was a melancholy air, and as her trembling voice rolled through the house, she seemed to live the old days over again. But the words died away on her lips; she had overestimated her strength; she could not sing it. The marble images around her, like ghosts of the past, looked mutely down at her grief. She could not weep; her eyes were dry, and there was an intolerable weight on her heart. Just before her stood the Niobe, rigid and woful; she put her hands over her eyes, and drooped her face on the melodeon. Gloom and despair crouched at her side, their gaunt hands tugging at the anchor of hope. The wind rose and howled round the corners of the house; how fierce it might be on trackless seas, driving lonely barks down to ruin, and strewing the main with ghastly upturned faces. She shuddered and groaned. It was a dark hour of trial, and she struggled desperately with the phantoms that clustered about her. Then there came other sounds: Charon's shrill, frantic bark and whine of delight. For years she had not heard that peculiar bark, and started up in wonder. On the threshold stood a tall form, with a straw hat drawn down over the features, but Charon's paws were on the shoulders, and his whine of delight ceased not. He fell down at his master's feet and caressed them. Beulah looked an instant, and sprang into the doorway, holding out her arms, with a wild, joyful cry:

"Come at last! Oh, thank God! Come at last!" Her face was radiant, her eyes burned, her glowing lips parted.

Leaning against the door, with his arms crossed over his broad chest, Dr. Hartwell stood, silently regarding her. She came close to him, and her extended arms trembled; still he did not move, did not speak.

"Oh, I knew you would come; and, thank God, now you are here. Come home at last!"

She looked up at him so eagerly; but he said nothing. She stood an instant irresolute, then threw her arms around his neck, and laid her head on his bosom, clinging closely to him. He did not return the embrace, but looked down at the beaming face, and sighed; then he put

his hand softly on her head, and smoothed the rippling hair. A brilliant smile broke over her features, as she felt the remembered touch of his fingers on her forehead, and she repeated in the low tones of deep gladness:

"I knew you would come; oh, sir, I knew you would come back to me!"

"How did you know it, child?" he said, for the first time.

Her heart leaped wildly at the sound of the loved voice she had so longed to hear, and she answered, tremblingly:

"Because for weary years I have prayed for your return. Oh, only God knows how fervently I prayed; and He has heard me."

She felt his strong frame quiver; he folded his arms about her, clasped her to his heart with a force that almost suffocated her, and bending his head, kissed her passionately. Suddenly his arms relaxed their clasp; holding her off, he looked at her keenly, and said:

"Beulah Benton, do you belong to the tyrant Ambition, or do you belong to that tyrant, Guy Hartwell? Quick, child, decide."

"I have decided," said she. Her cheeks burned; her lashes drooped.

"Well!"

"Well, if I am to have a tyrant, I believe I prefer belonging to you."

He frowned. She smiled and looked up at him.

"Beulah, I don't want a grateful wife. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, sir."

Just then his eyes rested on the portrait of Creola, which hung opposite. He drew back a step, and she saw the blood leave his lips, as he gazed upon it. Lifting his hand, he said sternly:

"Ah, what pale spectres that face calls up from the grim, gray ruins of memory! Doubtless you know my miserable history. I married her thinking I had won her love. She soon undeceived me. We separated. I once asked you to be my wife, and you told me you would rather die. Child, years have not dealt lightly with me since then. I am no longer a young man. Look here." He threw off his hat, and passing his fingers through his curling hair, she saw, here and there, streaks of silver. He watched her as she noted it. She saw, too, how haggard he looked, now that the light fell full on his pale face. The splendid, dark eyes were unaltered, and as they looked down into hers, tears gathered on her lashes, her lips trembled, and throwing her arms again round his neck, she laid her face on his shoulder.

"Beulah, do you cling to me because you love me? or because you pity me? or because you are grateful to me for past love and kindness? Answer me, Beulah."

"Because you are my all."

"How long have I been your all?"

"Oh, longer than I knew myself!" was the evasive reply.

He tried to look at her, but she pressed her face close to his shoulder, and would not suffer it.

"Beulah."

"Sir."

"Oh, don't 'sir' me, child! I want to know the truth, and you will not satisfy me."

"I have told you the truth."

"Have you learned that fame is an icy shadow? that gratified ambition cannot make you happy? Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Better than teaching school, and writing learned articles?"

"Rather better, I believe, sir."

"Beulah."

"Well, sir."

"You have changed in many things, since we parted, nearly six years ago."

"Yes, I thank God, I am changed. My infidelity was a source of many sorrows; but the clouds have passed from my mind; I have found the truth in Holy Writ." Now she raised her head, and looked at him very earnestly.

"Child, does your faith make you happy?"

"Yes, the universe could not purchase it," she answered solemnly.

There was a brief silence. He put both hands on her shoulders, and stooping down, kissed her brow.

"And you prayed for me, Beulah?"

"Yes, evening and morning. Prayed that you might be shielded from all dangers, and brought safely home. And there was one other thing which I prayed for not less fervently than for your return: that God would melt your hard, bitter heart, and give you a knowledge of the truth of the Christian religion. Oh, sir, I thought sometimes that possibly you might die in a far-off land, and then I should see you no more, in time or eternity! and oh, the thought nearly drove me wild! My guardian, my all, let me not have prayed in vain." She clasped his hand in hers, and looked up pleadingly into the loved face; and, for the first time in her life, she saw tears glistening in the burning eyes. He said nothing, however; took her face in his hands, and scanned it earnestly, as if reading all that had passed during his long absence. Presently he asked:

"So you would not marry Lindsay, and go to Congress. Why not?"

"Who told you anything about him?"

"No matter. Why did not you marry him?"

"Because I did not love him."

"He is a noble-hearted, generous man."

"Yes, very; I do not know his superior."

"What?"

"I mean what I say," said she, firmly.

He smiled, one of his genial, irresistible smiles; and she smiled also, despite herself. "Give me your hand, Beulah."

She did so very quietly.

"There—is it mine?"

"Yes, sir, if you want it."

"And may I claim it as soon as I choose?"

"Yes, sir."

She had never seen him look as he did then. His face kindled, as if in a broad flash of light; the eyes dazzled her, and she turned her face away, as he drew her once more to his bosom, and exclaimed:

"At last, then, after years of sorrow, and pain, and bitterness, I shall be happy in my own home; shall have a wife, a companion, who loves me for myself alone. Ah, Beulah, my idol, I will make you happy!"

Theodore Tilton.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1835.

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

[*The Sexton's Tale, and Other Poems.* 1867.—*Thou and I.* 1880.]

THOU who ordainest, for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamentation,
Now unto Thee we lift our supplication—
God save the Nation!

By the great sign foretold of Thy appearing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand fearing,
Show us, amid the smoke of battle, clearing,
Thy chariot nearing.

By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl Thou a thunderbolt from out Thy quiver!
Break Thou the strong gates! every fetter shiver!
Smite and deliver!

Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to derision!
Then, in the blood-red Valley of Decision,
Clothe Thou the fields, as in the prophet's vision,
With peace Elysian!

THE FLIGHT FROM THE CONVENT.

I SEE the star-lights quiver,
Like jewels in the river;
The bank is hid with sedge;
What if I slip the edge?
I thought I knew the way
By night as well as day:
How soon a lover goes astray!

The place is somewhat lonely—
I mean, for just one only,
I brought the boat ashore
An hour ago, or more.
Well, I will sit and wait;
She fixed the hour at eight:
Good angels! bring her not too late!

To-morrow's tongues that name her
Will hardly dare to blame her:
A lily still is white
Through all the dark of night:
The morning sun shall show
A bride as pure as snow,
Whose wedding all the world shall know.

O God! that I should gain her!
But what can so detain her?
Hist, yelping cur! thy bark
Will fright her in the dark.
What! striking nine? that's fast!
Is some one walking past?
Oho! so thou art come at last!

Now, why thy long delaying?
Alack! thy beads and praying!
If thou, a saint, dost hope
To kneel and kiss the Pope,
Then I, a sinner, know
Where sweeter kisses grow—
Nay, now, just once before we go!

Nay, twice, and by St. Peter
The second was the sweeter!
Quick, now, and in the boat!
Good-by, old tower and moat!
May mildew from the sky
Drop blindness on the eye
That lurks to watch our going by!

O saintly maid! I told thee
No convent walls should hold thee.

Look! yonder comes the moon!
We started not too soon.
See how we pass that mill!
What! is the night too chill?
Then I must fold thee closer still!

SIR MARMADUKE'S MUSINGS.

I WON a noble fame;
But, with a sudden frown,
The people snatched my crown,
And, in the mire, trod down
My lofty name.

I bore a bounteous purse;
And beggars by the way
Then blessed me, day by day;
But I, grown poor as they,
Have now their curse.

I gained what men call friends;
But now their love is hate,
And I have learned, too late,
How mated minds unmate,
And friendship ends.

I clasped a woman's breast,—
As if her heart, I knew,
Or fancied, would be true,—
Who proved, alas! she too!
False like the rest.

I now am all bereft,—
As when some tower doth fall,
With battlement, and wall,
And gate, and bridge, and all,—
And nothing left.

But I account it worth
All pangs of fair hopes crossed—
All loves and honors lost,—
To gain the heavens, at cost
Of losing earth.

So, lest I be inclined
To render ill for ill,—
Henceforth in me instil,
O God, a sweet good-will
To all mankind.

William Hayes Ward.

Born in Abington, Mass., 1835.

ELEMENTS OF TRUE POETRY.

[*Literature and Religion.—Address before the N. Y. Congregational Club.* 1886.]

WHAT, then, is poetry? It is the verbal expression of thought under the paramount control of the principle of beauty. The thought must be as beautiful as possible; the expression must be as beautiful as possible. Essential beauty and formal beauty must be wedded, and the union is poetry. Other principles than beauty may govern a literary production. The purpose may be, first, absolute clearness. That will not make poetry. It may make a good mathematical demonstration; it may make a good news item; but not poetry. The predominant sentiment may be ethical. That may give us a sermon, but it will not give a poem. A poem is first of all beautiful, beautiful in its content of thought, and beautiful in its expression through words. A writer fails of producing a poem if he puts anything before beauty in the thought, or anything before beauty in its expression. The beauty of thought is first and most important; in it rests the chief genius. But the beauty of expression, being formal, is more quickly grasped and easily analyzed, and is, to the popular notion, the chief element in a poem. It is essential, but it is not the chief essential. A prose poem is no poem, but a prosy poem is neither poetry nor prose.

The first and chief element in a poem is beauty of thought, and that beauty may relate to any department, material, mental, or spiritual, in which beauty can reside. Such poetry may describe a misty desert, a flowery mead, a feminine form, a ruddy sky, a rhythmic waterfall, a blue-bird's flutings, receding thunder, a violet's scent, the spicy tang of apples, the thrill of clasped arms and a lover's kiss. Or it may rise higher, and rest in the relations of things, in similes and metaphors; it may infuse longing and love and passion; it may descant fair reason and meditative musing. Or, in highest flight, beauty may range over the summits of lofty purpose, inspiring patriotism, devotion, sacrifice, till it becomes one with the love of man and the love of God, even as the fading outline of a mountain melts into the blue sky which envelops it. All this will make the substance of poetry.

Not that the thought of a poem, in all its parts, must be beautiful. It must be beautiful as far as possible in its parts, and unfailingly beautiful in its total effect. There may be level plains between the mountains. There may even be ugly crags. But all this is only the foil to

the jewels, the discord which enhances the harmony. The symphony is beautiful notwithstanding the discord; the poem is beautiful, for the lily is whiter and sweeter if we catch a glimpse of the dirt at its roots; a coarse face hints there is something higher than human in the beauty of fair women; and we must catch a glimpse of the blood of horrid war if we wish to know how dear is peace, and how sweet is home, and how grand it is to die for liberty and native land.

But this must be remembered, that beauty does not always lie along a single level. In seeking one beauty the poet must not contradict another. He must not pursue his beauty when it flies into a sandy waste or a noisome fen. Physical beauty embraced in the arms of vapid thought or sickly sentiment, or evil purpose, becomes ugly and adulterate. Dominant over all other beauty is moral beauty. All highest flights of poetry must range in the empyrean. God is king everywhere, and his laws are supreme in beauty as in duty. You can no more contradict God's law in the construction of a poem than in the course of a planet.

The principles I have enunciated throw out not a few so-called poems. Cædmon's verse is not poetry, but a sermon of versified Scripture. Its object was not beauty, but memorized instruction. Pope's "Essay on Man" is not a poem. To be sure it is in rhyme and couplets, all measured and hewed to a given length. But its prime object is not to express beauty, but wisdom—not wisdom as beauty—for wisdom is beautiful; but wisdom as wisdom, keen, experienced, put into sharp, epigrammatic form. I hardly venture to say that Swinburne's "Dolores" or "Before Dawn" is not poetry, for it does seek a certain kind of beauty. It runs purposely athwart all ethic beauty. The school led by him have given us a lesson in form, but they cannot be remembered long. Their reed has a short gamut. It plays but two notes, Mors and Eros. There is nothing but hopeless death and the love of harlots.

The chief beauty of a poem is in its thought. On that I do not dwell. But the beauty of expression, its formal beauty, is more obtrusive, and many imagine that it is this alone which makes a poem. Let it scan and rhyme, or scan alone, and they incontinently imagine it to have been breathed from Parnassus. But rhyme and scansion are not even all the formal elements in poetry. The books do not tell us, and few suspect, what are the other fine recurrences of consonant or vowel, in the beginning or the middle of words, that make a line sweet to the ear and delicious to the tongue.

THE NEW CASTALIA.

[*An Invocation.* 1888.]

HAVE I not loved, dear Verse, the tinkling dance
Of thy sweet feet? What master taught thy steps?
'Twas the free winds, the liberty of the clouds,
The balance of successive day and night,
The patter of the rain, the gay brook's rush,
The waxing and the waning of the moon.
Thy feet are steady as the stately stars,
The pulsing tides have timed thy solemn rhythm;
Anon, thy steps, inwove with deftest art,
Trip the quick graces of the intricate dance;
Thou wanderest in and out the vagrant ode,
Mingling in measured motion, swift or slow,
Th' alternate steppings of a double star,
The triple cadence of a flower-de-luce.

Out of a cavern on Parnassus' side,
Flows Castaly; and with the flood outblown
From its deep heart of ice, the mountain's breath
Tempers the ardor of the Delphian vale.
Beside the stream from the black mould upsprings
Narcissus, robed in snow, with ruby crowned.
Long ranks of crocus, humble servitors,
But clad in purple, mark his downcast face.
The sward, moist from the flood, is pied with flowers,
Lily and vetch, lupine and melilot,
The hyacinth, cowslip, and gay marigold,
While on the border of the copse, sweet herbs,
Anise and thyme, breathe incense to the bay
And myrtle. Here thy home, fair Muse! How soft
Thy step falls on the grass whose morning drops
Bedew thy feet! The blossoms bend but break
Not, and thy fingers pluck the eglantine,
The privet and the bilberry; or frame
A rustic whistle from a fresh-cut reed.
Here is thy home, dear Muse, fed on these airs;
The hills, the founts, the woods, the sky are thine!

But who are these? A company of youth
Upon a tesseled pavement in a court,
Under a marble statue of a muse,
Strew hot-house flowers before a mimic fount
Drawn from a faucet in a rockery.
With mutual admiration they repeat
Their bric-a-brackery of rococo verse,
Their versicles and icicles of song!

What know ye, verse-wrights, of the Poet's art?
What noble passion or what holy heat
Is stirred to frenzy when your eyes admire
The peacock feathers on a frescoed wall,
Or painted posies on a lady's fan?

Are these thine only bards, young age, whose eyes
Are blind to Heaven and heart of man; whose blood
Is water, and not wine; unskilled in notes
Of liberty, and holy love of land,
And man, and all things beautiful; deep skilled
To burnish wit in measured feet, to wind
A weary labyrinth of labored rhymes,
And cipher verses on an abacus?

Lyman Abbott.

BORN in Roxbury, Mass., 1835.

THE BOOK OF PROMISE.

[*In Aid of Faith.* 1886.]

THE Bible is not a book, but a library; perhaps I should rather say a literature. It is composed of sixty-six different books, written by between forty and fifty different authors; written centuries apart, in different languages, to different peoples, for different purposes, in different literary forms. It is the selected literature of fifteen centuries; it includes law, history, poetry, fiction, biography, and philosophy. It is to be read as a literature, interpreted as a literature, judged as a literature. One may therefore reject a book from this collection of literature and yet believe in the literature. It is not like a painting, which either is or is not the work of one master; it is a gallery of paintings, in which some works may be originals and others copies. To believe in the Bible is one thing, to believe in the canonicity of every book in the Bible is a very different thing. Luther believed in the Bible, though he rejected the Epistle of James, and Dr. Adam Clarke believed in the Bible, though he rejected Solomon's Song.

But although the Bible is not a book, yet this literature possesses a unity other than that given to it by binder's boards. It is not a mere aggregation of books. A common spirit animates, a common character belongs to it. If it were not so, it would never have borne the semblance of a book for so many years and in so many minds. These literary

remains of fifteen centuries of Jewish history were not collected together by an ecclesiastical council, nor by one authorized editor. Indeed, no one knows how either the collection of Old Testament books or that of the New Testament books was made. Each collection may almost be said to have made itself. The books came together by a process of natural affinity. There was, there is, something in common in the books of law and poetry, of history and fiction, of biography and philosophy, which unites them; there is in this literature a principle of attraction, of cohesion, which is moral, not mechanical or ecclesiastical. The writings of Moses, of Isaiah, of David, of Paul, of the unknown author of the books of Kings and of the unknown author of the book of Hebrews, have certain characteristics in common, a certain spirit which unifies them in one book. I have said that the Bible is not a book, but a literature; I will now say that this literature is a book: not merely because its various writings are bound together in one volume, but because they are animated with one and the same life. It is this life which makes the literature sacred, and the sacredness of the different parts of this literature is exactly proportioned to the measure of this life which they respectively contain. It is least in such a chapter as the 21st chapter of Joshua; it is greatest in such a chapter as the 103d Psalm.

Following this line of thought a little further, I think we can see, if we reflect a little, that the characteristic which unites all this literature in one homogeneous book is promise. It is all a literature of promise. Promise is the golden thread which binds all these books together in one common book. This is the natural affinity which selected and combined in one library these literary remains of fifteen centuries. The Bible is, at least it claims to be, the promise of God to his children, whereby He bestows upon them what otherwise they never could have possessed, for want of knowledge that it was theirs to possess.

This claim is indicated in the titles Old Testament and New Testament. A testament is a covenant or agreement. The Bible is composed of two covenants or agreements, by which God confers upon man that of which otherwise he would know nothing. It is the will and testament by which a Father bequeaths an inheritance to his children. This claim is indicated by its structure. Its first five books are books of law; but all its commandments are commandments with promise, and to every one is attached the condition, If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land. This characteristic of the law is emphasized in the closing chapter of Deuteronomy: "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that thou and thy seed may live." Its historical books are not the record of great national achievements; they are not the story of the building and the life of a nation; they are the record of God's fulfilment of his promises

to the people of promise and of their failure to fulfil their promises, and of the disastrous results in their national life. The poetical books are also prophetical books, for Hebrew poetry is prophecy; the song of the prophet, whether he is an Isaiah mounting like the lark above the storm into the clear sunlight above, or a Jeremiah singing like the nightingale a song in the night, is always a song of promise.

The life of Christ is the story of the beginning of the fulfilment of promises which had cheered the faithful in the darkest hours of Judea's apostasy and ruin; the letters of Paul are the unfolding of that fulfilment in spiritual experience, ever pointing to a richer and yet richer fulfilment in the ever increasing crescendo movement of the future; and the literature of promise ends with an apocalyptic vision of the perfecting but never perfected fulfilment in the latter days. If we turn from the structure to the contents of this literature, this promise character is even more apparent. The Bible is like a symphony, weaving endless variations around one simple theme, which, obscure at first, grows stronger and clearer, until finally the whole orchestra takes it up in one magnificent choral, conquering all obstacles and breaking through all hidings. Abraham is beckoned out of the land of idolatry by the finger of promise; Joseph is cheered in danger and in prison by the memory of a dream of promise; Moses is called by promise from his herding in the wilderness to lead a nation of promise out of bondage into a promised land; Joshua is called to his captaincy with reiterated promises; Gideon is inspired for his campaigning by repeated promises; David is sustained in the cave of Adullam, and strengthened in the palace in Jerusalem by promise; from Isaiah to Malachi the note of promise, before broken and fragmentary, sounds without a pause; the shepherds are brought to the Christ by an angelic message of promise; he begins his ministry by a sermon at Nazareth, which is a promise of glad tidings to the poor, and ends it in his ascension with a promise of his return; Paul lives on promise as on manna heaven-descended, declaring, in the midst of great tribulations, "We are saved by hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" and John closes the canon with a book whose glory is like the glory of a setting sun, which promises a clear to-morrow.

Amanda Theodosia Jones.

Born in Bloomfield, Ontario Co., N. Y., 1835.

PRAIRIE SUMMER.

[*From "A Prairie Idyl, and Other Poems."* 1882.]

BEGAN a crazy wind to blow;
Loomed up a black and massy cloud;
Fell down the volumed floods that flow
With volleying thunders near and loud,
With lightnings broad and blinding.
A week of flying lights and darks,
Then all was clear; from copse and corn
Flew grosbeaks, red-birds, whistling larks,
And thrushes voiced like peris lorn,
Themselves of Heaven reminding.

Deep trails my hasty hands had torn,
Where, under fairy-tasselled rues,
Low vines their scarlet fruits had borne,
That neither men nor gods refuse,—
Delicious, spicy, sating.
As there through meadow red-tops sere
I toiled, my fragile friends to greet,
Out sang the birds: "Good cheer! good cheer!"—
"This way!"—"Pure purity!"—"So sweet!"—
"See! see! a-waiting—waiting!"

I saw: Each way the rolling wheat,
The wild-flower wilderness between,
Therein the sun-emblazoning sheet,
Four ways the thickets darkly green,
The vaporous drifts and dazzles;
Swift lace-wings flittering high and low,
Sheen, gauzy scarves a-sag with dew,
Blown phloxes flaked like falling snow,
Wide spiderworts in umbels blue,
Wild bergamots and basils;

And oh, the lilies! melted through
With ocherous pigments of the sun!
Translucent flowers of marvellous hue,
Red, amber, orange, all in one,—
Their brown-black anthers bursting
To scatter out their powdered gold:
One half with upward looks attent,
As holy secrets might be told,

One half with turbans earthward bent,
For Eden's rivers thirsting.

And now the winds a-tiptoe went,
As loath to trouble Summer calms;
The air was dense with sifted scent,
Dispersed from fervid mints and balms
Whose pungent fumes betrayed them.
The brooks, on yielding sedges flung,
Half-slept—babe-soft their pulses beat;
Wee humming-birds, green-burnished, swung
Now here, now there, to find the sweet,
As if a billow swayed them.

Loud-whirring hawk-moths, large and fleet,
Went honey-mad; the dipters small
Caught wings, they bathed in airy heat;
I saw the mottled minnows all,—
So had the pool diminished.
No Sybarite ever banqueted
As those bird-rioters young and old:
The red-wing's story, while he fed,
A thousand times he partly told,
But never fairly finished.

Some catch the reeling oriole trolled,
Broke off his black and gold to trim;
Quarrelled the blue-jay fiery-bold,—
Or feast or fight all one to him,
True knight at drink or duel;
New wine of berries black and red
The noisy cat-bird sipped and sipped;
The king-bird bragged of battles dread,
How he the stealthy hawk had whipped—
That armed marauder cruel.

While so they sallied, darted, dipped,
Slow feathered seeds began to sail;
Gray milk-weed pods their flosses slipped,—
More blithely blew the buoying gale,
And sent them whitely flying.
Rose up new creatures every hour
From brittle-walled chrysalides;
The yellow wings on every flower
With ringèd wasps and bumble-bees
Shone, Danae's gold outvying.

Edward Greey.

Born in Sandwich, Kent, England, 1835. Died in New York, N. Y., 1888.

LEGEND OF THE GOLDEN LOTUS.

[*The Golden Lotus, and Other Legends of Japan.* 1883.]

HEAVY drops of rain were plashing upon the dusty surface of the broad avenue of Shiba, Tokio. The pilgrims, who but a few moments before thronged the place, had vanished like "water in sand" into the adjoining restaurants; and the sellers of nondescript trifles, located beneath the magnificent trees, were anxiously glancing skyward, and hurriedly covering their wares with sheets of oiled paper.

My companion, a charming old Japanese gentleman, knitted his bushy eyebrows, bowed, smiled, and said in a gentle tone: "A hundred thousand pardons! I believe we are about to have a down-pour. I regret very much this inhospitable weather. Would you like to partake of a cup of tea?"

While he was speaking the rain began to descend in a torrent; whereupon we sought refuge in the nearest *chaya*, which was crowded with men and women in white robes.

We seated ourselves in a retired corner, and as we sipped our tea, listened to the babel of conversation around us. Presently a young *bozu* (priest) entered, and after shaking the moisture from his robes, said:

"It is almost time for the *ho-dan* (sermon); you, good people, ought not to miss such a great benefit."

He was a plump, mild-featured lad, and his head was so closely shaven that it almost pained one to look at it.

The pilgrims, who, upon his entrance, had bowed their foreheads to the mats, murmured respectful replies, and rising, awaited his departure.

To my surprise he turned to my companion, and said: "All men ought to know of Buddha. It would be a benevolent act for you to induce that foreign gentleman to listen to the golden words. Who knows but that he might be led into the true path?"

My friend, who blushed to the tips of his ears, made a respectful gesture of caution, and whispered behind his fan: "Reverend sir, this gentleman understands what you say."

The *bozu*, not at all disconcerted, bowed politely and invited me to accompany him, remarking: "We have many of your preachers in our country: surely you will not object to listen to one of ours."

I replied that I had long wished to have such an opportunity, and that I should be most happy to accept his invitation.

While we were waiting for the shower to pass over, we had quite an interesting conversation; and when I hinted that his class had neglected to teach the masses the pure doctrines of Buddhism, and had allowed the people to remain in a shocking state of idolatry, he said: "I think you have been misinformed, or do not quite understand the movement that is taking place in our religious circles. It is true, before the arrival of you foreign gentlemen, there was great laxity among some of our sects; now all of us are doing our best to instruct our people in the Great Truth": adding, "The rain has ceased, honorable sir from afar; will you please accompany me and listen to the imperfect teaching of a humble follower of Shaka?"

It was a novel sensation to find myself one of a procession of pilgrims, while the conversation of our devout companions severely taxed my gravity.

"*Hai* [yes]," said a weather-beaten dame, "those dark-eyed *to-jin* [foreigners] are always more amenable to reason than the *oni* [imps] with blue eyes. In fact, they are more human" (utterly disregarding the cautioning signals of my friend). "I am one of those who speak my mind. Nobody frightens me by scowling."

"Pray excuse her," whispered the worthy old gentleman. "Some people are so religious that they have enough faith for half a dozen. Such persons have very little sense"; adding *sotto voce*, "but then, she is only a woman."

After a short walk we reached a shed-like building connected with one of the temples. Our guide ushered us in and saw us seated comfortably on the clean matted floor, then retired behind a screen at the upper end of the apartment.

The pilgrims behaved very much like our country folks at a church meeting. Some prayed, others stared about them, and a few yawned as though they considered the affair a bore.

After a brief interval an ascetic-visaged *bozu* glided from behind the screen, and advancing to a platform slightly raised above the level of the floor, knelt, bowed, and murmured the Buddhist prayer; then sitting up on his heels, glanced round at the congregation until he discovered me. This action reminded me of an incident I had once witnessed in a place of worship in far-off Massachusetts, and I smiled.

The *bozu* regarded me sorrowfully, after which he began his discourse in a low, musical voice, saying:

"Man is born without a knowledge of Amida [Buddha], therefore it is the teacher's duty to instruct everybody, not only in the true doctrine, but also to enlighten people concerning the life of the Lord Shaka-ni-yorai.

"I will not insult your intelligence by telling you who Shaka was.

Every child knows that" (glancing slyly at me). "The wonderful story of his life has been translated into all the languages of the world. Everybody knows how the king gave up his title and became a beggar, that he might give the true light to the world.

"Of late years we have had strange teachers coming from various foreign countries, offering us their religion" (slyly) "and their merchandise. What can they give you more precious and delightful than the Golden Lotos?" (In a chatty tone.)

"A few days ago I met a pilgrim who said to me: 'Holy Father, tell me about the Golden Lotos. I do not understand why the Lord Shaka is seated upon that beautiful flower.'

"This ignorance amazed me; however, after I had told him the truth, I thought, 'Possibly there may be many in our land as ignorant as he,' therefore I made up my mind, the next time I spoke to the people, to explain this portion of the life of Shaka-ni-yorai." (Very solemnly, with half-closed eyes.)

"The merciful Lord Shaka had concluded his meditations on the mountain of Dan-doku, and was descending the rocky path on his way toward the city. Night was approaching, the shadows were deepening, and no sound disturbed the stillness of the hour.

"As he reached a plateau at the crest of the last turn in the road, he heard some one exclaim in a loud voice: '*Shio-giyo mu-jiyo!* [The outward manner is not always an index to the natural disposition.]'

"The Lord Shaka was amazed and delighted, thinking, 'What manner of being is this? I must question him and learn more.'

"He then approached the edge of the precipice, still hearing the voice repeating the wonderful sentence. On glancing down into the valley he beheld a horrible *tatsu* [dragon], which regarded him threateningly."

The *bozu* changed his tone into a confidential one, and glancing at me, said:

"I will now explain the meaning of the dragon's words.

"Man is naturally disposed to sin, and if he were left without teaching would descend to the lowest depths of degradation. The Lord Shaka came into the world to teach humility, gentleness, forbearance, and patience. Those who listen to his words will gradually lose their natural disposition to sin, and approach one step nearer to the Golden Lotos. This is the true explanation of '*Shio-giyo mu-jiyo.*'"

(Resuming his solemn manner.) "The Lord Shaka seated himself upon the edge of the rock, and addressing the monster, said: 'How came you to learn one of the higher mysteries of Buddhism? Although I have been studying ten years, I have never heard this sentence. I think you must know others. Please tell them to me.'

"The dragon coiled itself tightly round the base of the rock, then said in a thunderous tone: '*Ze-shio metsu-po!* [All living things are antagonistic to the law of Buddha.]'"

(Resuming his confidential manner.) "This truth is eternal. How sad it is to know that every year millions of people die ignorant of the teachings of the Lord Shaka! I beseech you to keep the laws of Buddha, and to close your ears to the words of false priests who come from outside the civilized world to encourage the worst inclination of human nature,—that is, the violation of the Buddhistic law."

This covert allusion to our missionaries was much relished by the old woman who had spoken her mind so freely. "*Hai* [yes]," she exclaimed, glancing fixedly at me, "yes, yes, yes, that is so!"

The preacher again resumed his earnest manner, saying:

"'*Ze-shio metsu-po!*' roared the dragon, regarding the sacred one. Then it held its peace for a space, whereupon the Lord Shaka said: 'That is very good; now pray tell me the next sentence.'

"'*Shio-metsu metsu-i!* [All living things must die.]'

"The Lord Shaka bowed and answered: 'That sentence is better than the last; I would very much like to hear the next.'

"The dragon looked up at him with a hungry expression, and said: 'The next truth is the last and most precious, but I cannot speak it until my hunger is appeased. I have not eaten since daybreak, and am very weak. Give me some food, and I will tell you the last of the four precious sentences.'

"'I will give you anything you wish,' replied the Lord Shaka. 'You have such great wisdom that I will deny you nothing. What do you demand?'

"'Human flesh,' was the response.

"The Lord Shaka regarded the dragon pityingly, and said, 'My religion forbids me to destroy life; but as I must, for the sake of the people, hear the final sentence, I will give myself to you. Now tell me all you know.'

"The monster opened its enormous mouth, and as it did so, said: '*Jaku-metsu I-raku!* [The greatest happiness is experienced after the soul has left the body.]'

"The Lord Shaka listened, then bowed his sacred head and sprang into the gaping mouth of the *tatsu*.

"When he touched the dragon's jaws they split into eight parts, and changed into the eight petals of the Golden Lotos."

(Earnestly and solemnly.) "As the Lord Shaka trusted himself to the horrible monster, so you must trust to His teachings. If you do so, and earnestly strive to attain perfection, you will, most assuredly, some day, learn the full meaning of the sentence, '*Jaku-metsu I-raku!*'"

A collection was made for the benefit of the preacher, after which the congregation silently dispersed.

When we reached the avenue, my companion remarked: "Although I am only an ignorant man, I cannot help making comparisons. After all, there is not much difference between our religions. You hope for a crown of glory, and I to some day take my place upon a Golden Lotos."

Mary Emily Bradley.

Born in Easton, Md., 1835.

THE OLD STORY.

"MEIN kleines mädchen! tell me, tell me true—
What was that the wind said awhile ago to you?
What was that the daisies told, whispering, to the grass
And the yellow butterflies, when they saw you pass?"

Answered then the maiden, blushing rosy red:
"Mutter mein! *Ich liebe dich*, was all the wind said;
Ich liebe dich, I tell you true, was every single word
The daisies or the butterflies could possibly have heard."

"Wherefore spake the wind so," the mother asked, "to you?
Mein kleines mädchen, tell me, tell me true."
Then the daughter's eyelids drooped; low the head was hung:
"The wind was but a messenger," quoth she with faltering tongue.

"And bore a message back from you?" "Ah, mother darling, yes!
You would not have your daughter rude, so what could I do less?
But this I told the wind indeed: to breathe it in his ear
So low and soft that only he in all the world should hear."

Tenderly the mother's hand smoothed the maiden's hair:
"Tell me, sweet, the message that you sent with so much care."
Redder grew the pretty cheek, but bravely answered she:
"Mutter mein! 'twas only what the wind had said to me!"

"*Only that!*" The mother smiled through her sudden tears,
Knowing well what love costs—the pain, the bliss, the fears;
Must it find its way so soon to her liebling's heart,
With its passionate delight and its cruel smart?

All day long her own heart was aching for her child;
All day long the maiden dreamed, and in her dreaming smiled;
For every wind that shook the leaves was still a messenger
From her lover, whispering "*Ich liebe dich!*" to her.

THE KEY-NOTE.

MANY are Nature's voices;
Each wind has a different tone;
One carries an echo of laughter,
Another a sigh, or a moan;
Trees as they whisper together,
Waters that run to the sea,
Have speech of their own, but never
A voice that replies to me.

Once of a summer morning,
When summer was at her best,
Roses crowning her forehead,
Pearls of dew at her breast,
I fell on my knees before her,
I kissed her beautiful feet;
"Speak to me, Mother Nature!
Teach me your wisdom sweet."

Babble of brooks responded,
Bees went murmuring by;
Trill of a lark rang faintly
Down from the distant sky;
They mocked my fond desire—
I longed for a vital word,
Not for a leaflet's rustle,
Or the far-off song of a bird!

And baffled and disappointed,
I said—I will seek no more,
I will stand and knock no longer,
O Nature, at your door:
Entreating, you would not answer,
Calling, you would not come;
And this is the hopeless reason—
Nature is deaf and dumb!

Then from my aimless yearning
That could not attain its goal,
I went as the blind go, groping,
And found out a living soul;
Found out a soul responsive,
That brought to me unaware,
Oil of joy for my mourning,
Wine of life for despair.

Now—oh, beautiful wonder!
The mystery has grown clear,
The inarticulate voices
Have meaning for my ear;

Love is the magic key-note,
And by its subtle art
All that I sought of Nature
I find in a woman's heart.

Andrew Carnegie.

Born in Dunfermline, Scotland, 1835. Came to the United States, 1845.

THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

[*Triumphant Democracy, or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic.* 1886.]

HERE is the record of one century's harvest of Democracy:

1. The majority of the English-speaking race under one republican flag, at peace.

2. The nation which is pledged by act of both parties to offer amicable arbitration for the settlement of international disputes.

3. The nation which contains the smallest proportion of illiterates, the largest proportion of those who read and write.

4. The nation which spends least on war, and most upon education; which has the smallest army and navy, in proportion to its population and wealth, of any maritime power in the world.

5. The nation which provides most generously during their lives for every soldier and sailor injured in its cause, and for their widows and orphans.

6. The nation in which the rights of the minority and of property are most secure.

7. The nation whose flag, wherever it floats over sea and land, is the symbol and guarantor of the equality of the citizen.

8. The nation in whose Constitution no man suggests improvement; whose laws as they stand are satisfactory to all citizens.

9. The nation which has the ideal Second Chamber, the most august assembly in the world—the American Senate.

10. The nation whose Supreme Court is the envy of the ex-Prime Minister of the parent land.

11. The nation whose Constitution is "the most perfect piece of work ever struck off at one time by the mind and purpose of man," according to the present Prime Minister of the parent land.

12. The nation most profoundly conservative of what is good, yet based upon the political equality of the citizen.

13. The wealthiest nation in the world.

14. The nation first in public credit, and in payment of debt.
15. The greatest agricultural nation in the world.
16. The greatest manufacturing nation in the world.
17. The greatest mining nation in the world.

Many of these laurels have hitherto adorned the brow of Britain, but her child has wrested them from her. . . . .

But please do not be so presumptuous, my triumphant republican; I do not believe the *people* of Britain can be beaten in the paths of peaceful triumphs even by their precocious child. Just wait till you measure yourself with them after they are equally well equipped. There are signs that the masses are about to burst their bonds and be free men. The British race, all equal citizens from birth, will be a very different antagonist to the semi-serfs you have so far easily excelled. Look about you and note that transplanted here and enjoying for a few years similar conditions to yours the Briton does not fail to hold his own and keep abreast of you in the race. Nor do his children fail either to come to the front. Assuredly the stuff is in these Island mastiffs. It is only improper training and lack of suitable stimulating nourishment to which their statesmen have subjected them, that renders them feeble. The strain is all right, and the training will soon be all right too.

Much has been written upon the relations existing between Old England and New England. It is with deep gratefulness that I can state that never in my day was the regard, the reverence of the child land for the parent land so warm, so sincere, so heartfelt. This was inevitable whenever the pangs of separation ceased to hurt, and the more recent wounds excited by the unfortunate position taken by the Mother during the slave-holders' rebellion were duly healed. It was inevitable as soon as the American became acquainted with the past history of the race from which he had sprung, and learned the total sum of that great debt which he owed to his progenitor. It is most gratifying to see that the admiration, the love of the American for Britain is in exact proportion to his knowledge and power. It is not the uncultivated man of the gulch who returns from a visit to the old home filled with pride of ancestry, and duly grateful to the pioneer land which in its bloody march toward civil and religious liberty

> "Through the long gorge to the far light hath won
> Its path upward and prevailed."

It is the Washington Irvings, the Nathaniel Hawthornes, the Russell Lowells, the Adamses, the Dudley Warners, the Wentworth Higginsons, the Edward Atkinsons—the men of whom we are proudest at home. Thus, in order that the republican may love Britain it is only

necessary that he should know her. As this knowledge is yearly becoming more general, affection spreads and deepens.

So much for the younger land's share of the question.

And now, what are we to testify as to the feelings of the older land toward its forward child? My experience in this matter covers twenty years, in few of which I have failed to visit my native land. I had a hard time of it for the first years, and often had occasion to say to myself, and not a few times to intimate to others, that "it was prodigious what these English did not know." I fought the cause of the Union year after year during the Rebellion. Only a few of the John Bright class among prominent men, ever and ever our stanchest friends, believed, what I often repeated, that "there was not enough of air on the North American continent to float two flags," and that the Democracy was firm and true. When the end came, and one flag was all the air did float, these doubters declared that the immense armies would never disband and retire to the peaceful avocations of life. How little these ignorant people knew of the men who fought for their country! They were soon surprised upon this point. I had to combat upon subsequent visits the general belief in financial circles that it was absurd to hope that a government of the masses would ever think of paying the national debt. It would be repudiated, of course. The danger passed, like the first. Then followed prophecies that the "greenback dodge" would be sanctioned by the people. That passed too. But well do I remember the difference with which I was received and listened to after these questions had been safely passed and the Republic had emerged from the struggle, a nation about to assume the front rank among those who had disparaged her.

I fear the governing classes at home never thoroughly respected the Republic, and hence could not respect its citizens, until it had shown not only its ability to overwhelm its own enemy, but to turn round upon France, and with a word drive the monarchical idea out of Mexico. And then it will be remembered that it called to account its own dear parent, who in her official capacity had acted abominably when her own child was in a death struggle with slavery, and asked her to please settle for the injury she had inflicted. This was for a time quite a staggering piece of presumption in the estimation of the haughty old monarchy, but, nevertheless, it was all settled by an act which marks an epoch in the history of the race, and gives to the two divisions of the Anglo-Saxon the proud position of having set the best example of the settlement of "international disputes by peaceful arbitration" which the world has yet seen. From this time forth it became extremely difficult for the privileged classes of Britain to hold up the Republic to the people as a mournful example of the folly of attempting to build up a State

without privileged classes. Their hitherto broad charges now necessarily took on the phase of carping criticism.

America had not civil service; it turned out all its officials at the beginning of every administration. Well, America got civil service, and that subject was at an end. Then the best people did not enter into political life, and American politicians were corrupt; but the explanation of the first part of the charge, which is quite true as a general proposition, is, as I have shown, that where the laws of a country are perfect in the opinion of a people, and all is going on about to their liking, able and earnest men believe they can serve their fellow-men better in more useful fields than politics, which, after all, are but means to an end. "Oh, how dreadful, don't you know," said a young would-be swell to a young American lady—"how dreadful, you know, to be governed by people you would not visit, you know." "Probably," was the reply, "and how delightful, don't you know, to be governed by people who wouldn't visit you." All of the indictments against the Republic have about disappeared except one, and that will soon go as the cause is understood, for international copyright must soon be settled.

Nathaniel Graham Shepherd.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1835. Died there, 1869.

ROLL-CALL.

"CORPORAL GREEN!" the Orderly cried;
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near,—
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!"—then a silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call;
Only his rear-man had seen him fall:
Killed or wounded—he could not tell.

There they stood in the failing light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Cline!"—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!"—then a soldier spoke:
"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,
"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies;
I paused a moment and gave him to drink;
He murmured his mother's name, I think,
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear:
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

Harper's New Monthly Magazine. 1862.

William Torrey Harris.

Born in North Killingly, Conn., 1835.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD.

[*The North American Review.* 1880.]

IN the idea of God, man defines for himself his theory of the origin and destiny of the world. The whence and the whither of nature and of man are involved in this idea, and through it, therefore, are determined his theoretical views and his practical activities. If he believes that this supreme principle is blind fate, unconscious force, or something devoid of intelligence and will, this belief will constantly modify all his thoughts and deeds, and ultimately shape them into har-

mony with his faith. If, on the other hand, he regards this supreme principle as a conscious personality, as absolute intelligence and will, this view will likewise shape his thoughts and deeds, but with a radically different result from that of the other just stated. The former theory is unfriendly to the persistence and triumph of human beings, or of any rational beings whatever, either as a principle of explanation or as a ground of hope. It will not account for the origin of conscious beings, showing how conscious reason is involved in unconscious being, as one among its potentialities; still less can it permit the persistent existence of conscious individualities, for that would admit consciousness to be the higher principle, and not a mere phase or potentiality of unconscious being. Even if conscious individuals could emanate from an unconscious first principle, they would be finite and transitory phases, mere bubbles rising to the surface and breaking into nothing. The activity of the first principle—and all conceptions of the first principle must regard it as active—must be in accordance with its own nature, must tend to shape all things so as to correspond to that nature. For activity is expression; that which acts utters itself on that upon which it acts. It gives rise to new modifications, and these are its own expression; it again modifies, through its continued action upon the object, the modification which it had previously caused, and thus secures a more perfect expression of itself.

An unconscious absolute would continually express itself in unconscious individualities, or, if there were conscious individualities upon which it could act, its modifications would be continually in the direction of an obliteration of the element of consciousness. On the other hand, the activity of a conscious absolute would tend continually to the elevation of all unconscious beings, if there were any, toward consciousness. For its activity would tend to establish an expression of itself—the counterpart of its own being—in the object. Arrived at consciousness, its creations would be sustained there by the activity of the absolute, and not allowed to lapse.

An unconscious absolute cannot possess any features objectionable to unconscious beings. It may create them and destroy them without cessation—what is that to them? But to human beings, or to any other rational beings, such a blind fate is utterly hostile and repugnant in its every aspect. Their struggle for existence is a conscious one, and it strives toward a more complete consciousness and a larger sphere of directive will-power over the world in the interest of conscious, rational purposes. But an unconscious first principle is an absolute bar to the triumph of any such struggle. The greater the success of man's struggle for self-consciousness and freedom, the more unstable would become his existence. It would result in his being further removed from har-

mony with the activity of the unconscious absolute substance, and that activity would be more directly hostile and subversive of man's activity, the more the latter was realized. Hence, with a belief in an unconscious absolute, rational beings find themselves in the worst possible situation in this world. Pessimism is their inevitable creed. Any sort of culture, development, or education, of the so-called faculties of the mind, all deeds having for their object the elevation of the race into knowledge and goodness—whatever, in short, is calculated to produce and foster human individuality, must have only one net result—the increase of pain. For the destruction of conscious individuality is attended with pain; and the more developed and highly organized the individuality, the greater the pain attending upon its inevitable dissolution. Nor is the pain balanced by the pleasure of the exercise of the human activity, for the negation and consequent pain is twofold while the pleasure of creative activity is only single. The conscious struggle, being in direct opposition to the activity of blind fate, achieves its temporary victory of existence step by step, contending against an activity whose entire reaction against the conscious being is expressed as so much pain. Again, the ultimate victory of fate removes one by one every trace and result of human victory, and obliterates each conquest with an accompanying series of greater pangs.

SHAKESPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS.

[*The Western.* 1874.]

I HAVE often thought on a saying quoted from Pitt, to the effect that he learned what he knew of English history from Shakespeare. A statesman so wise as Pitt—one who looked quite through the shifting surfaces of human affairs, and intuitively grasped the weak and the strong sides of his nation's character—must have had some truly vital knowledge of human history, and especially of British history.

Whenever I have read one of Shakespeare's historical plays in latter years, I have strained my attention to catch the secret of Pitt's remark. A poet so careless of the externals of history, violating geography and chronology with evident contempt for the same—how could *he* convey a true knowledge of history? To make Ulysses quote Aristotle—is not that to render impossible any true national soul-painting in his sketch of heroic times as given in "Troilus and Cressida"? What sort of Dane could Hamlet be if he is taken so far out of his epoch as to attend the University of Wittenberg?

It appeared that Shakespeare played with the forms of time and space, as Prospero did before he buried his magic wand, and that historical verity to him was of the least account. Hence, he would seem at first to be the most misleading of all guides in history.

Such thoughts prevailed until one day when I re-read "King John"; then came to me a new insight into Shakespeare's art. For, not being able to find distinct utterance of philosophy or science in his works before, it had been doubtful whether the high place accorded to him by modern Germans, and by such critics as Carlyle and Coleridge, was not extravagant.

I now saw that Shakespeare transcended other poets in the completeness of his pictures. Exhaustiveness of *expression* was his forte; and by this I mean that he let every other circumstance that had a determining effect on the deed which formed the nucleus of his drama express itself—make itself apparent. While other authors portrayed their themes with only such accessories as were directly necessary to develop the plot, Shakespeare had probed to the bottom of human experience, and discovered, one by one, all of the presuppositions of the deed and collected them for the spectator. In order to present truth he found it necessary to present all the presuppositions of a deed. Inasmuch as there is no isolated man, but each one is a member of society, it is requisite to portray the status of society in explaining the particular deed of the individual. The common man acts in accordance with use and wont, and follows without deviation the beaten track marked out for him by his fellows—his immediate kinsmen and neighbors. The heroic character, with an eccentric orbit, collides with society and makes a theme for tragedy. While it satisfies the ordinary story-teller to relate the direct particulars of the collisions of his hero, nothing will do for Shakespeare but a complete presentation of all the accessories. Given to Shakespeare a "beggarly scrap of history" from some Geoffrey of Monmouth, or from Saxo-Grammaticus, and forthwith he penetrates into a world of presuppositions that are demanded to make that scrap a living reality. Given the small arc, and he computes the total circle; given the abstract statement of Macbeth's deed, and forthwith he conjures up all the concrete relations, the family, society, and State; the moral tone of the individual, and his ethical interaction with the social condition in which he lives, and the subtle casuistry by which he justifies his course. Anachronism will be found to be superficial and seeming. Nay, more than this, it will be discovered to be a conscious ruse on the part of Shakespeare, in order to bring more closely to his audience the essential threads of his drama. It has been pointed out that the Wittenberg University suggested Luther to the English: Cranmer's important connection with Luther, and with the Church of England, had made Wittenberg familiar.

Through the anachronism he made the portrayal of Hamlet truer to the English people—connecting Hamlet with that locality where independent thinking was done.

In short the discovery of Shakespeare's method—his manner of portrayal—led me to see his eminent merit as a historian, and to realize the statement of Aristotle, that poetry is more philosophical and more important than history. Here was a man who clothed in flesh and blood the skeletons of the past. He read Plutarch, and saw the masterly outlines there given, enough to enable him to construct the living reality. No deed is isolated, all things are interdependent; only the totality of conditions enables us to comprehend the puniest act. See the part in the whole, and then you are able to see the reflection of the whole in the part.

Of course the true poet must portray a deed in its relations in order to exhibit this reflection. The fewer relations, the less reflection and the less truth. The more relations, the more reflection and the more truth. Shakespeare excels all poets in the portrayal of this reflection of the deed upon the doer.

If any one at this point should be inclined to accuse me of forcing my own ideas upon Shakespeare and attributing to him something which he did not consciously do, I would say that conscious intention is not expected of a poet. It is the instinct of his art that we expect. It will lead him to adopt a method of some sort. Shakespeare instinctively adopted the method of exhaustive portrayal, and felt that this or that accessory must be uttered or expressed, because it stood out in his creative imagination as essentially belonging to the *representation of the deed.*

THE ETERNITY OF ROME.

[*The Andover Review.* 1886.]

AFTER the process of assimilating Roman law had been completed new centres arose outside of Rome and the unity of the Roman Empire was broken. This process is usually called the "decline and fall" of Rome. But instead of a retrogressive metamorphosis it is rather a progressive one,—a moving forward of the empire into a system of empires, a multiplication of the eternal city into a system of cities, all of which were copies of Rome in municipal organization. For the new retained what was essential in the old. London and Paris, Cologne and Vienna, Naples and Alexandria,—these and a hundred other cities were indestructible centres of Roman laws and usages. When an inundation of barbarism moved out of the Teutonic woods and swept over Western

or Southern Europe, the cities were left standing out above the floods like islands. The conquerors were prevailed upon by means of heavy ransoms to spare the cities, and even to confirm their municipal self-government by charters. A city with a Roman organization was a complete personality, and could deliberate and act, petition and bargain, with the utmost facility. A city is a giant individuality which can in one way or another defend itself against a conqueror; sometimes by successful war, but oftener by purchasing its peace from him. For the city has the wealth of the land and the power to dazzle with its gifts the eyes of the invader. No matter how much it gives him in money, it can soon recover it all, by way of trade. All the commerce of the land passes through the cities. They can levy toll on all that is collected and on all that is distributed. Any article of luxury that the conqueror needs must be had from the city. After he has received the heavy ransom from the city and confirmed its charter, he must return thither to expend his wealth and furnish himself with luxury. The city has the power, therefore, to peaceably recover all that has paid for its preservation. It is soon as rich as before; and besides, its liberty of self-government is confirmed. But the most important circumstance is to be found in the fact that the city is a perennial fountain of law, civil and criminal, as well as a model on which newly arising centres of population may form their local self-government. Indeed, no sooner is the new conqueror firmly seated in the province than martial law begins to yield place to the civil code. He divides the land among his followers, but the cities retain their self-government, although they pay heavy subsidies. The new property-holders in the rural districts begin to need the aid of law in settling their disputes and in protecting their newly acquired rights. Accordingly laws are borrowed and courts are set up to administer them. Thus it happens that the sacred Vesta fires of Roman law left burning in the cities lend of their flame to light the torches of justice throughout all the land, and civilization, only partially quenched by the inundation, is all relighted again.

Thus it is that Rome, in furnishing the forms of municipal government and the laws that govern the rights of private property, never has declined or fallen, but has only multiplied and spread. Every new town rising upon the far-off borders of European or American civilization to-day lights its torch of self-government and jurisprudence at the Roman flame. It borrows the forms of older cities that have received them from Rome through a long line of descent.

William Osborn Stoddard.

Born in Homer, Cortland Co., N. Y., 1835.

THE PRAIRIE PLOVER.

[*Verses of Many Days.* 1875.]

THE dim mists heavily the prairies cover,
And, through the gray,
The long-drawn, mournful whistle of the plover
Sounds, far away.

Slowly and faintly now the sun is rising,
Fog-blind and grim,
To find the chill world 'neath him sympathizing
Bluely with him.

Upon the tall grass where the deer are lying
His pale light falls,
While, wailing like some lost wind that is dying,
The plover calls.

Ever the same disconsolate whistle only,
No loftier strains;—
To me it simply means, "Alas, I'm lonely
Upon these plains."

No wonder that these endless, dull dominions
Of roll and knoll
Cause him to pour forth thus, with poised pinions,
His weary soul.

Could I the secret of his note discover,—
Sad, dreary strain,—
I'd sit and whistle, all day, like the plover,
And mean the same.

THE SENTINEL YEAR.

THE bells are tolling in the towers of time
Solemnly, now, for midnight and for morn.
Another sentinel year has paced his rounds,
And, weary of his watch, now grounds his arms,
Gives up his post to the new sentinel,
And gathers him to rest and to his dreams—
Dreams of the strange things that his watch hath seen.

Augusta Larned.

BORN in Rutland, Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1835.

A DOMESTIC TYRANT.

[*Village Photographs.* 1887.]

THERE is a drive called the Roundabout Road, which makes a circuit of exactly seven miles, and takes in some of the pleasantest bits of scenery in this region. The hills are nowhere very steep, and there are many old horses in the village that know the Roundabout Road as well as their own stalls. It crosses several brawling trout streams and rustic bridges, and passes the prettiest watering-troughs, where the gushing mountain springs, bright and mobile as quicksilver, run through channels made in mossy logs. Near one of these grows a bed of the wild forget-me-not with its eyes of heavenly blue. The arethusa is now to be found on the river meadows. It is of a purple such as is only seen in evening and morning clouds. Before many weeks have passed the fringed gentian will open along the drive, in such places as it has chosen for its habitat.

At Dexter's chair-factory the Roundabout enters a little glen fringed to the very top of its walls with the light foliage of young birches, beeches, chestnuts, and ash trees. Late in the season this place wears the aspect of early spring; and in the cool crevices of its rocks ice is found until July. The hermit thrush builds and sings here, and may be heard at some moment of rare good fortune. Autumn comes first to this spot and runs like fire in the low undergrowth. The sumac bushes turn the most brilliant dyes. The young maple shoots are red like blood. The ash shrubs seem to drip with gold.

Many people drive over the Roundabout Road every fair day. It is a road that never wearies, for the hills are continually changing under the varying influences of light and shade, heat and cold, wind and fair weather. Several retired clergymen and college professors live in the village, having come here to pass their last years. Nearly all of them keep slow, ambling, sure-footed nags, who possess all the equine virtues except speed and the power to raise their noses more than three or four inches above the dust. They amble along, never varying their gait except to stop stock still. In the retired clerical set it is considered a sin to use a check-rein or a whip. They are mostly mild, quiet, old ladies and gentlemen who belong to the past, but have lingered along into the present with the understanding that they are practically laid upon the shelf. Though they have once doubtless been important and

celebrated, it is conceded that their day is over, and they are just biding their time and trying to make themselves as comfortable as circumstances and small incomes may permit.

Chief among the superannuated clericals is the Rev. Elkanah Stackpole. He occasionally preaches in the village church, when most of the congregation scatters, some to visit their friends in the country, others to go blueberrying or nutting on the sly. The few who do attend church from conscientious motives generally fall asleep in the pews. It is thought that if Mr. Stackpole were to preach three consecutive Sundays every soul would desert the church except old Amen Anderson, who is as deaf as a post and who says he always goes to meeting, whoever preaches, for "innerd edification." You will know Amen by his standing up in his corner and singing the hymns on a plan of his own. He pays no heed to anybody or anything except long and short meter.

The Rev. Mr. Stackpole halts in his walk from chronic rheumatism, and Mrs. Stackpole is a nervous invalid. They live in an old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, where perpetual quietude and twilight formerly reigned, a green twilight thrown from the thick trees growing close to the windows, and from the prevailing tone of the furnishing. Everybody in the village knew the Stackpole's maid, Araminta Sophronia, called Minty for short, and the Stackpole's horse, Spicer. Spicer used to trot over Roundabout Road every fine day in summer. He came to the door about nine in the morning from the stable where he was kept. Minty bustled out with two air-cushions for the excellent couple to sit on. She was also provided with an armful of wraps and umbrellas and a hassock for Mrs. Stackpole's feet. The operation of loading the Stackpoles into the chaise was a difficult one, but Minty was always equal to it. When she had once tucked them in under the lap-blanket, and the Rev. Elkanah had feebly grasped the reins, she then turned her attention to Spicer.

If Spicer was in the mood, he would start off promptly, and keep up a slow trot for a certain length of time. If Spicer was not in the mood, he would lay back his ears, and shake his head positively. Then began a coaxing process on the part of Minty. She patted him, whispered in his ear, and generally administered one or two lumps of white sugar, when Spicer, being placated, would dart off so suddenly as to throw Mr. and Mrs. Stackpole against the back of the chaise. But Minty knew that, if she once succeeded in starting Spicer, he might be trusted to bring the old couple home in perfect safety. There were places on the road where he persisted in walking, and he had even been known to stop in shady spots, spite of all the Rev. Elkanah could do, to crop a little tender herbage. When he had swung partly round the circle, he began to smell the stable, and generally came home in fine style.

Minty ruled for many years in the Stackpole house. She was an admirable housekeeper, but having usurped supreme power, the vice of power, a tyrannical and overbearing spirit, grew upon her. Few great minds can resist the temptation of power, and Minty was not a great mind. The old people came to feel that Minty was indispensable to their comfort and well-being, and the ability to govern themselves gradually slipped through their fingers. No one in that house attempted to oppose Minty except Fielding Stackpole, the only son, who was a civil engineer, living in another state. When Fielding came home on a visit, as he did several times a year, he brushed aside all Minty's rules and regulations. He smoked where he pleased, carried the parlor chairs out on the lawn and left them there, tumbled the book-cases, came down late to breakfast and ordered fresh coffee and hot buttered toast, exactly as if he were the master in his father's house and not at all subject to the rule of Queen Araminta Sophronia.

The conflict of wills between Fielding and the maid put a very sharp edge on Minty's temper, while Fielding always came up more and more bland and smiling, with the conviction that he should win in the end. Minty had carried it so far as once or twice to refuse Fielding admission to his father's house when he arrived unexpectedly late at night, on the ground that she was house-cleaning and the rooms were all in disorder. But Fielding calmly climbed in at a pantry window and established himself without ceremony in his own room. After Fielding's visits the old people were always more insubordinate, and it gave her a little trouble to break them in again to rules and regulations.

Minty, in spite of her name, did not come from Burnt Pigeon, but from a place down the river, called Salt Lick. She was always talking about the Lick in a most misleading way, as if it were something to eat. The Lick hung like the sword of Damocles over the head of poor Mrs. Stackpole, especially after the old people came to feel that in their helpless state they could live neither with nor without their domestic tyrant, for Minty often threatened to leave her at a moment's notice, and return to the home of her infancy.

It was understood that Minty had married a Salt Lick man in her girlhood who had not proved a brilliant ornament to society. She soon rid herself of the encumbrance. She never mentioned this part of her experience, but the asperity with which she spoke of mankind in general, and of Fielding Stackpole in particular, was supposed to have sprung from a thorough acquaintance with the sex. She was of a thin, wiry type, not very large, but with muscles of steel. Her face came to a sharp hatchet edge, and her gray eyes, mottled with yellow, saw everything. She was confessedly the smartest servant in the village, and she had a standing of her own.

Her neatness, of the inflexible, cast-iron kind, was a terror to the neighborhood. Even particular housekeepers trembled under her dreadful cat's eyes. Her house-cleaning was thought to be as bad as the concentrated three movings which equal a fire. But the excellences of Minty were as pronounced as her foibles. A tea-invitation to the Stackpoles was something to date from. The ladies seldom took much dinner on those days, in order to save their appetites for Minty's dainties. If the invaluable servant did not sit down in the parlor with the guests, or preside at the tea-table, she still carried off the honors of the occasion. Everybody praised her cookery to the skies, and it was a great point to ask for Minty's receipts, which she gave or not, just as the whim seized her.

Her tea-table was a work of art, and she adorned it with a tasteful arrangement of flowers from the garden. The old-fashioned Stackpole china, glass, and silver, were burnished to exquisite brightness. The napery was ironed only as Minty knew how to iron. Her tea-biscuits melted in the mouth. Her cake was always something new and original. She knew all about potted tongue, veal loaf, boned turkey, and brandied peaches. Such coffee, whipped cream, and sherbet as she made were never found elsewhere. So it was in every department of housekeeping. A favorite subject of debate among the village ladies was whether it would be possible to endure Minty's tyranny for the sake of her culinary virtues. The shameful subjection of the old clergyman and his wife to this strong-willed domestic was a standing topic of discussion among the village gossips. Every fresh usurpation on the part of Minty was commented on with exclamation points. She knew she was talked about, and it made her proud. She fully expected to be buried in the Stackpole family lot, and to have a coffin-plate equal to her master and mistress. It was reported that poor Mrs. Stackpole said one day to Minty: "I have asked my sister Jane and her daughter to come and pass the day with me on Thursday next." To which Minty immediately replied: "I can't think of having them on Thursday, ma'am. There's the sweet pickles to make, and I must clean out the cellar. I never can have company days when I am cleaning out the cellar. It's unreasonable to think of it." Minty always planned to clean out the cellar when the idea of company was obnoxious to her. Mrs. Stackpole was therefore obliged to telegraph to "Sister Jane" that she must not come. And she found herself more and more the bond-slave of her incomparable domestic.

The ex-professor had made a brave effort to secure some portion of his own house for his exclusive use and benefit, which should not be too ruthlessly invaded by the broom and duster. He wished to set apart a small closet where he might think his own thoughts, and doubtless pray, where he might occasionally indite a sermon or a report of the

missionary society for carrying the Gospel to the Zulus, of which he was secretary. But all in vain. Araminta Sophronia did not believe the best of men could think holy thoughts in any place from which her cleaning hand was excluded. If she could have taken out the conscience of poor old Stackpole from his bosom, she would doubtless have washed and scoured it. For years he was forced to see his desk, his pens, his papers arranged in an order foreign to his soul. But no one had ever done up his fine shirts and white neckcloths like Minty; and when he was ill her broths and gruels were delicious. Minty always attended family prayers and sometimes read devotional books, not because she had a taste for them, but for the reason that she lived in a minister's family, and was bound to keep up the character of the household. It looked well to have a volume of dry sermons on the kitchen shelf and illuminated Bible texts hung about on the wall.

When Minty first went to live with the Stackpoles, she made up her mind that she would not allow them to harbor poor ministers, religious book-pedlers, or itinerant missionaries. They were accordingly sent on to Deacon Hildreth's, to the old Tavern House, or to the doctor's. And the old couple, as they could not help themselves, were rather grateful for the protection they enjoyed. Occasionally guests from a distance came to stay at the house unannounced and before Minty's fiat could reach them. As there was no hotel in the village at that time, Minty could not turn them out of doors. But she always discriminated against city visitors. She forced them to unpack their trunks in the barn. She thought country folk much the cleaner. Minty knew how to make herself very disagreeable to guests without letting the old people know anything about it. She had been sometimes approached with "tips" in the hope of placating her dragonship, but she repelled all attempts at bribery and corruption with scorn. No one except Fielding Stackpole ever stayed more than five days in the old minister's house. The neighbors kept close watch to see if the rule were infringed.

There comes a day of reckoning for all tyrants. The standing quarrel between Minty and Fielding had never been healed. The best they could do was to proclaim a truce. Though the warfare often broke out afresh, still they could manage to exist together under the same roof a few weeks each year. It was a terrible blow to Minty, therefore, when the marriage of Fielding Stackpole was announced, and of all things to one of those "hity-tity, good-for-nothing city jades." Another great blow was the fact that Fielding and his bride were coming home to pass the summer. Old Mrs. Stackpole did not even ask Minty's permission to have them come. Reënforced by a strong letter from Fielding, she simply said it would be a great pity if her children could not come to their father's house whenever it suited their convenience. This sounded

like the tocsin of open rebellion, and Minty's soul was troubled within her. She saw that the old lady had already taken the bride into her heart. But that night Mrs. Stackpole had a nervous attack, and Minty rubbed her and worked over her for several hours. She was always good in illness; and the old woman tacitly asked her pardon. Things were in this unsatisfactory state when Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Stackpole arrived. As a first act of resistance, Fielding refused to have his wife's trousseau inspected and fumigated in the barn by the domestic customs officer. Minty, though she had to yield this point, felt strong in her intrenched position, for she was certain the Stackpoles could not live without her. Fielding felt strong in his position of son, especially when supported by a young, bright-eyed woman who looked upon him as a great moral hero, although he had never done anything to merit hero-worship. He, however, felt it would be a noteworthy thing to deliver his aged parents from domestic servitude. The bride was now the great centre of attraction. The old people petted her and received her pettings in a way Minty thought perfectly silly. Everybody admired her pretty costumes, her piano-playing, and the fact that she spoke French like a native. The neighbors were running in at all hours. Meals were irregular. The lights were no longer put out in the house exactly at half-past nine. The window screens were left out, and flies buzzed through the rooms.

Minty endured it as long as she could, until, like Spicer, she felt that her time had come to balk. Mrs. Fielding Stackpole's star was in the ascendant; hers was on the wane. Her main hope lay in the old lady's nervous attacks, which no one could allay but herself. The time had come to try her strength with Fielding. It was at a moment when the minister was absent from home, and Mrs. Stackpole was in her own room with her daughter-in-law. There was a terrible scene, but in the end Minty packed her trunk, took an angry leave of the household, and departed for Salt Lick—departed expecting perfect submission on the part of the old people as soon as the loss was felt, and to return in triumph at the end of a few days, to the total routing of Fielding and his wife.

She found herself ill at ease at Salt Lick. She was a person of not the least moment to the Salt Lickers. Day by day she expected her recall to the Stackpole kitchen, and when a week, a fortnight, a month passed without the summons, she could restrain her anxious curiosity no longer. Old Mrs. Stackpole might have died, anything might have happened in the absence of the grand vizier. She therefore took the train one morning and unsummoned returned to the village. The old people were going out for a drive on the Roundabout. Spicer stood at the door. Presently they came forth, attended by the daughter-in-law in a charming white morning costume. They mounted the chaise with-

out assistance, and Minty remarked that they seemed unusually young and spry. Even Spicer moved off briskly with nothing more than a pat from Mrs. Fielding's fair hand. Minty reconnoitred the house in a state of mental collapse. All looked calm and peaceful. No domestic earthquake had shaken the foundations because of her absence. She stole round to the kitchen. Phemy Jones, a young thing she knew quite well, was standing in the door. Phemy Jones to come after her! The thought of the course of bad cooking the Stackpoles had gone through gave Araminta Sophronia a feeling of exultation. Phemy met her with no outward sign of deference, and she walked into the kitchen and looked about with lynx eyes.

"And do you do the cooking for the family, Phemy Jones?" she asked *sotto voce*. "I'm a learner," responded Phemy, evasively. "And pray, who is teaching you, Phemy Jones?" "Young Mrs. Stackpole. She is a splendid cook, and the old people are just in love with her. Everybody says they are growing young again." Minty arose in a dazed way, shook her skirts, and went out of the door. The first person she encountered on the garden path was Fielding Stackpole, with a satirical smile on his face, as he looked into the eyes of his old enemy.

"I hope you are satisfied now," she blurted out, with a feeling of hot tears in her eyes.

"Oh, yes," returned Fielding, "perfectly satisfied, Minty. I married the head scholar in the Boston Cooking School; and I knew I was safe."

Minty has taken another situation in the village, but her glory has departed. She no longer hopes to be buried in the Stackpole lot and to have a coffin-plate equal to that of her old master.

Clara Florida Guernsey.

Born in Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1836.

THE SILVER BULLET.

[*The Last Witch.—Old and New.* 1878.]

IT was late in November, and time to expect rough weather and shipwreck all along the wild New England coast, from where the breakers on the Isles of Shoals howl and rage like so many white bears for their prey, to where Nantucket sands crawl out into the sea and lie in wait for what they may devour; but nevertheless the *Colony* was going to New York with a cargo on which Captain Ezra expected large profits. Keturah was uneasy in her mind, and her annoyance was by

no means diminished when, on coming ashore from the schooner where she had been to carry a warm blanket, she saw old Lyddy Russell standing on the wharf with her eyes steadfastly fixed on the *Colony*.

"Ho! ho!" said old Lyddy to Keturah as she drew near; "it is you, is it?"

"Yes," said Keturah, gathering up her will, and all the combined forces of her Puritan and Indian blood, to resist the sort of chill that was creeping over her.

"Keturah," said Lyddy, "you have good blood in your veins,—too good to be serving such people as the Coffins. I knew your great-grandfather, at least, I knew about him, and if you choose I could put you in a way of business that his granddaughter need not be ashamed to follow. We have a great deal in common, you and I. Come! Shall we strike up a bargain?"

Now Keturah understood perfectly well that the bargain in question was nothing less than an alliance with the evil one, and though she was startled, if the truth must be told she could not at that moment help feeling a sort of regard for him as an old friend of her family, and a little flattered that this agent of his, or perhaps himself in person, should think it worth while to make overtures to her.

Lyddy saw her advantage, and began to whisper in the old woman's ear words of wild and wicked import, which were I suppose the mere ravings of the unhappy old body's distorted mind, but which nevertheless had a horribly real sound.

"Ah, Keturah!" she said, "just think how delightful it would be to fly through the air and ride the wind instead of hearing it howl round the old chimney. And if there were those whom you hated, how delightful it would be to give yourself up to the wickedness in you and let it have full swing, and come out honestly on the devil's side, instead of being his only half-way, as you are now,—and ten to one he will have you in the end, for you do hate people, Keturah, you know you do, with the real fine old savage hatred that cries out for blood, and will not be satisfied with less. You know you wanted to kill Peter Sturgess when he cheated you about your yarn, and were glad when he was brought before the church for taking advantage of Widow Macy. You know that you'd have been dreadfully disappointed if he'd turned out innocent after all,—and that's the real, genuine fiend, Keturah. He's made lodgment in your soul in spite of you, and you might as well have the comfort of giving yourself up to him and be done with it."

"Lyddy, you let me alone," said Keturah, shaking herself free from the influence that was beginning to steal over her. "I'm part Indian, and the Lord won't expect any more of that side of me than he knows it's capable of; and then"—she added with a queer sort of regret she

could not wholly subdue—"I expect there's too much of the Indian in me to give me much power with your white Satan. He's stronger than ours, that my great-grandfather used to talk to"; for some-way Keturah had it firmly fixed in her mind, that even in the realms of darkness there was a distinction in color. "And besides all that," she said, suddenly bethinking herself of her religion, "I'm a Christian woman, and I've listed on the Lord's side, and I've got too much of the old Coffin stock in me to desert my colors, though I may grumble and fret about the way things go on in the world now and then. Go your ways, Lyddy Russell, or Lucifer, whichever you are, and let me and mine alone."

"Ah-r-r you!" cried Lyddy, with a fierce sort of snarl, like an angry cat that dares not strike. "It was you put up Ezra Coffin. But wait, wait! The Powers of the Air! The Powers of the Air!" And muttering to herself she vanished in the gathering dusk.

The next morning the *Colony* sailed with a fair wind for New York. She pursued her way prosperously until she entered the sound which divides Nantucket from the Cape.

November as it was, the sky and sea were calm, and the sun had just gone down in a clear golden sky, while all along the east lay a pale rose flush, passing into soft gray at the horizon. The schooner was slipping softly through the water with all her sails spread to catch the light though favoring breeze. In all air or ocean was no sign of danger.

Suddenly, out of the sea, as it seemed, grew up a darkness that gathered from moment to moment,—a darkness that could be felt.

The captain was not on deck, but the mate thundered out his orders to take in sail; but he was not obeyed, for, struck breathless, the men stood with blanched faces, gazing at something that came sweeping towards them down the wind from the northward.

Was it the whirlwind bearing the thunder-storm on its wings, was it a gathering water-spout, or was it something more dread and terrible still, that tall column that came rushing onward over the sea towards the doomed ship, seeming as it drew near to take human shape,—a shape with wildly tossing hair and vengeful hands uplifted in act to strike? Was it only the wind that howled and laughed?

Captain Ezra Coffin had rushed on deck at the first sign of danger. To the mate's surprise he gave no orders, but flying back to the cabin reappeared with his gun in his hand.

The old Berserker strain which lurks somewhere in many of us who have Northern blood in our veins was up in Captain Coffin, and though he made no doubt that he was fighting the devil in person, he was reckless of the awful odds, and was conscious of no feeling but hatred and defiance. There came a flash; the sharp report echoed and re-echoed, and rolled away over the sea; but before it had died came a

sound like a scream of anguish, as a sudden, furious gust of wind rent into ribbons the schooner's topsail.

The next instant the sky was clear, and the ship was steadily gliding through the long bars of gold and rose that yet lay upon the sunset sea.

"The twenty-fifth of November, at twenty minutes to six P.M.," said Captain Coffin as he made an entry in the log; "I wonder what has come to pass at home."

"Well, Keturah, what's happened?" asked Captain Coffin, when a month later he stood by the kitchen fire, safe returned from a prosperous voyage.

"Nothing particular," said Keturah, "only old Lyddy Russell is dead."

"When?"

"Her body was washed ashore on the morning of the twenty-sixth of November. Folks thought she'd been out fishing and got drowned. She had a long torn rag of canvas, a bit of a sail, clutched in her hand."

"Drowned was she?" said Captain Coffin, turning away; and then he asked the curious question, "Who laid her out?"

"I did," said Keturah, with a strange look. "No hands but mine touched her. You're a good shot, Ezra Coffin, and a brave one. Ah! when the devil comes in bodily shape you've got to resist him with hands as well as heart, and teach your hands to war and your fingers to fight, in spite of the Quakers going round aggravating folks with their peace principles till they'd provoke a saint to box their ears. Ah! the silver bullet did its work."

When the Captain had gone, Keturah hid something carefully away in the farthest corner of her iron box, but I cannot say whether the silver bullet ever came down to young Tristam Coffin, or whether it was buried with its owner in the lonesome, wind-swept graveyard where Keturah's bones have lain for more than seventy years.

William Winter.

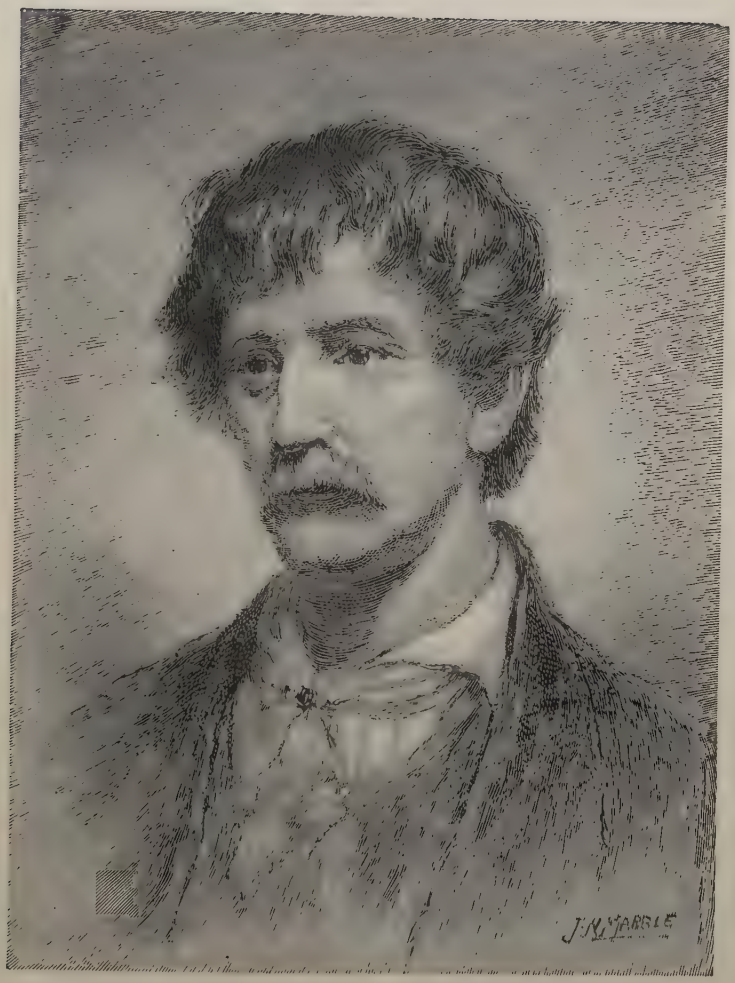
BORN in Gloucester, Mass., 1836.

IN "THE WORLD OF DREAMS."

[*The New York Tribune.* 1887–89.—*The Jeffersons.* 1881.]

THE "MEPHISTOPHELES" OF IRVING.

HENRY IRVING, in his embodiment of Mephistopheles has fulfilled the conception of the poet in one essential respect and has



Faithfully Yours,

William Winter

far transcended it in another. His performance, superb in ideal and perfect in execution, is a great work—and precisely here is the greatness of it. Mephistopheles as delineated by Goethe is magnificently intellectual and sardonic, but nowhere does he convey even the faintest suggestion of the godhead of glory from which he has lapsed. His own frank and clear avowal of himself leaves no room for doubt as to the limitation intended to be established for him by the poet. I am, he declares, the spirit that perpetually denies. I am a part of that part which once was all—a part of that darkness out of which came the light. I repudiate all things—because everything that has been made is unworthy to exist and ought to be destroyed, and therefore it is better that nothing should ever have been made. God dwells in splendor, alone and eternal, but his Spirits he thrusts into darkness, and Man, a poor creature fashioned to poke his nose into filth, he sportively dowers with day and night. My province is Evil; my existence is mockery; my pleasure and my purpose are destruction. In a word, this Fiend, towering to the loftiest summit of cold intellect, is the embodiment of cruelty, malice and scorn, pervaded and interspersed with grim humor. That ideal Mr. Irving has made actual. The omniscient craft and deadly malignity of his impersonation, swathed as they are in a most specious humor, at some moments (as, for example, in Margaret's bed-room, in the garden scene with Martha, and in the duel scene with Valentine) make the blood creep and curdle with horror, even while they impress the sense of intellectual power and stir the springs of laughter. But if you rightly read his face in the fantastic, symbolical scene of the Witch's Kitchen; in that lurid moment of sunset over the quaint gables and haunted spires of Nuremberg, when the sinister presence of the arch-fiend deepens the red glare of the setting sun and seems to bathe this world in the ominous splendor of hell; and, above all, if you perceive the soul that shines through his eyes in that supremely awful moment of his predominance over the hellish revel upon the Brocken, when all the hideous malignities of nature and all those baleful "spirits which tend on mortal consequence" are loosed into the aërial abyss, and only this imperial horror can curb and subdue them, you will know that this Mephistopheles is a sufferer not less than a mocker; that his colossal malignity is the delineation of an angelic spirit, thwarted, baffled, shattered, but still defiant; never to be vanquished; never through all eternity to be at peace with itself. The infinite sadness of that face, the pathos, beyond words, of that isolated and lonely figure—these are the qualities which irradiate all its diversified attributes of mind, humor, duplicity, sarcasm, force, horror, and infernal beauty, and invest it with the authentic quality of greatness. There is no warrant for this treatment of the part to be derived from Goethe's poem. There is every

warrant for it in the apprehension of this tremendous subject by the imagination of a great actor. You cannot mount above the earth, you cannot transcend the ordinary line of the commonplace, as a mere sardonic image of self-satisfied and chuckling obliquity. Mr. Irving has embodied Mephistopheles not as a man but as a spirit, with all that the word implies, and in doing this he has not only heeded the fine instinct of the true actor but the splendid teaching of the highest poetry —the ray of supernal light that flashes from the old Bible; the blaze that streams from the "Paradise Lost"; the awful glory through which, in the pages of Byron, the typical figure of agonized but unconquerable revolt towers over a realm of ruin.

> "On his brow
> The thunder-scars are graven; from his eye
> Glares forth the immortality of hell."

"GREAT THOUGHTS IN GREAT LANGUAGE."

WHATEVER else may be said as to the drift of the tragedy of "Antony and Cleopatra," this certainly may with truth be said, that to strong natures that sicken under the weight of convention and are weary with looking upon the littleness of human nature in its ordinary forms, it affords a great and splendid, howsoever temporary, relief and refreshment. The winds of power blow through it; the strong meridian sunshine blazes over it; the colors of morning burn around it; the trumpet blares in its music, and its fragrance is the scent of a wilderness of roses. Shakespeare's vast imagination was here loosed upon colossal images and imperial splendors. The passions that clash or mingle in this piece are like the ocean surges—fierce, glittering, terrible and glorious. The theme is the ruin of a demigod. The adjuncts are empires. Wealth of every sort is poured forth with regal and limitless profusion. The very language glows with a prodigal emotion and towers to a superb height of eloquence. It does not signify, as modifying the effect of all this tumult and glory, that the stern truth of mortal evanescence is quietly suggested all the way, and simply disclosed at last in a tragical wreck of honor, love, and life. While the pageant endures it endures in diamond light, and when it fades and crumbles the change is instantaneous to darkness and death.

> "The odds is gone,
> And there is nothing left remarkable
> Beneath the visiting moon."

There is no need to inquire whether Shakespeare—who closely followed Plutarch in telling this Roman and Egyptian story—has been

true to the historical fact. His characters declare themselves with absolute precision, and they are not to be mistaken. Antony and Cleopatra are in middle life and the only possible or admissible ideal of them is that which separates them at once and forever from the gentle, puny, experimental emotions of youth, and invests them with the developed powers and fearless and exultant passions of men and women to whom the world and life are a fact and not a dream. They do not palter. For them there is but one hour, which is the present, and one life, which they will entirely and absolutely fulfil. They have passed out of the mere instinctive life of the senses, into that more intense and thrilling life wherein the senses are fed and governed by the imagination. Shakespeare has filled this wonderful play with lines that tell most unerringly his grand meaning in this respect—lines that, to Shakespearean scholars, are in the very alphabet of memory:

> "There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned."

> "There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
> Without some pleasure now."

> "Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
> Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space!"

> "O, thou day o' the world,
> Chain mine armed neck! Leap thou, attire and all,
> Through proof of harness, to my heart and there
> Ride on the pants triumphing."

> "Fall not a tear, I say! one of them rates
> All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss,
> Even this repays me."

Here is no Orsino, sighing for the music that is the food of love; no Romeo, taking the measure of an unmade grave; no Hamlet lover, bidding his mistress go to a nunnery. You may indeed, if you possess the subtle poetic sense, discern, all through this voluptuous story, the faint, far-off rustle of the garments of the coming Nemesis; the low moan of the funeral music that will sing these imperial lovers to their rest—for nothing is more inevitably doomed than mortal delight in mortal love, and no moralist ever taught his lesson of truth with more inexorable purpose than Shakespeare uses here. But in the mean time it is the present vitality and not the moral implication of the subject that actors must be concerned to show, and observers to recognize and comprehend, upon the stage, if this tragedy is to be properly acted and properly seen. In other words, a reference to what the characters are must precede a reference to what they become, as now represented. Antony and Cleopatra are lovers, but not lovers only. It is the splendid stature and

infinite variety of character in them that render them puissant in fascination. Each of them speaks great thoughts in great language. Each displays noble imagination. Each becomes majestic in the hour of danger and pathetically heroic in the hour of death. The dying speeches of Antony are in the highest vein that Shakespeare ever reached, and when you consider what is implied as well as what is said there is nowhere in him a more lofty line than Cleopatra's—

> "Give me my robe, put on my crown, I have
> Immortal longings in me!"

AN ARCADIAN VAGABOND.

MOST persons work so hard, are so full of care and trouble, so weighed down with the sense of duty, so anxious to regulate the world and put everything to rights, that contact with a nature which does not care for the stress and din of toil but dwells in an atmosphere of sunshiny idleness and is the embodiment of goodness, innocence, and careless mirth, brings a positive relief. This is the feeling that Jefferson's acting inspires. The halo of genius is all around it. Sincerity, humor, pathos, vivid imagination, and a gentleness that is akin with wild flowers and woodland brooks, slumberous, slow-drifting summer-clouds, and soft music heard upon the waters in starlit nights of June —these are the springs of the actor's art. There are a hundred beauties of method in it which satisfy the judgment and fascinate the sense of symmetry; but underlying these beauties there is a magical sweetness of temperament—a delicate blending of humor, pathos, gentleness, quaintness, and dream-like repose—which awakens the most affectionate sympathy. This subtle spirit is the potent charm of the impersonation. All possible labor (and Jefferson sums up in this performance the culture acquired in many years of professional toil) could not supply that charm. It is a celestial gift. It is the divine fire. It is what the philosophic poet Emerson, with fine and far-reaching significance, calls

> "The untaught strain
> That sheds beauty on the rose."

In depicting Rip Van Winkle Jefferson reaches the perfection of the actor's art; which is to delineate a distinctly individual character, through successive stages of growth, till the story of a life is completely told. If the student of acting would feelingly appreciate the fineness and force of the dramatic art that is displayed in this work let him, in either of the pivotal passages, consider the complexity and depth of the effect as contrasted with the simplicity of the means that are used to

produce it. There is no trickery in the charm. The sense of beauty is satisfied, because the object that it apprehends is beautiful. The heart is deeply and surely touched, for the simple and sufficient reason that the character and experience revealed to it are lovely and pathetic. For Rip Van Winkle's goodness exists as an oak exists, and is not dependent on principle, precept, or resolution. Howsoever he may drift he cannot drift away from human affection. Weakness was never punished with more sorrowful misfortune than his. Dear to us for what he is, he becomes dearer still for what he suffers, and (in the acting of Jefferson) for the manner in which he suffers it. That manner, arising out of complete identification with the part, informed by intuitive and liberal knowledge of human nature and guided by an unerring instinct of taste, is the crown of Jefferson's art. It is unrestrained; it is graceful; it is free from effort; it is equal to every situation; and it shows, with the precision and delicacy of the finest miniature-painting, the gradual, natural changes of the character, as wrought by the pressure of experience. Its result is the perfect embodiment of a rare type of human nature and mystical experience, embellished by the appliances of romance and exalted by the atmosphere of poetry; and no person of imagination and sensibility can see it without being charmed by its humor, thrilled by its manifold suggestions of beauty, and made more and more sensible that life is utterly worthless, howsoever brilliantly its ambitions may happen to be rewarded, unless it is hallowed by love and soothed by kindness.

There will be, as there have been, many Rip Van Winkles: there is but one Jefferson. For him it was reserved to idealize the entire subject; to elevate a prosaic type of good-natured indolence into an ideal emblem of poetical freedom; to construct and translate, in the world of fact, the Arcadian vagabond of the world of dreams. In the presence of his wonderful embodiment of this droll, gentle, drifting human creature —to whom trees and brooks and flowers are familiar companions, to whom spirits appear, and for whom the mysterious voices of the lonely midnight forest have a meaning and a charm—the observer feels that poetry is no longer restricted to canvas and marble and rapt reverie over the printed page, but walks forth crystallized in a human form, spangled with the freshness of the diamond dews of morning, mysterious with hints of woodland secrets, lovely with the simplicity and joy of rustic freedom, and fragrant with the incense of the pines.

The world does not love Rip Van Winkle because he drinks schnapps, nor because he is unthrifty, nor because he banters his wife, nor because he neglects his duties as a parent. All these are faults, and he is loved in spite of them. Underneath all his defects the human nature of the man is as sound and bright as the finest gold; and it is out of this inte-

rior beauty that the charm of Jefferson's personation arises. The conduct of Rip Van Winkle is the result of his character and not of his drams. At the sacrifice of some slight comicality here and there, the element of intoxication might be left out of his experience altogether, and he would still act in the same way and possess the same fascination. Jefferson's Rip, of course, is meant, and not Irving's. The latter was "a thirsty soul," accustomed to frequent the tavern; and thirsty souls who often seek taverns neither go there to practise total abstinence nor come thence with poetical attributes of nature. No such idea of Rip Van Winkle can be derived from Irving's sketch as is given in Jefferson's acting. Irving seems to have written the sketch for the sake of the ghostly legend it embodies; but he made no attempt to elaborate the character of its hero or to present it as a poetic one. Jefferson has exalted the conception. In his embodiment the drink is merely an expedient, to plunge the hero into domestic strife and open the way for his ghostly adventure and his pathetic resuscitation. The machinery may be clumsy; but that does not invalidate either the beauty of the character or the supernatural thrill and mortal anguish of the experience. In these abides the soul of this great work, which while it captivates the heart also enthralls the imagination—taking us away from the region of the commonplace, away also from the region of the passions, lifting us above the storms of life, its sorrows, its losses, and its fret, till we rest at last on Nature's bosom, children once more, and once more happy.

MY QUEEN.

[*Wanderers.* 1889.]

HE loves not well whose love is bold!
I would not have thee come too nigh:
The sun's gold would not seem pure gold
Unless the sun were in the sky:
To take him thence and chain him near
Would make his beauty disappear.

He keeps his state,—do thou keep thine,
And shine upon me from afar!
So shall I bask in light divine,
That falls from love's own guiding star;
So shall thy eminence be high,
And so my passion shall not die.

But all my life will reach its hands
Of lofty longing toward thy face,

And be as one who speechless stands
  In rapture at some perfect grace!
My love, my hope, my all will be
To look to heaven and look to thee!

Thy eyes will be the heavenly lights;
  Thy voice the gentle summer breeze,
What time it sways, on moonlit nights,
  The murmuring tops of leafy trees;
And I will touch thy beauteous form
In June's red roses, rich and warm.

But thou thyself shalt come not down
  From that pure region far above;
But keep thy throne and wear thy crown,
  Queen of my heart and queen of love!
A monarch in thy realm complete,
And I a monarch—at thy feet!

CONSTANCE.

WITH diamond dew the grass was wet,—
  'Twas in the spring and gentlest weather,—
And all the birds of morning met,
  And carolled in her heart together.

The wind blew softly o'er the land,
  And softly kissed the joyous ocean:
He walked beside her on the sand,
  And gave and won a heart's devotion.

The thistledown was in the breeze,
  With birds of passage homeward flying;
His fortune lured him o'er the seas,
  And on the shore he left her, sighing.

She saw his barque glide down the bay,
  Through tears and fears she could not banish;
She saw his white sails melt away—
  She saw them fade, she saw them vanish.

And "Go," she said, "for winds are fair,
  And love and blessing round you hover;
When you sail backward through the air,
  Then I will trust the word of lover."

Still ebbed, still flowed, the tide of years,
  Now chilled with snows, now bright with roses,

And many smiles were turned to tears,
  And sombre morns to radiant closes.

And many ships came sailing by,
  With many a golden promise freighted;
But nevermore from sea or sky
  Came love, to bless her heart that waited.

Yet on, by tender patience led,
  Her sacred footsteps walked, unbidden,
Wherever sorrow bowed its head,
  Or want, and care, and shame were hidden.

And they who saw her snow-white hair,
  And dark, sad eyes, so deep with feeling,
Breathed all at once the chancel air,
  And seemed to hear the organ pealing.

Till once, at shut of autumn day,
  In marble chill she paused and hearkened,
With startled gaze where far away
  The wastes of sky and ocean darkened.

There for a moment, faint and wan,
  High up in air, and landward striving,
Stern-fore a spectral barque came on,
  Across the purple sunset driving.

Then something out of night she knew,
  Some whisper heard, from heaven descended,
And peacefully, as falls the dew,
  Her long and lonely vigil ended.

The violet and the bramble-rose
  Make glad the grass that dreams above her;
And, freed from time and all its woes,
  She trusts again the word of lover.

AN EMPTY HEART.

[LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY, SENT WITH A HEART-SHAPED JEWEL-BOX.]

WELL, since our lot must be to part
  (These lots—how they do push and pull one!)
I send you here an empty heart,
  But send it from a very full one.
My little hour of joy is done,
  But every vain regret I smother,
With murm'ring, "When you see the one,
  Think kindly sometimes of the other."

This heart must always do your will,
  This heart your maid can fetch and carry,
This heart will faithful be, and still
  Will not importune you to marry.
That other, craving hosts of things,
  Would throb and flutter, every minute;
But this, except it hold your rings,
  Will mutely wait with nothing in it.

Oh, happy heart! that finds its bliss
  In pure affection consecrated!
But happier far the heart, like this,
  That heeds not whether lone or mated;
That stands unmoved in beauty's eyes,
  That knows not if you leave or take it,
That is not hurt though you despise,
  And quite unconscious when you break it.

That other heart would burn, and freeze,
  And plague, and hamper, and perplex you,
But this will always stand at ease,
  And never pet and never vex you.
Go, empty heart! and if she lift
  Your little lid this prayer deliver:
"Ah, look with kindness on the gift,
  And think with kindness on the giver."

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE.

[*Shakespeare's England.* 1886.]

IT is the everlasting glory of Stratford-upon-Avon that it was the birthplace of Shakespeare. Situated in the heart of Warwickshire, which has been called the "garden of England," it nestles cosily in an atmosphere of tranquil loveliness, and is surrounded, indeed, with everything that soft and gentle rural scenery can afford to soothe the mind and to nurture contentment. It stands upon a level plain, almost in the centre of the island, through which, between the low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows downward to the Severn. The country in its neighborhood is under perfect cultivation, and for many miles around presents the appearance of a superbly appointed park. Portions of the land are devoted to crops and pasture; other portions are thickly wooded with oak, elm, willow, and chestnut; the meadows are intersected by hedges of the fragrant hawthorn, and the whole region smiles with flowers. Old manor-houses, half-hidden among the

trees, and thatched cottages embowered with roses, are sprinkled through the surrounding landscape; and all the roads which converge upon this point—from Warwick, Banbury, Bidford, Alcester, Evesham, Worcester, and many other contiguous towns—wind, in sun and shadow, through a sod of green velvet, swept by the cool, sweet winds of the English summer. Such felicities of situation and such accessories of beauty, however, are not unusual in England; and Stratford, were it not hallowed by association, though it might always hold a place among the pleasant memories of the traveller, would not have become a shrine for the homage of the world. To Shakespeare it owes its renown; from Shakespeare it derives the bulk of its prosperity. To visit Stratford is to tread with affectionate veneration in the footsteps of the poet. To write about Stratford is to write about Shakespeare.

More than three hundred years have passed since the birth of that colossal genius, and many changes must have occurred in his native town within that period. The Stratford of Shakespeare's time was built principally of timber—as, indeed, it is now—and contained about fourteen hundred inhabitants. To-day its population numbers upwards of eight thousand. New dwellings have arisen where once were fields of wheat, glorious with the shimmering lustre of the scarlet poppy. The other buildings, for the most part, have been demolished or altered. Manufacture, chiefly of beer, and of Shakespearean relics, has been stimulated into prosperous activity. The Avon has been spanned by a new bridge, of iron. The village streets have been levelled, swept, rolled and garnished till they look like a Flemish drawing of the Middle Ages. Even the Shakespeare cottage, the ancient Tudor house in High Street, and the two old churches—authentic and splendid memorials of a distant and storied past—have been "restored." If the poet could walk again through his accustomed haunts, though he would see the same smiling country round about, and hear, as of old, the ripple of the Avon murmuring in its summer sleep, his eyes would rest on but few objects that once he knew. Yet there are the paths that Shakespeare often trod; there stands the house in which he was born; there is the school in which he was taught; there is the cottage in which he wooed his sweetheart: there are the traces and relics of the mansion in which he died; and there is the church that keeps his dust, so consecrated by the reverence of mankind

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

. . . . . .

A modern house now stands on a part of the site of what was once Shakespeare's home, and here has been established another museum of Shakespearean relics. None of these relics is of imposing authenticity

or of remarkable interest. Among them is a stone mullion, dug up on the site, which may have belonged to a window of the original mansion. This entire estate, bought from different owners and restored to its Shakespearean condition, became in 1875 the property of the corporation of Stratford. The tract of land is not large. The visitor may traverse the whole of it in a few minutes, although if he obey his inclination he will linger there for hours. The enclosure is about three hundred feet square, possibly larger. The lawn is in beautiful condition. The line of the walls that once separated this from the two gardens of vegetables and of flowers is traced in the turf. The mulberry is large and flourishing, and wears its honors in contented vigor. Other trees give grateful shade to the grounds, and the voluptuous red roses, growing all around in profuse richness, load the air with bewildering fragrance. Eastward, at a little distance, flows the Avon. Not far away rises the graceful spire of the Holy Trinity. A few rooks, hovering in the air and wisely bent on some facetious mischief, send down through the silvery haze of the summer morning their sagacious yet melancholy caw. The windows of the gray chapel across the street twinkle, and keep their solemn secret. On this spot was first waved the mystic wand of Prospero. Here Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearl and coral in the deep caverns of the sea. Here arose into everlasting life Hermione, "as tender as infancy and grace." Here were created Miranda and Perdita, twins of heaven's own radiant goodness—

> "Daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath."

To endeavor to touch upon the larger and more august aspect of Shakespeare's life—when, as his wonderful sonnets betray, his great heart had felt the devastating blast of cruel passions and the deepest knowledge of the good and evil of the universe had been borne in upon his soul—would be impious presumption. Happily, to the stroller in Stratford, every association connected with him is gentle and tender. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood, or sedate and benignant maturity; always either joyous or serene, never passionate, or turbulent, or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fireside; as a wandering school-boy in the quiet, venerable close of the old Guild Chapel, where still the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds or the creaking of the church vane; as a handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles about; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild

lads of his village in their poaching depredations on the park of Charlcote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Shottery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and, last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford churchyard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow, and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his eternal rest.

POE.

[*From Stanzas read at the Dedication of the Actors' Monument to Edgar Allan Poe.—The New York Tribune.* 1885.]

FROM earliest youth his spirit kept its throne
By the sea's marge, or on the mountain height,
Or in the forest deeps, or meadow lone,
Where the long shadows fall, as comes the night,
And spectral shapes gleam on the startled sight
And vanish with low sighs. The darkling caves
That line the murmurous shore were his delight,
Where the defeated billow chafes and raves,
And much he loved the stars that shine on lonely graves.

By night he roamed along the haunted shore,
And on the vacant summit of the hills
Held converse with the vast; while evermore
The awful mystery with which Nature thrills,—
Whispering the poet's heart, and thence distils
The essence of her beauty,—wrapt his soul,
Buoyant and glorious, with such power as fills
The dread expanse where sky and ocean roll,
Thought measureless, supreme, and feeling past control.

Among the haunts of men a wanderer still,
He walked a dusky pathway, all his own;
For men were not his mates—their good, their ill
Were things by him unfelt, to him unknown—
An empty laughter or an idle moan;
And they that saw him passed him coldly by,
And thus he roved his shadowy world alone,—
A world of haunting shapes and phantasy,
And life a dream that longed yet dreaded more to die.

His o'er-fraught bosom and his haunted brain
  Gave out their music and then ceased to be—
A strange, a weird, a melancholy strain,
  Like the low moaning of the distant sea!
  And when death harshly set his spirit free
From frenzied days and penury and blight,
  At least 'twas tender mercy's kind decree,—
Shrining his name in memory's living light,
With thoughts that gild the day and charm the lingering night.

He was the voice of beauty and of woe,
  Passion and mystery and the dread unknown;
Pure as the mountains of perpetual snow,
  Cold as the icy winds that round them moan,
  Dark as the caves wherein earth's thunders groan,
Wild as the tempests of the upper sky,
  Sweet as the faint, far-off, celestial tone
Of angel whispers, fluttering from on high,
And tender as love's tear when youth and beauty die.

His music dies not—nor can ever die—
  Blown round the world by every wandering wind;
The comet, lessening in the midnight sky,
  Still leaves its trail of glory far behind.
  Death cannot quench the lustre of the mind,
Nor hush the seraph song that Beauty sings;
  Still in the Poet's soul must Nature find
Her voice for every secret that she brings,
To all that dwell beneath the brooding of her wings.

RELATIONS OF THE PRESS AND THE STAGE.

[*From an Address before the New York Goethe Club.* 1889.]

HAVE you ever considered the spectacle that is presented by the press of this country whenever the approach of a new actor is announced? If I may lightly employ the sublime Miltonic figure, "far off his coming shines." First there is a rumor that he has been engaged. Then a regretful doubt is cast upon the rumor. Then the expeditious cable flashes over a scornful repudiation of the doubt, coupled with the cordial assurance that the engagement is really made. Then comes the sketch of his illustrious life, wherein are set forth all the glowing details of his great successes beyond the sea. A little later the opinions of the foreign press begin to mingle with the stream of local news. A few anecdotes, sentimental or humorous, illustrative of his fascinating char-

acter come next and do not come amiss. Presently our diligent journals apprise us that he has eaten his farewell dinner and uttered with deep emotion his farewell speech, and that his bark is now actually upon the sea. The list of his theatrical company, the catalogue of his scenery, and the names of his plays and characters are next in order, and are duly supplied. The interval of the voyage is devoted to recapitulation and to a sympathetic portrayal of the views of his manager as to the expediency of raising the prices, and of the lively excitement with which the ticket-sellers await his approach. No sooner does his ship cast anchor in our bay than a tug-boat streaming with banners and filled with newspaper reporters arrives at Quarantine to "meet him and receive him," while not improbably a committee from the Lotos Club or the Lambs awaits him on the steamship pier to ask him to dinner. For several ensuing days the newspapers teem with what are called interviews—frightful compounds of platitude and triviality, through which their writers loom forth as prodigies of impertinent curiosity and vulgar insolence, while the honored stranger is indeed fortunate if, with all the laborious courtesy of his patient and wary replies, he escapes emblazonment as a preposterous ass. At length, sustained and cheered by the acclamation of a great multitude, he steps upon the scene and plays his part, and the next day every considerable newspaper in the land gives a column to his exploit. From that time onward his advance through the continent is a triumphant progress. The luxurious Pullman car whirls him from city to city. The stateliest mansions throw wide their doors for his reception. The brightest spirits of the club, the studio, and the boudoir throng around him with every proffer of hospitality that kindness can suggest or liberal prodigality provide. Statesmen are his companions. Fair ladies crown him with laurel. Poets embalm his great name in the amber of their verse. The boys buy his picture and "make up" on his model. The girls cannot live without his autograph. Nothing is left undone that by any possibility of chance can make him happy; and as he thus speeds onward in the glittering track of the occidental star the vigilant newspaper—the sleepless eye, the tireless hand, the ceaseless voice—faithful to the last, whether he buys a cravat, or plants a tree, or restores a monument, or endows a college, or loses a pocket-handkerchief, still follows his renowned footsteps and still keeps amply full the daily chronicle of his illustrious deeds. . . .

It is my desire neither to exaggerate nor to depreciate the influence of dramatic criticism, but I have never been able quite to understand the superlative practical value of it, as proclaimed by many persons. To my mind the newspaper article on the stage never settles anything. If well written it may interest the reader's thoughts, excite his curiosity, increase or rectify his knowledge, and possibly suggest to him a benefi-

cial line of reflection or study. That is all. Newspaper commendation may accelerate the success of a play already recognized as good, and newspaper ridicule may hasten the obsequies of a play already so bad that its failure is inevitable. But criticism establishes no man's rank, fixes no man's opinion, dissuades no man from the bent of his humor. The actor whom it praises may nevertheless pass away and no place be found for him. The actor whom it "slates" does not expire, neither does he repair to the woods. Far more likely he goes to Boston and writes a Reply. In the early days of "The Black Crook," when it had become known to me, from the police, that one form of vice had been much increased, through the influence of that spectacle, in the neighborhood of Niblo's Theatre, I thought it was my duty (as the dramatic reviewer for the "New York Tribune") to denounce that exhibition; and I did denounce it "in good set terms." The consequence was an immediate and enormous increase in the public attendance, and my friend Henry D. Palmer, one of the managers of the "Crook," addressed to me these grateful and expressive words: "Go on, my boy; this is exactly what we want." Since then I have been reticent with fulminations in the presumed interest of public morality. At the present moment two amiable and handsome young people are disporting at a neighboring theatre as Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra. A more futile performance, in every possible point of view, probably was never given: and I believe the critical tribunals of the town have mostly stated this truth—in some cases with considerable virulence. Yet this performance draws crowded houses, and, no doubt, it will continue to draw them, here and all over the country. Many other elements enter into this subject aside from the question of dramatic art. The critic of the stage should do his duty, but he will be wise not to magnify his office, and he certainly becomes comical when he plumes himself as to the practical results of his ministration. I know that he exists in the midst of tribulations. He must pass almost every night of his life in a hot theatre, breathing the bad air and commingling with a miscellaneous multitude ennobled by the sacred muniment of liberty but largely unaccustomed to the use of soap. He must frequently and resignedly contemplate red and green and yellow nightmares of scenery that would cause the patient omnibus-horse to lie down in his tracks and expire. He must often and calmly listen to the voice of the national catarrh, in comparison with which the aquatic fog-horn or the ear-piercing fife is a soothing sound of peace. He must blandly respond to the patent-leather smile of the effusive theatrical agent, who hopes that he is very well but inwardly wishes him in Tophet. He must clasp the clammy hand and hear the baleful question of the gibbering "first-night" lunatic, who exists for the sole purpose of inquiring "What do you think of this?" He must preserve

the coolness and composure of a marble statue, when every nerve in his system is tingling with the anxious sense of responsibility, haste, and doubt; and he must perform the delicate and difficult duty of critical comment upon the personality of the most sensitive people in the world under a pressure of adverse conditions such as would paralyze any intellect not specially trained to the task. And when he has done his work, and done it to the best of his ability and conscience, he must be able placidly to reflect that his motives are impugned, that his integrity is flouted, that his character is traduced, and that his name is bemired by every filthy scribbler in the blackguard section of the press and of the stage, with as little compunction as though he were the "common cry of curs." These trials, however, need not turn his brain. He should not suppose, as he often does, that an attentive universe waits trembling on his nod. He should not flatter himself with the delusion that he can make or unmake the reputation of other men. It often happens that his articles are not read at all; and when they are read it is quite as likely that they will incite antipathy as it is that they will win assent. He should not imagine that he is Apollo standing by a tripod, or Brutus sending his son to the block. He is, in reality, firing a pop-gun. He is writing a newspaper article about a theatrical performance, but both the performance and the article will be forgotten on the day after to-morrow. He should not forget that an actor whom he dislikes may nevertheless be a good actor, and that an actor whom he admires may nevertheless be a bad one. Human judgment is finite, and it ought always to be charitable; and the stage, which is the mirror of human life, affords ample room for an honest difference of opinion. There is no reason in the world, furthermore, why the dramatic critic, merely because he happens to hold that office, should straightway imbibe a hideous hatred of all other unfortunate beings who chance to labor in the same field. He would be much better employed in writing those wise and true and beautiful dramatic criticisms which he thinks ought to be written than he is when uttering querulous and bitter and nasty complaint and invective because they are not, as he considers, written by his contemporaries in his own line. Let him improve his own opportunity and leave others to their devices. All the good that he can really accomplish is done when he sets the passing aspects of the stage instructively, agreeably, and suggestively before the public mind, and keeps them there. He is not required to manage the theatres or to regulate the people who are trying to earn a living by means of the stage. "To be useful to as many as possible," says the wise thinker Walter Savage Landor, "is the especial duty of the critic, and his utility can only be attained by rectitude and precision." The newspaper article accomplishes all that should be expected of it when it arouses and pleases and benefits the reader, clarify-

ing his views, and helping him to look with a sympathetic and serene vision upon the pleasures and pains, the joys and sorrows, the ennobling splendors and the solemn admonitions of the realm of art.

Celia Thaxter.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1836.

THE SANDPIPER.

[*Poems.* 1874. *Eleventh Edition.* 1883.—*Drift-Weed.* 1878.—*The Cruise of the Mystery, and Other Poems.* 1886.]

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea;
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim
Loomed the tall light-house, like a ghostly sign;
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild;
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the light-house sent its warnings wide,
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried;
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands
To waiting love,—wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray;
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea;

Death found them; turned his face and passed her by,
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.

Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?
Still like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

Celia Haxton

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam,
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,
For pity ready, search in vain the night,
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,
A shadowy woman, who nor wept, nor wailed,
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

SONG.

WE sail toward evening's lonely star
That trembles in the tender blue;
One single cloud, a dusky bar,
Burnt with dull carmine through and through,
Slow smouldering in the summer sky,
Lies low along the fading west.
How sweet to watch its splendors die,
Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed!

The soft breeze freshens, leaps the spray
To kiss our cheeks, with sudden cheer;
Upon the dark edge of the bay
Light-houses kindle, far and near,

And through the warm deeps of the sky
  Steal faint star-clusters, while we rest
In deep refreshment, thou and I,
  Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

How like a dream are earth and heaven,
  Star-beam and darkness, sky and sea;
Thy face, pale in the shadowy even,
  Thy quiet eyes that gaze on me!
O realize the moment's charm,
  Thou dearest! we are at life's best,
Folded in God's encircling arm,
  Wave-cradled thus and wind-caressed.

A MUSSEL SHELL.

WHY art thou colored like the evening sky
  Sorrowing for sunset? Lovely dost thou lie,
Bared by the washing of the eager brine,
At the snow's motionless and wind-carved line.

Cold stretch the snows, cold throng the waves, the wind
Stings sharp,—an icy fire, a touch unkind,—
And sighs as if with passion of regret,
The while I mark thy tints of violet.

O beauty strange! O shape of perfect grace,
Whereon the lovely waves of color trace
The history of the years that passed thee by,
And touched thee with the pathos of the sky!

The sea shall crush thee; yea, the ponderous wave
Up the loose beach shall grind, and scoop thy grave,
Thou thought of God! What more than thou and I?
Both transient as the sad wind's passing sigh.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

THE quiet room, the flowers, the perfumed calm,
  The slender crystal vase, where all aflame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall,
  Color that burns as if no frost could tame,
The shaded lamplight glowing over all,
  The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Outbreaks at once the golden melody,
"With passionate expression!" Ah, from whence
Comes the enchantment of this potent spell,
This charm that takes us captive, soul and sense?
The sacred power of music, who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chords and searching notes
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble; 'tis as if some spirit floats
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

The stately poppies, proud in stillness, stand
In silken splendor of superb attire:
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound,
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire;
With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So the rich moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet, to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again,
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To wake the heart to youth's unreasoning joy,—
Sound, color, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

John Rose Greene Hassard.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1836. Died there, 1888.

"SIEGFRIED" AT BAYREUTH.

[*The Ring of the Nibelungs. A Description of its First Performance in August*, 1876.]

BAYREUTH, Aug. 16.—The third performance of the Nibelung series was to have taken place yesterday, but Herr Betz was so hoarse that a postponement was unavoidable. . . . To-day Betz is

himself again, and the performance of "Siegfried" was the most successful so far of the series. The work is very different from the two preceding. It is less romantic than "Das Rheingold," less heroic than "Die Walküre," more ethereally poetical than either.

Siegfried is the hero born of the union of Siegmund and Sieglinde, and destined to be the agent in repairing the wrong done in the theft of the Ring and at the same time of bringing the reign of the divinities of Walhalla to an end. Sieglinde died in giving birth to him, and the child was brought up by the dwarf Mime, who hoped to use him in recovering the Ring and the Tarn helmet. The instrumental introduction made use of the anvil motive, and when the curtain drew back we saw the dim interior of a great cavern in a wood. On the left was a smithy, with a glowing fire and an anvil, where Mime sat hammering at a sword-blade. On the right a few steps led up to the opening of this rocky retreat, and beyond we saw a beautiful vista of forest, with golden light bathing the foliage. It was not a scene to astonish and bewilder the spectator, like that of the depths of the Rhine, but it was a picture whose tone and composition delighted the artistic taste and pleased us better and better the more we looked at it. There was less of decoration and mechanism employed in "Siegfried," and fewer characters appeared upon the stage than in any of the other divisions of the work, and yet the effects, musical and dramatic alike, far surpassed those of the previous evenings. Mime was a personage of inferior importance in "Rheingold"; here he became one of the chief actors in the story, and the remarkable ability of which the representative of the part gave proof on Sunday evening was now illustrated with much greater fullness. Herr Schlosser of Munich, to whom this *rôle* was allotted, is highly esteemed as a delineator of "character parts," and in Mime he seemed to find a congenial opportunity. The dwarf was malevolent and hypocritical. In the opening scene he sat scowling and complaining over his work. He could not make a weapon strong enough for the volsung. Brands that the giants might have wielded Siegfried shattered with a single blow. Only the sword of Siegmund, broken against Wotan's spear, would fit his hand, but all the art of the dwarf could not mend that terrible blade. Mime was still hammering and lamenting, in a song of great vigor and a certain rhythmic regularity, when the merry notes of a horn were heard in the wood, and Siegfried came bounding in, driving a bear by a rope. Georg Unger, who personated the hero, is a tall, handsome, well-built fellow, with a robust, half-trained tenor voice of good quality, and a free and dashing manner. Dressed in a short coat of skins, with bare arms, flowing yellow hair, short beard, and a silver horn slung at his belt, he was at any rate in appearance an ideal hero of the Northern race. He amused himself a while with Mime's

fear of the bear; he tried the sword just made for him, and broke it at the first trial; he threw himself in anger on a couch of skins; he repulsed the dwarf's advances, and dashed from his hand the proffered food and drink. When Siegfried came into the cavern, it was as if a high wind fresh from the fir-clad mountains swept through those dark recesses. There was a wonderful scene when the dwarf drew close and began to tell what he had done for him, how he had found him as a helpless child, and fed and clothed him—

"Als zullendes Kind
Zog ich dich auf,
Warmte mit Kleiden
Den kleinen Wurm,"—

and how he got no thanks for his pains. And Siegfried frankly replied that he did not love the dwarf, and could not love him. In this scene an exquisite melody, of which great use is made afterward, is given to the violincello. The psychological distinction between the two characters was preserved in the music and strongly marked by the actors also. Siegfried, impatient of Mime's hypocrisy, at last insisted upon knowing the secret of his birth. He extorted from the dwarf the story of his mother's death and of the broken sword, the narrative being interrupted by the constant attempt of Mime to recur to the catalogue of his benefactions. "Als zullendes Kind zog ich dich auf," which Siegfried checked with angry impetuosity. "That," he cried, "shall be my sword. Weld the pieces for me this very day, and I will go forth into the world free as the fish in the stream and the bird in the air." So, with a melody of characteristic strength and freshness—

"Wie der Fisch froh
In der Fluth schwimmt,
Wie der Fink frei
Sich davon schwingt"—

he dashed into the sunlight and disappeared.

The whole had been vivid, dramatic, and elevated even above the common level of this work. Now we were to have another equally impressive, but in a very different style. Close upon the departure of Siegfried entered Wotan, in the disguise of the Wanderer, a character which he preserves throughout this division of the play. A broad hat half concealed his features. A dark-blue mantle hid his figure. A reddish beard fell over his breast. His spear with the potent runes served for a staff. A glow of light, so artfully thrown that it seemed to radiate from his face, indicated to the spectator the presence of a supernatural being. He asked for hospitality and was rudely repulsed, but seating himself by the cavern fire he staked his head upon his ability to

answer any three questions the dwarf might choose to put him. Nothing could have been more dramatic than the ensuing dialogue. The majestic utterances of the god were clothed in music of the most elevated and imposing character. The craft of the dwarf found expression in strangely contrasted strains, while the figure of the actor, as he crouched ungainly by his anvil, questioning, musing, losing himself in perplexity over his strange visitor, was a bit of realistic personation which I shall not soon forget. All this time, of course, the orchestra continued its great work of illustration and suggestion. "What race lives in the bowels of the earth?"—here we heard the same motive which accompanied our introduction to the caves of Nibelheim in "The Rhinegold." "What race works on the earth's back?"—here came again the tramp of the giants as it fell upon our ears when they went to fetch away Freia. "Who dwells in the cloudy heights?"—the oft-repeated motive, which symbolizes the power and glory of the gods, came to us with the answer. Mime in his turn was able to reply when the Wanderer asked him about the volsungs and the virtues of the broken sword Nothung; but who might mend that sword he could not tell. "Only he who has never known fear shall weld Nothung anew," exclaimed the god, and so saying he went forth again into the forest, and as he went a mighty music, as of rushing winds and the tossing boughs of great forests, rose out of the orchestra, and lightning flashed in the sky. Mime, remembering that Siegfried knew not fear, sank trembling to the ground. There was a short, impressive scene in which Mime portrayed his terror, while the bass tuba, to which Wagner has given such great power of expression, uttered underneath the orchestral accompaniment a suggestive passage of its own. The dwarf cowered behind his anvil. Suddenly the music changed; we heard in the forest the voice of Siegfried; the breezy song which followed him when he rushed forth in the earlier part of the act recurred again, and he burst into the cave, calling loudly for the sword. Mime, still agitated and bewildered, repeated only the words of Wotan:

> "Nur wer das Fürchten nie erfuhr
> Schmiedet Nothung neu."

Roused at last, he tried to teach Siegfried fear. He told him of Fafner, who in the form of a dragon kept guard over the treasure of the Nibelungs, in a lonely region called Neidhole. But Siegfried's spirits only rose the higher at the tale. He longed to attack the dragon. He demanded to be led to the spot. He called for the pieces of his father's sword, and welded them himself by the dwarf's forge. As he stood with his hand on the bellows-rope, and the flames glowed about the iron, he sang the great Song of the Smithy:

"Nothung, Nothung
Neidliches Schwert!
Was musstest du zerspringen?"

—a song to be given with full chest and head erect and a bold and manly voice, a song that breathes of heroism in every note, and rouses the coldest listener to a passionate delight. It is difficult to write of this long scene in Mime's cavern without an appearance of exaggerated enthusiasm, but the strongest possible praise would not be too strong for such an extraordinary creation of genius, and I am sure that there was hardly an intelligent man in the theatre who did not feel his pulses beating quicker and quicker as the act developed itself. The blade was drawn red from the fire, hammered and tempered and fitted to the hilt (let me remark here that the forge and fire were real, and they were real sparks which flew from the iron when it was beaten on the anvil). Siegfried's exultation rose as he drew near the end of his task; with every repetition of the song, "Nothung, Nothung, ho-ho! ha-hei! ho-ho! ha-hei!" the excitement increased, till the sword was finished, and he tested it by striking a terrible blow upon the anvil, cleaving the iron block in twain. Then the curtain fell.

In the second act, after a portentous Vorspiel, we saw the exterior of Fafner's cave, a huge pile of rocks filling the background, a forest opening on the left, beautiful spreading trees and clumps of reeds extending toward the front. It was dark night, and we dimly discerned the figure of a man leaning against the rocks. It was Alberich, who haunted the spot where his stolen treasures lay hid. There was a fine scene between him and the Wanderer, Wotan, over which, as it was somewhat episodical in a dramatic sense, I may pass briefly, only remarking that according to his custom Wagner gives the god here a sort of solemn declamation, while the melody, which is of the most exquisite kind, is assigned almost entirely to the orchestra. The noise of a storm-wind and a sudden gleam of light followed Wotan as he disappeared from the stage. Then day began to dawn. The faint twilight was followed by the rosy blush, and in the growing light the beauty of the foliage revealed itself. Mime led Siegfried upon the scene and showed him the cave of the dragon which he was to kill. For the dwarf, since he had not been able to prevent the young volsung from getting possession of the terrible sword which was to conquer the dragon, had resolved first to aid him in his enterprise and then to kill him and secure the treasures. Here again, as in the first act, the characters and purposes of the dwarf and the hero were wonderfully discriminated in the music. When Mime had gone away, Siegfried threw himself upon a grassy bank at the foot of a tree. And now began a pastoral scene of delicious delicacy and elegance. The orchestral part of what followed has been called

almost symphonic in its character, as it certainly is in its beauty and richness. As Siegfried in a charming strain of tenderness, such as he had not hitherto shown, mused on the history of his birth, and gave voice to the half-defined aspirations which drove him into the world, the orchestra filled the scene with the music of nature. The still woods woke to life with the rising of the sun. The murmur of rustling leaves, the sighing of the waving branches, the whir of myriads of insects, the morning greeting of the birds, rose and fell upon the air. It was the birds at last that drew Siegfried from his reverie. "Ah," he cried, "how often have I tried to understand their song! Let me imitate it, and perhaps I shall know what it says." He made a pipe from a reed which he cut with his sword. The futile attempt to reproduce the music of the feathered tribes on this rude instrument is treated by Wagner with considerable humor. Siegfried threw away his whistle, and seating himself at the foot of a tree took up his silver horn. "This at least," said he, "I can play." He wound upon it an exceedingly pretty and merry tune, the effect of the scene being greatly helped by the fact that the horn passage was played not in the orchestra, as is usual in such cases, but by a performer concealed behind the tree.

The horn aroused the giant Fafner, and we saw him in dragon's guise (the German text calls him a "great worm") roll out of the cave. The machine was big enough for a man to stand upright inside its head, and the voice of the Fafner of the first evening issued from its chasm of a throat. The battle that ensued was short and, to tell the plain truth, rather absurd. In drawing his sword from the body of the slain dragon some of the blood fell upon Siegfried's hand; it burned like fire, and he put his hand to his mouth. Instantly the understanding of the language of birds came to him. From the branches overhead we heard a light soprano voice, in phrases which most ingeniously wedded articulate speech to bird-like tones, direct Siegfried to enter the cavern and secure the helmet and the ring. We heard it again warn him against the treachery of Alberich, and behold the dwarf, when he approached, was made to utter not the false professions that were framed on his lips, but the malice and murderous purpose that lurked in his heart. He offered a poisoned drink, and Siegfried slew him, threw his body into the cave, and blocked up the entrance with the carcass of the dragon. It would be useless to try to describe the music of this animated scene, or rather I should say this succession of scenes all crowded with incident. Every action had its appropriate accompaniment, every word fitted exactly its musical expression. There is no such thing as analyzing music which changes as rapidly and freely as the shapes in the evening sky. At one moment the orchestra told us of quarrel and conflict. The next, it brought back the music of the woods, as Siegfried stretched himself

beneath the trees, and in gentle accents, lamenting his desolate condition, asked council of his friends the birds. Again the pretty voice came from the tree-tops. It told him of Brünnhilde, and bade him penetrate the barrier of fire, and win the most glorious of women for his bride. Siegfried started to his feet. A new passion burned in his veins, and with the first experience of love his music took a changed character. He was no longer the rosy and bare-limbed young savage, rejoicing in his freedom and strength; higher aims and deeper feelings than he had yet known made him another man. At his call a bird fluttered down from the trees to show him his way, and led by this strange guide he set forth for the rock of fire.

The third act was introduced by an orchestral passage of a sombre and mysterious character, with sustained harmonies of marked importance for the trumpets and trombones. Again the curtain rose upon night and a wild landscape. Steep rocks stretched across the background, and over them lowered an angry sky. Thunder rolled and lightning flashed from the clouds. Hither came Wotan, the Wanderer, to call up Erda for counsel and prophecy. At his summons a faint bluish light began slowly to appear in a hollow of the rocks, and we saw dimly the figure of a woman clothed in black robes and a silvery veil rise half into view. Little by little, while the solemn music went on, the form became more distinct and radiated a stronger light. But Erda would give no advice in the coming crisis of the divinities of Walhalla. She had parted with her wisdom to Brünnhilde, and when Wotan told how he had imprisoned the Walküre in sleep and fire, Erda veiled her head in dismay and was silent. The god foresaw the downfall of his race through the triumph of human free will in the person of Siegfried, but in accents of inimitable dignity and sadness he avowed that he did not regret it, and after a scene of great power, pervaded by a dignified pathos, he commanded Erda to sink again to her everlasting sleep; the light faded away, and the Wanderer was left alone. The storm had now ceased, and dawn began to show in the sky. With the morning light came Siegfried following his bird, which fluttered a moment upon the scene and then disappeared among the rocks. Here then was the path to Brünnhilde's prison; but when Siegfried attempted to pursue the way, Wotan withstood him, and barred the approach with his spear. A blow with the sword Nothung cut the spear in two. The power of the gods was forever broken. While the ponderous motive in the bass, so often cited, was thundered forth—this time, however, with halting and disturbed rhythm, to indicate that the law was at last fulfilled—lightning flashed, flames began to gleam among the rocks, and Wotan disappeared. Siegfried hailed the outbreak of the flames with cries of joy, and as they gradually overspread the rocks his exultation

rose. He plunged into the midst of them. We saw him for a few moments pushing forward, and then the clouds of red steam rising from below and the ruddy vapors dropping from above enveloped the whole scene. In a moment a curtain of gauze had fallen across the stage, and behind it the whole theatre seemed to be wrapped in flame and curling smoke. The orchestra meanwhile continued an interlude in which there was a marvellous combination of the two characteristic melodies of Siegfried with one of the motives of Wotan's Farewell in the last scene of "Die Walküre."

When the flames died down we looked upon the other side of the barrier of fire—the summit of Brünnhilde's rock, as in the third act of "Die Walküre." Brünnhilde lay as Wotan left her, the helm over her face, the long shield covering her body. In the background the glow of advancing day struggled with the fading light of the flames, when Siegfried mounted the rocks and came upon the scene. He raised the shield and helmet, he cut the fastenings of the armor, and Brünnhilde, waking from her sleep, recognized in the young volsung her appointed deliverer. The whole of this last scene was virtually a love duet of the most impassioned character, its spirit changing as Brünnhilde, no more a goddess but now in heart and impulse a woman, was swayed in turn by fear, by trust, by modest tenderness and burning love, and Siegfried gave loose rein to feelings which seemed to engross his whole nature. Love duets alike of the tender and the fiery sort are common enough in operatic music, but no one has ever written a scene like this, which startles the listener with the dramatic truth of every phrase and the evidences of such deep insight into the human heart. It has all the characteristic eloquence and clearness of Wagner's peculiar form of melodic declamation and a great deal of what the least cultivated ear recognizes as suave and well-defined melody. The composer resorts in it to a common device of the older schools which he seldom allows himself, employing the two voices in concert instead of alternately, and the rapturous finale reminds one somewhat of the Italian *stretta*. Here Frau Materna, the only woman living, I am sure, who could sing Brünnhilde, was superb. Unger was not a bad Siegfried. Wagner chose him mainly for his fine figure and bearing, and when he began to study his part he was a musician of very ordinary abilities. He has still a great deal to learn; above all he has to learn how to avoid shouting and to keep his voice clear and true through a long and difficult performance. But minor defects of interpretation were lost sight of in the effect of a scene which roused the whole audience to extraordinary excitement, and brought the evening to a glorious close.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., 1836.

FLOWER AND THORN.

[*The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.* 1858–85.—*Household Edition.* 1885.]

TAKE them and keep them,
Silvery thorn and flower,
Plucked just at random
In the rosy weather—
Snowdrops and pansies,
Sprigs of wayside heather,
And five-leaved wild-rose
Dead within an hour.

Take them and keep them:
Who can tell? some day, dear,
(Though they be withered,
Flower and thorn and blossom,)
Held for an instant
Up against thy bosom,
They might make December
Seem to thee like May, dear!

PALABRAS CARIÑOSAS.

GOOD-NIGHT! I have to say good-night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good-night unto the fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good-night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago—
What, both these snowy hands! ah, then
I'll have to say Good-night again!

AN UNTIMELY THOUGHT.

I WONDER what day of the week—
I wonder what month of the year—
Will it be midnight, or morning,
And who will bend over my bier?

—What a hideous fancy to come
As I wait, at the foot of the stair,
While Lilian gives the last touch
To her robe, or the rose in her hair.

Do I like your new dress—pompadour?
And do I like *you?* On my life,
You are eighteen, and not a day more,
And have not been six years my wife.

Those two rosy boys in the crib
Up-stairs are not ours, to be sure!—
You are just a sweet bride in her bloom,
All sunshine, and snowy, and pure.

As the carriage rolls down the dark street
The little wife laughs and makes cheer—
But . . . I wonder what day of the week,
I wonder what month of the year.

AN OLD CASTLE.

THE gray arch crumbles,
And totters and tumbles;
The bat has built in the banquet hall;
In the donjon-keep
Sly mosses creep;
The ivy has scaled the southern wall:
No man-at-arms
Sounds quick alarms
A-top of the cracked martello tower:
The drawbridge-chain
Is broken in twain—
The bridge will neither rise nor lower.
Not any manner
Of broidered banner
Flaunts at a blazoned herald's call.
Lilies float
In the stagnant moat;
And fair they are, and tall.

Here, in the old
Forgotten springs,

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Was wassail held by queens and kings;
Here at the board
Sat clown and lord,
Maiden fair and lover bold,
Baron fat and minstrel lean,
The prince with his stars,
The knight with his scars,
The priest in his gabardine.

Where is she
Of the fleur-de-lys,
And that true knight who wore her gages?
Where are the glances
That bred wild fancies
In curly heads of my lady's pages?
Where are those
Who, in steel or hose,
Held revel here, and made them gay?
Where is the laughter
That shook the rafter—
Where is the rafter, by the way?
Gone is the roof,
And perched aloof
Is an owl, like a friar of Orders Gray.
(Perhaps 'tis the priest
Come back to feast—
He had ever a tooth for capon, he!
But the capon's cold,
And the steward's old,
And the butler's lost the larder key!)
The doughty lords
Sleep the sleep of swords.
Dead are the dames and damozels.
The King in his crown
Hath laid him down,
And the Jester with his bells.

All is dead here:
Poppies are red here,
Vines in my lady's chamber grow—
If 'twas her chamber
Where they clamber
Up from the poisonous weeds below.
All is dead here,
Joy is fled here;
Let us hence. 'Tis the end of all—
The gray arch crumbles,
And totters, and tumbles,
And Silence sits in the banquet hall.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG.

[*Marjorie Daw and Other Stories.* 1885.]

WHEN I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay Road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own unaccountable taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage—a newly married couple, evidently: the wife very young, pretty, and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advances toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of unlaced dishevelled country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railway. But the nearest railway station (Heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.

The village—it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it—has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel in Ponkapog Pond. Along the Old Bay Road, a highway even in the Colonial days, there are a number of attractive villas and cottages straggling off toward Milton, which are occupied for the summer by people from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some

previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house, and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?" I asked my wife one morning.

"When they call on *us*," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "Not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the post-office—where *he* was never to be met with by any chance—and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrowheads and flint hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the ploughshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil, disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain—an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crowd, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a state pensioner. At that period she appears to have struck a trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds. I quote from the local historiographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen-garden, or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenæ, the new-comers were evidently persons of refined musical taste: the lady had a contralto voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger of a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an arietta, conjecturally at some window up-stairs, for the house was not visible from the turnpike. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple which I admit piqued my curiosity, though as a rule I have no morbid interest in the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly acquitted them, however, of having done anything unlawful; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet,

"It is a joy to *think* the best
We may of human kind."

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. But where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them—that is an enigma apart—but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description, was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village—an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which, I advertise it gratis, can turn out anything in the way of groceries, from a handsaw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their *ménage* to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations—persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence, and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skilful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in "David Copperfield," who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual, when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road, in the vicinity of Fisher's sawmill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood. Of course I was not going to force myself upon him.

It was at this time that I began to formulate uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit-trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shades of difference between *meum* and *tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian phrase.

I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms; for

I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was—well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff with a bit of scarlet at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view of all Norfolk County combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton, I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large white allopathic horse, nor the gig with the homœopathic sorrel mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but the memory of the repulse I had sustained still rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family.

PRESCIENCE.

THE new moon hung in the sky, the sun was low in the west,
And my betrothed and I in the church-yard paused to rest—
Happy maiden and lover, dreaming the old dream over:
The light winds wandered by, and robins chirped from the nest.

And lo! in the meadow-sweet was the grave of a little child,
With a crumbling stone at the feet and the ivy running wild—
Tangled ivy and clover folding it over and over:
Close to my sweetheart's feet was the little mound up-piled.

Stricken with nameless fears, she shrank and clung to me,
And her eyes were filled with tears for a sorrow I did not see:
Lightly the winds were blowing, softly her tears were flowing—
Tears for the unknown years and a sorrow that was to be!

IDENTITY.

SOMEWHERE—in desolate wind-swept space—
In Twilight-land—in No-man's-land—
Two hurrying Shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one a-gape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light.
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night!"

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

BENEATH the warrior's helm, behold
The flowing tresses of the woman!
Minerva, Pallas, what you will—
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No! 'tis some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading;
If not—then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading!

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses:
Did Pallas wear her hair like that?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses?

The Nightingale should be her bird,
And not the Owl, big-eyed and solemn:
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She's older far than Trajan's Column!

The magic hand that carved this face,
And set this vine-work round it running,
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad,
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he graved the dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden-place,
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
He flung the jewel at the feet
Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Laïs.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these centuries,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The countless summers came and went
With neither haste, nor hate, nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O nameless brother! see how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded:
See how your loving, patient art
Has come, at last, to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate-stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so!

ENAMOURED ARCHITECT OF AIRY RHYME.

ENAMOURED architect of airy rhyme,
Build as thou wilt; heed not what each man says.
Good souls, but innocent of dreamers' ways,
Will come, and marvel why thou wastest time;
Others, beholding how thy turrets climb
'Twixt theirs and heaven, will hate thee all their days:
But most beware of those who come to praise.
O Wondersmith, O worker in sublime
And heaven-sent dreams, let art be all in all;
Build as thou wilt, unspoiled by praise or blame,
Build as thou wilt, and as thy light is given:
Then, if at last the airy structure fall,
Dissolve, and vanish—take thyself no shame.
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.

A VILLAGE SUNRISE.

[*The Stillwater Tragedy*. 1880.]

IT is close upon daybreak. The great wall of pines and hemlocks that keep off the east wind from Stillwater stretches black and indeterminate against the sky. At intervals a dull, metallic sound, like the guttural twang of a violin string, rises from the frog-invested swamp skirting the highway. Suddenly the birds stir in their nests over there in the woodland, and break into that wild jargoning chorus with which they herald the advent of a new day. In the apple-orchards and among the plum-trees of the few gardens in Stillwater, the wrens and the robins and the blue-jays catch up the crystal crescendo, and what a melodious racket they make of it with their fifes and flutes and flageolets!

The village lies in a trance like death. Possibly not a soul hears this music, unless it is the watchers at the bedside of Mr. Leonard Tappleton, the richest man in town, who has lain dying these three days, and cannot last till sunrise. Or perhaps some mother, drowsily hushing her wakeful baby, pauses a moment and listens vacantly to the birds singing. But who else?

The hubbub suddenly ceases,—ceases as suddenly as it began,—and all is still again in the woodland. But it is not so dark as before. A faint glow of white light is discernible behind the ragged line of the tree-tops. The deluge of darkness is receding from the face of the earth, as the mighty waters receded of old.

The roofs and tall factory chimneys of Stillwater are slowly taking shape in the gloom. Is that a cemetery coming into view yonder, with its ghostly architecture of obelisks and broken columns and huddled headstones? No, that is only Slocum's Marble Yard, with the finished and unfinished work heaped up like snowdrifts,—a cemetery in embryo. Here and there in an outlying farm a lantern glimmers in the barn-yard: the cattle are having their fodder betimes. Scarlet-capped chanticleer gets himself on the nearest rail-fence and lifts up his rancorous voice like some irate old cardinal launching the curse of Rome. Something crawls swiftly along the gray of the serpentine turnpike,—a cart, with the driver lashing a jaded horse. A quick wind goes shivering by, and is lost in the forest.

Now a narrow strip of two-colored gold stretches along the horizon.

Stillwater is gradually coming to its senses. The sun has begun to twinkle on the gilt cross of the Catholic chapel and make itself known to the doves in the stone belfry of the South Church. The patches of cobweb that here and there cling tremulously to the coarse grass of the inundated meadows have turned into silver nets, and the mill-pond—it

will be steel-blue later—is as smooth and white as if it had been paved with one vast unbroken slab out of Slocum's Marble Yard. Through a row of buttonwoods on the northern skirt of the village is seen a square, lap-streaked building, painted a disagreeable brown, and surrounded on three sides by a platform,—one of seven or eight similar stations strung like Indian beads on a branch thread of the Great Sagamore Railway.

Listen! That is the jingle of the bells on the baker's cart as it begins its rounds. From innumerable chimneys the curled smoke gives evidence that the thrifty housewife—or, what is rarer in Stillwater, the hired girl—has lighted the kitchen fire.

The chimney-stack of one house at the end of a small court—the last house on the easterly edge of the village, and standing quite alone—sends up no smoke. Yet the carefully trained ivy over the porch, and the lemon verbena in a tub at the foot of the steps, intimate that the place is not unoccupied. Moreover, the little schooner which acts as weather-cock on one of the gables, and is now heading due west, has a new top-sail. It is a story-and-a-half cottage, with a large expanse of roof, which, covered with porous, unpainted shingles, seems to repel the sunshine that now strikes full upon it. The upper and lower blinds on the main building, as well as those on the extensions, are tightly closed. The sun appears to beat in vain at the casements of this silent house, which has a curiously sullen and defiant air, as if it had desperately and successfully barricaded itself against the approach of morning; yet if one were standing in the room that leads from the bed-chamber on the ground-floor—the room with the latticed window—one would see a ray of light thrust through a chink of the shutters, and pointing like a human finger at an object which lies by the hearth.

This finger, gleaming, motionless, and awful in its precision, points to the body of old Mr. Lemuel Shackford, who lies there dead in his night-dress, with a gash across his forehead.

In the darkness of that summer night a deed darker than the night itself had been done in Stillwater.

LENDING A HAND.

[*From the Same.*]

IT was a Saturday afternoon. Margaret had come into the workshop with her sewing, as usual. The papers on the round table had been neatly cleared away, and Richard was standing by the window, indolently drumming on the glass with a palette-knife.

"Not at work this afternoon?"

"I was waiting for you."

"That is no excuse at all," said Margaret, sweeping across the room with a curious air of self-consciousness, and arranging her drapery with infinite pains as she seated herself.

Richard looked puzzled for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Margaret, you have got on a long dress!"

"Yes," said Margaret, with dignity. "Do you like it,—the train?"

"That's a train?"

"Yes," said Margaret, standing up and glancing over her left shoulder at the soft folds of maroon-colored stuff, which, with a mysterious feminine movement of the foot, she caused to untwist itself and flow out gracefully behind her. There was really something very pretty in the hesitating lines of the tall, slender figure, as she leaned back that way. Certain unsuspected points emphasized themselves so cunningly.

"I never saw anything finer," declared Richard. "It was worth waiting for."

"But you shouldn't have waited," said Margaret, with a gratified flush, settling herself into the chair again. "It was understood that you were never to let me interfere with your work."

"You see you have, by being twenty minutes late. I've finished that acorn border for Stevens's capitals, and there's nothing more to do for the yard. I am going to make something for myself, and I want you to lend me a hand."

"How can I help you, Richard?" Margaret asked, promptly stopping the needle in the hem.

"I need a paper-weight to keep my sketches from being blown about, and I wish you literally to lend me a hand,—a hand to take a cast of."

"Really?"

"I think that little white claw would make a very neat paper-weight," said Richard.

Margaret gravely rolled up her sleeve to the elbow, and contemplated the hand and wrist critically.

"It is like a claw, isn't it? I think you can find something better than that."

"No; that is what I want, and nothing else. That, or no paper-weight for me."

"Very well, just as you choose. It will be a fright."

"The other hand, please."

"I gave you the left because I've a ring on this one."

"You can take off the ring, I suppose."

"Of course I can take it off."

"Well, then, do."

"Richard," said Margaret severely, "I hope you are not a fidget."

"A what?"

"A fuss, then,—a person who always wants everything some other way, and makes just twice as much trouble as anybody else."

"No, Margaret, I am not that. I prefer your right hand because the left is next to the heart, and the evaporation of the water in the plaster turns it as cold as snow. Your arm will be chilled to the shoulder. We don't want to do anything to hurt the good little heart, you know."

"Certainly not," said Margaret. "There!" and she rested her right arm on the table, while Richard placed the hand in the desired position on a fresh napkin which he had folded for the purpose.

"Let your hand lie flexible, please. Hold it naturally. Why do you stiffen the fingers so?"

"I don't; they stiffen themselves, Richard. They know they are going to have their photograph taken, and can't look natural. Who ever does?"

After a minute the fingers relaxed, and settled of their own accord into an easy pose. Richard laid his hand softly on her wrist.

"Don't move now."

"I'll be as quiet as a mouse," said Margaret, giving a sudden queer little glance at his face.

Richard emptied a paper of white powder into a great yellow bowl half filled with water, and fell to stirring it vigorously, like a pastry-cook beating eggs. When the plaster was of the proper consistency he began building it up around the hand, pouring on a spoonful at a time, here and there, carefully. In a minute or two the inert white fingers were completely buried. Margaret made a comical grimace.

"Is it cold?"

"Ice," said Margaret, shutting her eyes involuntarily.

"If it is too disagreeable we can give it up," suggested Richard.

"No, don't touch it!" she cried, waving him back with her free arm. "I don't mind; but it's as cold as so much snow. How curious! What does it?"

"I suppose a scientific fellow could explain the matter to you easily enough. When the water evaporates a kind of congealing process sets in,—a sort of atmospherical change, don't you know? The sudden precipitation of the—the—"

"You're as good as Tyndall on Heat," said Margaret demurely.

"Oh, Tyndall is well enough in his way," returned Richard, "but of course he doesn't go into things so deeply as I do."

"The idea of telling me that 'a congealing process sets in,' when I am nearly frozen to death!" cried Margaret, bowing her head over the imprisoned arm.

"Your unseemly levity, Margaret, makes it necessary for me to defer my remarks on natural phenomena until some more fitting occasion."

"Oh, Richard, don't let an atmospherical change come over *you!*"

"When you knocked at my door, months ago," said Richard, "I didn't dream you were such a satirical little piece, or maybe you wouldn't have got in. You stood there as meek as Moses, with your frock reaching only to the tops of your boots. You were a deception, Margaret."

"I was dreadfully afraid of you, Richard."

"You are not afraid of me nowadays."

"Not a bit."

"You are showing your true colors. That long dress, too! I believe the train has turned your head."

"But just now you said you admired it."

"So I did and do. It makes you look quite like a woman, though."

"I want to be a woman. I would like to be as old—as old as Mrs. Methuselah. Was there a Mrs. Methuselah?"

"I really forget," replied Richard, considering. "But there must have been. The old gentleman had time enough to have several. I believe, however, that history is rather silent about his domestic affairs."

"Well, then," said Margaret, after thinking it over, "I would like to be as old as the youngest Mrs. Methuselah."

"That was probably the last one," remarked Richard with great profundity. "She was probably some giddy young thing of seventy or eighty. Those old widowers never take a wife of their own age. I shouldn't want you to be seventy, Margaret,—or even eighty."

"On the whole, perhaps, I shouldn't fancy it myself. Do you approve of persons marrying twice?"

"N—o, not at the same time."

"Of course I didn't mean that," said Margaret, with asperity. "How provoking you can be!"

"But they used to,—in the olden time, don't you know?"

"No, I don't."

Richard burst out laughing. "Imagine him," he cried,—"imagine Methuselah in his eight or nine hundredth year, dressed in his customary bridal suit, with a sprig of century-plant stuck in his buttonhole!"

"Richard," said Margaret solemnly, "you shouldn't speak jestingly of a scriptural character."

At this Richard broke out again. "But gracious me!" he exclaimed, suddenly checking himself. "I am forgetting you all this while!"

Richard hurriedly reversed the mass of plaster on the table, and released Margaret's half-petrified fingers. They were shrivelled and colorless with the cold.

"There isn't any feeling in it whatever," said Margaret, holding up her hand helplessly, like a wounded wing.

Richard took the fingers between his palms, and chafed them smartly for a moment or two to restore the suspended circulation.

"There, that will do," said Margaret, withdrawing her hand.

"Are you all right now?"

"Yes, thanks;" and then she added, smiling, "I suppose a scientific fellow could explain why my fingers seem to be full of hot pins and needles shooting in every direction."

"Tyndall's your man—Tyndall on Heat," answered Richard, with a laugh, turning to examine the result of his work. "The mould is perfect, Margaret. You were a good girl to keep so still."

Richard then proceeded to make the cast, which was soon placed on the window-ledge to harden in the sun. When the plaster was set, he cautiously chipped off the shell with a chisel, Margaret leaning over his shoulder to watch the operation,—and there was the little white claw, which ever after took such dainty care of his papers, and ultimately became so precious to him as a part of Margaret's very self that he would not have exchanged it for the Venus of Milo.

But as yet Richard was far enough from all that.

ODD STICKS, AND CERTAIN REFLECTIONS CONCERNING THEM.

[*An Old Town by the Sea.* 1889.]

THE running of the first train over the Eastern Road from Boston to Portsmouth—it took place somewhat more than forty years ago—was attended by a serious accident. The accident occurred in the crowded station at the Portsmouth terminus, and was unobserved at the time. The catastrophe was followed, though not immediately, by death, and that also, curiously enough, was unobserved. Nevertheless, this initial train, freighted with so many hopes and the Directors of the Road, ran over and killed—LOCAL CHARACTER.

Up to that day Portsmouth had been a very secluded little community, and had had the courage of its seclusion. From time to time it had calmly produced an individual built on plans and specifications of its own, without regard to the prejudices and conventionalities of outlying districts. This individual was purely indigenous. He was born in the town, he lived to a good old age in the town, and never went out of the place, until he was finally laid under it. To him, Boston, though only fifty-six miles away, was virtually an unknown quantity—only

fifty-six miles by brutal geographical measurement, but thousands of miles distant in effect. In those days, in order to reach Boston, you were obliged to take a great, yellow, clumsy stage-coach, resembling a three-story mud-turtle—if the zoölogist will, for the sake of the simile, tolerate so daring an invention; you were obliged to take it very early in the morning, you dined at noon at Ipswich, and clattered into the great city with the golden dome just as the twilight was falling, provided always the coach had not shed a wheel by the roadside or one of the leaders had not gone lame. To many worthy and well-to-do persons in Portsmouth this journey was an event which occurred only twice or thrice during life. To the typical individual with whom I am for the moment dealing, it never occurred at all. The town was his entire world; he was as parochial as a Parisian; Market street was his Boulevard des Italiens, and the North End his Bois de Boulogne.

Of course there were varieties of local characters without his limitations: venerable merchants retired from the East India trade; elderly gentlewomen, with family jewels and personal peculiarities; one or two scholarly recluses in by-gone cut of coat, haunting the Atheneum reading-room; ex-sea-captains, with rings on their fingers, like Simon Danz's visitors in Longfellow's poem—men who had played busy parts in the bustling world, and had drifted back to Old Strawberry Bank in the tranquil sunset of their careers. I may say, in passing, that these ancient mariners, after battling with terrific hurricanes and typhoons on every known sea, not infrequently drowned themselves in pleasant weather in small sail-boats on the Piscataqua River. Old sea-dogs who had commanded ships of six or seven hundred tons had naturally slight respect for the potentialities of sail-boats twelve feet long. But there was to be no further increase of these Odd Sticks—if I may call them so, in no irreverent mood—after those innocent looking parallel bars indissolubly linked Portsmouth with the capital of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. All the conditions were to be changed, the old angles to be pared off, new horizons to be regarded. The individual, as an eccentric individual, was to undergo great modifications. If he were not to become extinct—a thing little likely—he was at least to lose his prominence.

However, as I have said, local character, in the sense in which the term is here used, was not instantly killed: it died a lingering death, and passed away so peacefully and silently as not to attract general, or perhaps any, notice. This period of gradual dissolution fell during my boyhood. The last of the cocked-hats had gone out, and the railway had come in, long before my time; but certain bits of color, certain half obsolete customs and scraps of the past were still left over. I was not too late, for example, to catch the last Town Crier—one Nicholas New-

man, whom I used to contemplate with awe, and now recall with a sort of affection.

Nicholas Newman—Nicholas was a sobriquet, his real name being Edward—was a most estimable person, very short, cross-eyed, somewhat bow-legged, and with a bell out of all proportion to his stature. I have never since seen a bell of that size disconnected with a church-steeple. The only thing about him that matched the instrument of his office was his voice. His "Hear All!" still deafens memory's ear. I remember that he had a queer way of sideling up to one, as if nature had originally intended a crab, but thought better of it, and made a town crier. Of the crustacean intention only a moist thumb remained, which served Mr. Newman in good stead in the delivery of the Boston evening papers, for he was incidentally news-dealer. His proper duties were to cry auctions, funerals, mislaid children, travelling theatricals, public meetings, and articles lost or found. He was especially strong in announcing the loss of reticules, usually the property of elderly maiden ladies. The unction with which he detailed the several contents, when fully confided to him, would have seemed satirical in another person, but on his part was pure conscientiousness. He would not let so much as a thimble or a piece of wax, or a portable tooth, or any amiable vanity in the way of tonsorial device, escape him. I have heard Mr. Newman spoken of as "that horrid man." He was a picturesque figure. Peace to his *manes!*

Possibly it is because of his bell that I connect the Town Crier with those dolorous sounds which I used to hear rolling out of the steeple of the Old North every night at nine o'clock—the vocal remains of the Colonial curfew. Nicholas Newman has passed on, perhaps crying his losses elsewhere, but this nightly tolling is, I believe, still a custom. I can more satisfactorily explain why I associate with it a vastly different personality, that of Sol Holmes, the barber, for every night at nine o'clock his little shop on Congress street was in full blast. Many a time at that hour I have flattened my nose on his window-glass. It was a gay little shop (he called it "an Emporium"), as barber-shops generally are, decorated with circus-bills, tinted prints, and gaudy fly-catchers of tissue and gold paper. Sol Holmes—whose antecedents to us boys were wrapped in thrilling mystery—we imagined him to have been a prince in his native land—was a colored man, not too dark "for human nature's daily food," and enjoyed marked distinction as one of the few exotics in town. At this juncture the foreign element was at its minimum, and we had Home Rule. Every official, from selectman down to the Dogberry of the watch, bore a name that had been familiar for a hundred years or so. Holmes was a handsome man, six feet or more in height, and as straight as a pine. He possessed his race's sweet

temper, simplicity, and vanity. His martial bearing was a positive factor in the effectiveness of the Portsmouth Greys, whenever those bloodless warriors paraded. As he brought up the rear of the last platoon, with his infantry cap stuck jauntily on the left side of his head and a bright silver cup slung on a belt at his hip, he seemed to youthful eyes one of the most imposing things in the display. To himself he was pretty much "all the company." He used to say, with a drollness which did not strike me until years afterward, "Boys, I and Cap'n Towle is goin' to trot out 'the Greys' to-morroh." Sol Holmes's tragic end was in singular contrast with his sunny temperament. One night, long ago, he threw himself from the deck of a Sound steamer, somewhere between Stonington and New York. What led or drove him to the act never transpired. . . . .

In this Arcadian era it was possible, in provincial places, for an undertaker to assume the dimensions of a personage. There was a sexton in Portsmouth, his name escapes me, but his attributes do not, whose impressiveness made him own brother to the massive architecture of the Stone Church. On every solemn occasion he was the striking figure, even to the eclipsing of the involuntary object of the ceremony. His occasions, happily, were not exclusively solemn: he added to his other public services that of furnishing ice-cream for evening parties. I always thought, perhaps it was the working of an unchastened imagination, that he managed to throw into his ice-creams a peculiar chill not attained by either Dunyon or Peduzzi—*arcades ambo*—the rival confectioners.

Perhaps I should not say rival, for Mr. Dunyon kept a species of restaurant, and Mr. Peduzzi limited himself to preparing confections to be discussed elsewhere than on his premises. Both gentlemen achieved great popularity in their respective lines, but neither offered to the juvenile population quite the charm of those prim, white-capped old ladies who presided over certain snuffy little shops, occurring unexpectedly in silent side-streets where the footfall of commerce seemed an incongruous thing. These shops were never intended in nature. They had an impromptu and abnormal air about them. I do not recall one that was not located in a private residence and was not evidently the despairing expedient of some pathetic financial crisis, similar to that which overtook Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon in "The House of the Seven Gables." The horizontally divided street door—the upper section left open in summer—ushered you, with a sudden jangle of bell that turned your heart over, into a strictly private hall haunted by the delayed aroma of thousands of family dinners. Thence, through another door, you passed into what had formerly been the front parlor, but was now a shop, with a narrow brown wooden counter, and several rows of little drawers built up against the picture-papered wall behind it. Through much use the

paint on these drawers was worn off in circles round the polished brass knobs. Here was stored almost every small article required by humanity, from an inflamed emery cushion to a peppermint Gibraltar—the latter a kind of adamantine confectionery which, when I reflect upon it, raises in me the wonder that any Portsmouth boy or girl ever reached the age of fifteen with a single tooth left unbroken. The proprietors of these little nick-nack establishments were the nicest creatures, somehow suggesting venerable doves. They were always aged ladies, sometimes spinsters, sometimes relicts of daring mariners, beached long before. They always wore crisp muslin caps and steel-rimmed spectacles; they were not always amiable, and no wonder, for even doves may have their rheumatism; but, such as they were, they were cherished in young hearts, and are, I take it, impossible to-day.

When I look back to Portsmouth as I knew it, it occurs to me that it must have been in some respects unique among New England towns. There were, for instance, no really poor people in the place; every one had some sufficient calling or an income to render it unnecessary; vagrants and paupers were instantly snapped up and provided for at "the Farm." There was, however, in a gambrel-roofed house here and there, a decayed old gentlewoman, occupying a scrupulously neat room with just a suspicion of maccoboy snuff in the air, who had her meals sent in to her by the neighborhood—as a matter of course, and involving no sense of dependency on her side. It is wonderful what an extension of life is given to an old gentlewoman in this condition!

I would like to write about several of those ancient Dames, as they were affectionately called, and to materialize others of the shadows that stir in my recollection. But the two or three I have limned, inadequately, though I trust not ungently, must serve. The temptation to deal with some of the queer characters that flourished in this seaport just previous to the Revolution is very strong. I could set in motion an almost endless procession; but this would be to go outside the lines of my purpose, which is simply to indicate one of the various sorts of changes that have come over the *vie intime* of formerly secluded places like Portsmouth—the obliteration of odd personalities, or, if not the obliteration, the disregard of them. Everywhere in New England the impress of the past is fading out. The few old-fashioned men and women —quaint, shrewd, and racy of the soil—who linger in pleasant mouse-colored old homesteads strung along the New England roads and by-ways, will shortly cease to exist as a class, except in the record of some such charming chronicler as Sarah Jewett, on whose sympathetic page they have already taken to themselves a remote air, an atmosphere of long-kept lavender and pennyroyal.

Peculiarity in any kind requires encouragement in order to reach

flower. The increased facilities of communication between points once isolated, the interchange of customs and modes of thought make this encouragement more and more difficult each decade. The naturally inclined eccentric finds his sharp outlines rubbed off by unavoidable contact with a larger world than owns him. Insensibly he lends himself to the shaping hand of new ideas. He gets his reversible cuffs and paper collars from Cambridge, the scarabæus in his scarf-pin from Mexico, and his ulster from everywhere. He has passed out of the chrysalis state of Odd Stick; he has ceased to be parochial; he is no longer distinct; he is simply the Average Man.

THE LAST CÆSAR.

1851–1870.

I.

NOW there was one who came in later days
To play at Emperor: in the dead of night
Stole crown and sceptre, and stood forth to light
In sudden purple. The dawn's straggling rays
Showed Paris fettered, murmuring in amaze,
With red hands at her throat—a piteous sight.
Then the new Cæsar, stricken with affright
At his own daring, shrunk from public gaze

In the Elysée, and had lost the day
But that around him flocked his birds of prey,
Sharp-beaked, voracious, hungry for the deed.

'Twixt hope and fear behold great Cæsar hang!
Meanwhile, methinks, a ghostly laughter rang
Through the rotunda of the Invalides.

II.

What if the boulevards, at set of sun,
Reddened, but not with sunset's kindly glow?
What if from quai and square the murmured woe
Swept heavenward, pleadingly? The prize was won,
A kingling made and Liberty undone.
No Emperor, this, like him awhile ago,
But his Name's shadow; that one struck the blow
Himself, and sighted the street-sweeping gun.

This was a man of tortuous heart and brain,
So warped he knew not his own point of view—
The master of a dark, mysterious smile.

And there he plotted, by the storied Seine
And in the fairy gardens of St. Cloud,
The Sphinx that puzzled Europe, for awhile.

III.

I see him as men saw him once—a face
Of true Napoleon pallor ; round the eyes
The wrinkled care ; mustache spread pinion-wise,
Pointing his smile with odd sardonic grace
As wearily he turns him in his place,
And bends before the hoarse Parisian cries—
Then vanishes, with glitter of gold-lace
And trumpets blaring to the patient skies.

Not thus he vanished later ! On his path
The Furies waited for the hour and man,
Foreknowing that they waited not in vain.

Then fell the day, O day of dreadful wrath !
Bow down in shame, O crimson-girt Sedan !
Weep, fair Alsace ! weep, loveliest Lorraine !

So mused I, sitting underneath the trees
In that old garden of the Tuileries,
Watching the dust of twilight sifting down
Through chestnut boughs just touched with autumn's brown—
Not twilight yet, but that ineffable bloom
Which holds before the deep-etched shadows come;
For still the garden stood in golden mist,
Still, like a river of molten amethyst,
The Seine slipt through its spans of fretted stone,
And, near the grille that once fenced in a throne,
The fountains still unbraided to the day
The unsubstantial silver of their spray.

A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's hours !
Temples and palaces, and gilded towers,
And fairy terraces !—and yet, and yet
Here in her woe came Marie-Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shrill cry,
Not learning from her betters how to die !
Here, while the Nations watched with bated breath,
Was held the saturnalia of Red Death !
For where that slim Egyptian shaft uplifts
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts
Of various gold, the busy Headsman stood. . . .
Place de la Concorde—no, the Place of Blood !

And all so peaceful now ! One cannot bring
Imagination to accept the thing.
Lies, all of it ! some dreamer's wild romance—
High-hearted, witty, laughter-loving France !

In whose brain was it that the legend grew
Of Mænads shrieking in this avenue,
Of watch-fires burning, Famine standing guard,
Of long-speared Uhlans in that palace-yard!
What ruder sound this soft air ever smote
Than a bird's twitter or a bugle's note?
What darker crimson ever splashed these walks
Than that of rose-leaves dropping from the stalks?
And yet—what means that charred and broken wall,
That sculptured marble, splintered, like to fall,
Looming among the trees there? . . . And you say
This happened, as it were, but yesterday?
And here the Commune stretched a barricade,
And there the final desperate stand was made?
Such things have been? How all things change and fade!
How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go;
Gaunt Hunger fattens, and the weak grow strong.
Even Republics are not here for long!

Ah, who can tell what hour may bring the doom,
The lighted torch, the tocsin's heavy boom!

QUATRAINS.

MASKS.

BLACK Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,
'Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

MEMORIES.

TWO things there are with Memory will abide—
Whatever else befall—while life flows by:
That soft cold hand-touch at the altar side;
The thrill that shook you at your child's first cry.

SLEEP.

WHEN to soft Sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay

To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

Henry Mills Alden.

Born in Mt. Tabor, Vt., 1836.

THE CHILDHOOD OF DE QUINCEY.

[*Thomas De Quincey.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1863.]

EVEN in inexperienced childhood do the scales of the individual destiny begin, favorably or unfavorably, to determine their future preponderations, by reason of influences merely material, and before, indeed, any sovereignty save a corporeal one (in conjunction with heavenly powers) is at all recognized in life. For, in this period, with which above all others we associate influences the most divine, "with trailing clouds of glory," those influences which are purely material are the most efficiently operative. Against the former, adult man, in whom reason is developed, *may* battle, though ignobly, and, for himself, ruinously; and against the latter oftentimes he *must* struggle, to escape ignominious shipwreck. But the child, helpless alike for both these conflicts, is, through the very ignorance which shields him from all conscious guilt, bound over in the most impotent (though, because impotent and unconscious, the least humiliating) slavery to material circumstance,—a slavery which he cannot escape, and which, during the period of its absolutism, absorbs his very blood, bone, and nerve. To poverty, which the strong man resists, the child succumbs; on the other hand, that affluence of comfort, from which philosophy often weans the adult, wraps childhood about with a sheltering care; and fortunate indeed it is, if the mastery of Nature over us during our first years is thus a gentle dealing with us, fertilizing our powers with the rich juices of an earthly prosperity. And in this respect De Quincey *was* eminently fortunate. The powers of heaven and of earth and—if we side with Milton and *other* pagan mythologists in attributing the gift of wealth to some Plutonian dynasty—the

dark powers *under* the earth seem to have conjointly arrayed themselves in his behalf. Whatever storms were in the book of Fate written against his name they postponed till a far-off future, in the mean time granting him the happiest of all childhoods. Really of gentle blood, and thus gaining whatever substantial benefits in constitutional temperament and susceptibilities *could* be thence derived, although lacking, as Pope also had lacked, the factitious circumstance and airy heralding of this distinction, he was, in addition to this, surrounded by elements of aristocratic refinement and luxury, and thus hedged in not merely against the assault, in any form, of pinching poverty (as would be any one in tolerably comfortable circumstances), but even against the most trivial hint of possible want—against all necessity of limitation or retrenchment in any normal line of expenditure. . . . .

The time *did* come at length when the full epos of a remarkable prosperity was closed up and sealed for De Quincey. But that was in the unseen future. To the child it was not permitted to look beyond the hazy lines that bounded his oasis of flowers into the fruitless waste abroad. Poverty, want, at least so great as to compel the daily exercise of his mind for mercenary ends, was stealthily advancing from the rear; but the sound of its stern steppings was wholly muffled by intervening years of luxurious opulence and ease.

I dwell thus at length upon the aristocratic elegance of De Quincey's earliest surroundings (which, coming at a later period, I should notice merely as an accident), because, although not a *potential* element, capable of producing or of adding one single iota to the essential character of genius, it is yet a negative condition—a *sine qua non*—to the displays of genius in certain directions and under certain aspects. By misfortune it is true that power may be intensified. So may it by the baptism of malice. But, given a certain degree of power, there still remains a question as to its *kind*. So deep is the sky: but of what *hue*, of what aspect? Wine is strong, and so is the crude alcohol: but what the *mellowness?* And the blood in our veins, it is an infinite force: but of what temper? Is it warm, or is it cold? Does it minister to Moloch, or to Apollo? Will it shape the Madonna face, or the Medusa? Why, the simple fact that the rich blue sky overarches this earth of ours, or that it is warm blood which flows in our veins, is sufficient to prove that no malignant Ahriman made the world. Just here the question is not, what increment or what momentum genius may receive from outward circumstances, but what coloring, what mood. Here it is that a Mozart differs from a Mendelssohn. The important difference which obtains in this respect between great powers in literature, otherwise coördinate, will receive illustration from a comparison between De Quincey and Byron. For both these writers were capable, in a degree rarely equalled

in any literature, of reproducing, or rather, we should say, of reconstructing, the pomp of Nature and of human life. In this general office they stand together: both wear, in our eyes, the regal purple; both have caused to rise between earth and heaven miracles of grandeur, such as never Cheops wrought through his myriad slaves, or Solomon with his fabled ring. But in the final result, as in the whole *modus operandi*, of their architecture, they stand apart *toto cœlo*. Byron builds a structure that repeats certain elements in Nature or humanity; but they are those elements only which are allied to gloom, for he builds in suspicion and distrust, and upon the basis of a cynicism that has been nurtured in his very flesh and blood from birth; he erects a Pisa-like tower which overhangs and threatens all human hopes and all that is beautiful in human love. Who else, save this archangelic intellect, shut out by a mighty shadow of eclipse from the bright hopes and warm affections of all sunny hearts, could have originated such a Pandemonian monster as the poem on "Darkness"? The most striking specimen of Byron's imaginative power, and nearly the most striking that has ever been produced, is the apostrophe to the sea, in "Childe Harold." But what is it in the sea which affects Lord Byron's susceptibilities to grandeur? Its destructiveness alone. And *how?* Is it through any high moral purpose or meaning that seems to sway the movements of destruction? No; it is only through the gloomy mystery of the ruin itself,—ruin revealed upon a scale so vast and under conditions of terror the most appalling,—ruin wrought under the semblance of an almighty passion for revenge directed against the human race. . . . .

De Quincey, on the other hand, in whose heart there was laid no such hollow basis for infidelity toward the master-passions of humanity, repeated the pomps of joy or of sorrow, as evolved out of universal human nature, and as, through sunshine and tempest, typified in the outside world,—but never for one instant did he seek alliance, on the one side, with the shallow enthusiasm of the raving Bacchante, or, on the other, with the overshadowing despotism of gloom; nor can there be found on a single page of all his writings the slightest hint indicating even a latent sympathy with the power which builds only to crush, or with the intellect that denies, and that against the dearest objects of human faith fulminates its denials and shocking recantations solely for the purposes of scorn.

Whence this marked difference? To account for it, we must needs trace back to the first haunts of childhood the steps of these two fugitives, each of whom has passed thence, the one into a desert *mirage*, teeming with processions of the gloomiest falsities in life, and the other —also into the desert, but where he is yet refreshed and solaced by an unshaken faith in the genial verities of life, though separated from them

by irrecoverable miles of trackless wastes, and where, however apparently abandoned and desolate, he is yet ministered unto by angels, and no mimic fantasies are suffered to exercise upon his heart their overmastering seductions to

"Allure, or terrify, or undermine."

Whether the days of childhood be our happiest days, is a question all by itself. But there can be no question as to the inevitable certainty with which the conditions of childhood, fortunate or unfortunate, determine the main temper and dispositions of our lives. For it is underneath the multitude of fleeting proposals and conscious efforts, born of reason, and which, to one looking upon life from any superficial standpoint, seem to have all to do with its conduct, that there runs the undercurrent of disposition, which is born of Nature, which is cradled and nurtured with us in our infancy, which is itself a general choice, branching out into our specific choices of certain directions and aims among all opposite directions and aims, and which, although we rarely recognize its important functions, is in all cases the arbiter of our destiny. And in the very word *disposition* is indicated the finality of its arbitraments as contrasted with all *proposition*.

Now, with respect to this disposition: Nature furnishes its basis; but it is the external structure of circumstance, built up or building about childhood,—to shelter or imprison,—which, more than all else, gives it its determinate character; and though this outward structure may in after-life be thoroughly obliterated, or replaced by its opposite,—porcelain by clay, or clay by porcelain,—yet will the tendencies originally developed remain and hold a sway almost uninterrupted over life. And, generally, the happy influences that preside over the child may be reduced under three heads: first, a genial temperament,—one that naturally, and of its own motion, inclines toward a centre of peace and rest rather than toward the opposite centre of strife; secondly, profound domestic affections; and, thirdly, affluence, which, although of all three it is the most negative, the most material condition, is yet practically the most important, because of the degree in which it is necessary to the full and unlimited prosperity of the other two. For how frequent are the cases in which the happiest of temperaments are perverted by the necessities of toil, so burdensome to tender years, or in which corroding anxieties, weighing upon parents' hearts, check the free play of domestic love!—and in all cases where such limitations are present, even in the gentlest form, there must be a cramping up of the human organization and individuality somewhere; and everywhere, and under all circumstances, there must be sensibly felt the absence of that leisure which crowns and glorifies the affections of home, making them seem the most

like summer sunshine, or rather like a sunshine which knows no season, which is an eternal presence in the soul.

As regards all these three elements, De Quincey's childhood was prosperous; afterward, vicissitudes came,—mighty changes capable of affecting all other transmutations, but thoroughly impotent to annul the inwrought grace of a preëstablished beauty. On the other hand, Byron's childhood was, in all these elements, unfortunate. The sting left in his mother's heart by the faithless desertion of her husband, after the desolation of her fortunes, was forever inflicted upon him, and intensified by her fitful temper; and notwithstanding the change in his outward prospects which occurred afterward, he was never able to lift himself out of the Trophonian cave into which his infancy had been thrust, any more than Vulcan could have cured that crooked gait of his, which dated from some vague infantile remembrances of having been rudely kicked out of heaven over its brazen battlements, one summer's day,—for that it was a summer's day we are certain from a line of "Paradise Lost," commemorating the tragic circumstance:

> "From morn till noon he fell, from noon till dewy eve,—
> *A summer's day.*"

And this allusion to Vulcan reminds us that Byron, in addition to all his other early mishaps, had also the identical club-foot of the Lemnian god. Among the guardians over Byron's childhood was a demon, that, receiving an ample place in his victim's heart, stood demoniacally his ground through life, transmuting love to hate, and what might have been benefits to fatal snares. Over De Quincey's childhood, on the contrary, a strong angel guarded to withstand and thwart all threatened ruin, teaching him the gentle whisperings of faith and love in the darkest hours of his life: an angel that built happy palaces, the beautiful images of which, and their echoed festivals, far outlasted the splendor of their material substance.

A CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

(ON A PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH.)

THOU Child-Soul, sister of the Loving Ones
Whom Dante saw circling in choral dance
Above the stars; thou who in charmèd trance
Dost bind these earthly to those heavenly zones,
So that Love's spell all lower life attones
To that far song; behold, thy ministrants—
All things that live—in loving train advance,

Thee following. Even as the Sea, that moans
With wildness, followeth the Moon's white dream,
His rage suppressed—so, by thy heavenly mood
The fiercest beasts that in the jungle brood
Assuagèd are ; and thou, sweet maid, shalt even
Thy triumph join unto the pomp supreme—
God's kingdom come on Earth as 'tis in Heaven.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine. 1887.

Sarah Morgan Bryan Piatt.

Born in Lexington, Ky., 1836.

WHY SHOULD WE CARE ?

[*A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles.* 1874.—*Poems in Company with Children.* 1877.—*Dramatic Persons and Moods.* 1880.—*The Witch in the Glass, etc.* 1889.]

WELL, if the bee should sting the flower to death,
With just one drop of honey for the stinging;
If the high bird should break its airy breath,
And lose the song forever with the singing,
Why should we care ?

If in our magic-books no charm is found
To call back last night's moon from last night's distance;
If violets cannot stay the whole year round,
Spite of their odor and the dew's resistance,
Why should we care ?

If hands nor hearts like ours have strength to hold
Fierce shining toys, nor treasures sweet and simple;
If nothing can be ours for love or gold;
If kisses cannot keep a baby's dimple,
Why should we care ?

If sand is in the South, frost in the North,
And sorrow everywhere, and passionate yearning;
If stars fade from the skies; if men go forth
From their own thresholds and make no returning,
Why should we care ?

If this same world can never be the same
After this instant, but grows grayer, older,
And nearer to the silence whence it came;
If faith itself is fainter, stiller, colder,
Why should we care ?

If the soft grass is but a pretty veil
  Spread on our graves to hide them when we enter;
And, after we are gone, if light should fail,
  And fires should eat the green world to its centre,
    Why should we care?

If tears were dry and laughter should seem strange;
  And if the soul should doubt itself and falter:
Since God is God, and He can never change,
  The fashions of the earth and Heaven may alter,
    Why should we care?

HIS SHARE AND MINE.

HE went from me so softly and so soon.
His sweet hands rest at morning and at noon;

The only task God gave them was to hold
A few faint rose-buds—and be white and cold.

His share of flowers he took with him away;
No more will blossom here so fair as they.

His share of thorns he left—and if they tear
My hands instead of his, I do not care.

His sweet eyes were so clear and lovely, but
To look into the world's wild light and shut:

Down in the dust they have their share of sleep;
Their share of tears is left for me to weep.

His sweet mouth had its share of kisses—Oh!
What love, what anguish, will he ever know?

Its share of thirst and murmuring and moan
And cries unsatisfied shall be my own.

He had his share of Summer. Bird and dew
Were here with him—with him they vanished too.

His share of dying leaves and rains and frost
I take, with every dreary thing he lost.

The phantom of the cloud he did not see
Forevermore shall overshadow me.

He, in return, with small, still, snowy feet
Touched the Dim Path and made its Twilight sweet.

TRADITION OF CONQUEST.

HIS Grace of Marlborough, legends say,
Though battle-lightnings proved his worth,
Was scathed like others, in his day,
By fiercer fires at his own hearth.

The patient chief, thus sadly tried—
Madam, the Duchess, was so fair—
In Blenheim's honors felt less pride
Than in the lady's lovely hair.

Once (shorn, she had coiled it there to wound
Her lord when he should pass, 'tis said),
Shining across his path he found
The glory of the woman's head.

No sudden word, nor sullen look,
In all his after days, confessed
He missed the charm whose absence took
A scar's pale shape within his breast.

I think she longed to have him blame,
And soothe him with imperious tears:—
As if her beauty were the same,
He praised her through his courteous years.

But, when the soldier's arm was dust,
Among the dead man's treasures, where
He laid it as from moth and rust,
They found his wayward wife's sweet hair.

AFTER WINGS.

THIS was your butterfly, you see.
His fine wings made him vain?—
The caterpillars crawl, but he
Passed them in rich disdain?—
My pretty boy says: "Let him be
Only a worm again?"

Oh, child, when things have learned to wear
Wings once, they must be fain
To keep them always high and fair.
Think of the creeping pain
Which even a butterfly must bear
To be a worm again!

TRANSFIGURED.

ALMOST afraid they led her in
(A dwarf more piteous none could find);
Withered as some weird leaf, and thin,
The woman was—and wan and blind.

Into his mirror with a smile—
Not vain to be so fair, but glad—
The South-born painter looked the while,
With eyes than Christ's alone less sad.

"Mother of God," in pale surprise
He whispered, "What am I to paint!"
A voice, that sounded from the skies,
Said to him: "Raphael, a saint."

She sat before him in the sun:
He scarce could look at her, and she
Was still and silent. . . . "It is done,"
He said,—"Oh, call the world to see!"

Ah, this was she in veriest truth—
Transcendent face and haloed hair.
The beauty of divinest youth,
Divinely beautiful, was there.

Herself into her picture passed—
Herself and not her poor disguise,
Made up of time and dust. . . . At last
One saw her with the Master's eyes.

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"MY mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,
With a red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

"Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!"

Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1836. Died in Geneva, Switzerland, 1870.

THE HOUR AND THE POWER OF DARKNESS.

[*The Hasheesh Eater: being Passages from the Life of a Pythagorean.* 1857.]

IT was perhaps eight o'clock in the evening when I took the dose of fifty grains. I did not retire until near midnight, and as no effects had then manifested themselves, I supposed that the preparation was even weaker than my ratio gave it credit for being, and, without any expectation of result, lay down to sleep. Previously, however, I extinguished my light. To say this may seem trivial, but it is as important a matter as any which it is possible to notice. The most direful suggestions of the bottomless pit may flow in upon the hasheesh-eater through the very medium of darkness. The blowing out of a candle can set an unfathomed barathrum wide agape beneath the flower-wreathed table of his feast, and convert his palace of sorcery into a Golgotha. Light is a necessity to him, even when sleeping; it must tinge his visions, or they assume a hue as sombre as the banks of Styx.

I do not know how long a time had passed since midnight, when I awoke suddenly to find myself in a realm of the most perfect clarity of view, yet terrible with an infinitude of demoniac shadows. Perhaps, I thought, I am still dreaming; but no effort could arouse me from my vision, and I realized that I was wide awake. Yet it was an awaking which, for torture, had no parallel in all the stupendous domain of sleeping incubus. Beside my bed in the centre of the room stood a bier, from whose corners drooped the folds of a heavy pall; outstretched upon it lay in state a most fearful corpse, whose livid face was distorted with the pangs of assassination. The traces of a great agony were frozen into fixedness in the tense position of every muscle, and the nails of the dead man's fingers pierced his palms with the desperate clinch of one who has yielded not without agonizing resistance. Two tapers at his head, two at his feet, with their tall and unsnuffed wicks, made the ghastliness of the bier more luminously unearthly, and a smothered laugh of derision from some invisible watcher ever and anon mocked the corpse, as if triumphant demons were exulting over their prey. I pressed my hands upon my eyeballs till they ached, in intensity of desire to shut out the spectacle; I buried my head in the pillow, that I might not hear that awful laugh of diabolic sarcasm.

But—oh horror immeasurable! I beheld the walls of the room slowly gliding together, the ceiling coming down, the floor ascending, as of old

the lonely captive saw them, whose cell was doomed to be his coffin. Nearer and nearer am I borne toward the corpse. I shrunk back from the edge of the bed; I cowered in most abject fear. I tried to cry out, but speech was paralyzed. The walls came closer and closer together. Presently my hand lay on the dead man's forehead. I made my arm as straight and rigid as a bar of iron; but of what avail was human strength against the contraction of that cruel masonry? Slowly my elbow bent with the ponderous pressure; nearer grew the ceiling—I fell into the fearful embrace of death. I was pent, I was stifled in the breathless niche, which was all of space still left to me. The stony eyes stared up into my own, and again the maddening peal of fiendish laughter rang close beside my ear. Now I was touched on all sides by the walls of the terrible press; there came a heavy crush, and I felt all sense blotted out in darkness.

I awaked at last; the corpse was gone, but I had taken his place upon the bier. In the same attitude which he had kept I lay motionless, conscious, although in darkness, that I wore upon my face the counterpart of his look of agony. The room had grown into a gigantic hall, whose roof was framed of iron arches; the pavement, the walls, the cornice were all of iron. The spiritual essence of the metal seemed to be a combination of cruelty and despair. Its massive hardness spoke a language which it is impossible to embody in words, but any one who has watched the relentless sweep of some great engine crank, and realized its capacity for murder, will catch a glimpse, even in the memory, of the thrill which seemed to say, "This iron is a tearless fiend," of the unutterable meaning I saw in those colossal beams and buttresses. I suffered from the vision of that iron as from the presence of a giant assassin.

But my senses opened slowly to the perception of still worse presences. By my side there gradually emerged from the sulphurous twilight which bathed the room the most horrible form which the soul could look upon unshattered—a fiend also of iron, white-hot and dazzling with the glory of the nether penetralia. A face that was the ferreous incarnation of all imaginations of malice and irony looked on me with a glare, withering from its intense heat, but still more from the unconceived degree of inner wickedness which it symbolized. I realized whose laughter I had heard, and instantly I heard it again. Beside him another demon, his very twin, was rocking a tremendous cradle framed of bars of iron like all things else, and candescent with as fierce a heat as the fiend's.

And now, in a chant of the most terrific blasphemy which it is possible to imagine, or rather of blasphemy so fearful that no human thought has ever conceived of it, both the demons broke forth, until I grew intensely wicked merely by hearing it. I still remember the meaning

of the song they sang, although there is no language yet coined which will convey it, and far be it from me even to suggest its nature, lest I should seem to perpetuate in any degree such profanity as beyond the abodes of the lost no lips are capable of uttering. Every note of the music itself accorded with the thought as symbol represents essence, and with its clangor mixed the maddening creak of the forever-oscillating cradle, until I felt driven into a ferocious despair. Suddenly the nearest fiend, snatching up a pitchfork (also of white-hot iron), thrust it into my writhing side, and hurled me shrieking into the fiery cradle. I sought in my torture to scale the bars; they slipped from my grasp and under my feet like the smoothest icicles. Through increasing grades of agony I lay unconsumed, tossing from side to side with the rocking of the dreadful engine, and still above me pealed the chant of blasphemy, and the eyes of demoniac sarcasm smiled at me in mockery of a mother's gaze upon her child.

"Let us sing him," said one of the fiends to the other, "the lullaby of Hell." The blasphemy now changed into an awful word-picturing of eternity, unveiling what it was, and dwelling with raptures of malice upon its infinitude, its sublimity of growing pain, and its privation of all fixed points which might mark it into divisions. By emblems common to all language rather than by any vocal words, did they sing this frightful apocalypse, yet the very emblems had a sound as distinct as tongue could give them. This was one, and the only one of their representatives that I can remember. Slowly they began, "To-day is father of to-morrow, to-morrow hath a son that shall beget the day succeeding." With increasing rapidity they sang in this way, day by day, the genealogy of a thousand years, and I traced on the successive generations, without a break in one link, until the rush of their procession reached a rapidity so awful as fully to typify eternity itself; and still I fled on through that burning genesis of cycles. I feel that I do not convey my meaning, but may no one else ever understand it better!

Withered like a leaf in the breath of an oven, after millions of years I felt myself tossed upon the iron floor. The fiends had departed, the cradle was gone. I stood alone, staring into immense and empty spaces. Presently I found that I was in a colossal square, as of some European city, alone at the time of evening twilight, and surrounded by houses hundreds of stories high. I was bitterly athirst. I ran to the middle of the square, and reached it after an infinity of travel. There was a fountain carved in iron, every jet inimitably sculptured in mockery of water, yet dry as the ashes of a furnace. "I shall perish with thirst," I cried. "Yet one more trial. There must be people in all these immense houses. Doubtless they love the dying traveller, and will give him to drink. Good friends! water! water!" A horribly deafening

din poured down on me from the four sides of the square. Every sash of all the hundred stories of every house in that colossal quadrangle flew up as by one spring. Awakened by my call, at every window stood a terrific maniac. Sublimely in the air above me, in front, beside me, on either hand, and behind my back, a wilderness of insane faces gnashed at me, glared, gibbered, howled, laughed horribly, hissed, and cursed. At the unbearable sight I myself became insane, and, leaping up and down, mimicked them all, and drank their demented spirit.

A hand seized my arm—a voice called my name. The square grew lighter—it changed—it slowly took a familiar aspect, and gradually I became aware that my room-mate was standing before me with a lighted lamp. I sank back into his arms, crying "Water! water, Robert! For the love of heaven, water!" He passed across the room to the wash-stand, leaving me upon the bed, where I afterward found he had replaced me on being awakened by hearing me leap frantically up and down upon the floor. In going for the water, he seemed to be travelling over a desert plain to some far-off spring, and I hailed him on his return with the pitcher and the glass as one greets his friend restored after a long journey. No glass for me! I snatched the pitcher, and drank a Niagara of refreshment with every draught. I revelled in the ecstasy of a drinker of the rivers of Al Ferdoos.

Hasheesh always brings with it an awakening of perception which magnifies the smallest sensation till it occupies immense boundaries. The hasheesh-eater who drinks during his highest state of exaltation almost invariably supposes that he is swallowing interminable floods, and imagines his throat an abyss which is becoming gorged by the sea. Repeatedly, as in an agony of thirst I have clutched some small vessel of water and tipped it at my lips. I have felt such a realization of an overwhelming torrent that, with my throat still charred, I have put the water away, lest I should be drowned by the flow.

With the relighting of the lamp my terrors ceased. The room was still immense, yet the iron of its structure, in the alembic of that heavenly light, had been transmuted into silver and gold. Beamy spars, chased by some unearthly graver, supported the roof above me, and a mellow glory transfused me, shed from sunny panels that covered the walls. Out of this hall of gramarye I suddenly passed through a crystal gate, and found myself again in the world outside. Through a valley carpeted with roses I marched proudly at the head of a grand army, and the most triumphant music pealed from all my legions. In the symphony joined many an unutterable instrument, bugles and ophicleides, harps and cymbals, whose wondrous peals seemed to say, "We are self-conscious; we exult like human souls." There were roses everywhere—

roses under foot, roses festooning the lattices at our sides, roses showering a prodigal flush of beauty from the arches of an arbor overhead. Down the valley I gained glimpses of dreamy lawns basking in a Claude Lorraine sunlight. Over them multitudes of rosy children came leaping to throw garlands on my victorious road, and singing pæans to me with the voices of cherubs. Nations that my sword had saved ran bounding through the flowery walls of my avenue to cry "Our hero—our saviour," and prostrate themselves at my feet. I grew colossal in a delirium of pride. I felt myself the centre of all the world's immortal glory. As once before the ecstasy of music had borne me from the body, so now I floated out of it in the intensity of my triumph. As the last chord was dissolved, I saw all the attendant splendors of my march fade away, and became once more conscious of my room restored to its natural state.

Not a single hallucination remained. Surrounding objects resumed their wonted look, yet a wonderful surprise broke in upon me. In the course of my delirium, the soul, I plainly discovered, had indeed departed from the body. I was that soul utterly divorced from the corporeal nature, disjoined, clarified, purified. From the air in which I hovered I looked down upon my former receptacle. Animal life, with all its processes, still continued to go on; the chest heaved with the regular rise and fall of breathing, the temples throbbed, and the cheek flushed. I scrutinized the body with wonderment; it seemed no more to concern me than that of another being. I do not remember, in the course of the whole experience I have had of hasheesh, a more singular emotion than I felt at that moment. The spirit discerned itself as possessed of all the human capacities, intellect, susceptibility, and will—saw itself complete in every respect; yet, like a grand motor, it had abandoned the machine which it once energized, and in perfect independence stood apart. In the prerogative of my spiritual nature I was restrained by no objects of a denser class. To myself I was visible and tangible, yet I knew that no material eyes could see me. Through the walls of the room I was able to pass and repass, and through the ceiling to behold the stars unobscured.

This was neither hallucination nor dream. The sight of my reason was preternaturally intense, and I remembered that this was one of the states which frequently occur to men immediately before their death has become apparent to lookers-on, and also in the more remarkable conditions of trance. That such a state is possible is incontestably proved by many cases on record in which it has fallen under the observation of students most eminent in physico-psychical science.

A voice of command called on me to return into the body, saying in the midst of my exultation over what I thought was my final disenfran-

chisement from the corporeal, "The time is not yet." I returned, and again felt the animal nature joined to me by its mysterious threads of conduction. Once more soul and body were one.

William Henry Venable.

BORN near Waynesville, Warren Co., Ohio, 1836.

THE TUNES DAN HARRISON USED TO PLAY.

[*Melodies of the Heart.* 1885.]

OFTTIMES when recollections throng
Serenely back from childhood's years,
Awaking thoughts that slumbered long,
Compelling smiles or starting tears,
The music of a violin
Seems through my window floating in;
I think I hear from far away
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

Dan Harrison—I see him plain,
Beside the roaring, winter hearth,
Playing away with might and main,
His honest face aglow with mirth;
And when he laid his bow aside,
"Well done! well done!" he gayly cried;
Well done! well done! indeed were they,
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

I do not know what tunes he played,
I cannot name one melody;
His instrument was never made
In old Cremona o'er the sea;
And yet I sadly, sadly fear
Such tunes I never more may hear,
Some were so mournful, some so gay,
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

I have been witness to the skill
Of many a master of the bow,
But none has had the power to thrill
Like him I celebrate; and so
I sit and strive, not all in vain,
To hear his minstrelsy again;
And from the past I call to-day
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

And with the music, as it floats,
  Seraphic harping faintly blends;
I catch amid the mingling notes
  Familiar voices of old friends;
And all my pensive soul within
Is melted by the violin,
That yields, at fancy's magic sway,
The tunes Dan Harrison used to play.

SUMMER LOVE.

I KNOW 'tis late, but let me stay,
  For night is tenderer than day;
Sweet love, dear love, I cannot go;
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.
The birds are in the grove asleep,
The katydids shrill concert keep,
The woodbine breathes a fragrance rare,
To please the dewy, languid air,
The fire-flies twinkle in the vale,
The river shines in moonlight pale:
See yon bright star! choose it for thine,
And call its near companion mine;
Yon air-spun lace above the moon,—
'Twill veil her radiant beauty soon;
And look! a meteor's dreamy light
Streams mystic through the solemn night.
Ah, life glides swift, like that still fire
How soon our gleams of joy expire.
Who can be sure the present kiss
Is not his last? Make all of this.
I know 'tis late,—dear love, I know;
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.

It cannot be the stealthy day
That turns the orient darkness gray;
Heardst thou? I thought or feared I heard
Vague twitters of some wakeful bird.
Nay, 'twas but summer in her sleep
Low murmuring from the leafy deep.
Fantastic mist obscurely fills
The hollows of Kentucky hills.
The wings of night are swift indeed!
Why makes the jealous morn such speed?
This rose thou wear'st may I not take
For passionate remembrance' sake?
Press with thy lips its crimson heart.
Yes, blushing rose, we must depart.

A rose cannot return a kiss—
I pay its due with this, and this.
The stars grow faint, they soon will die,
But love fades not nor fails. Good-bye!
Unhappy joy—delicious pain—
We part in love, we meet again.
Good-bye!—the morning dawns—I go;
Dear love, sweet love, I love thee so.

Robert Henry Newell.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1836.

"PICCIOLA."

[*The Palace Beautiful, and Other Poems. By Orpheus C. Kerr.* 1865.]

IT was a Sergeant old and gray,
Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake
Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The Squire and Farmer, maid and dame,
All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
And kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

They only saw a gallant show
Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And, in the fierce heroic glow,
'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The Sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road
He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
A moment pausing to regard her;—
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit?"
The sturdy trooper straight repeated,

"When all the village cheers us on,
That you, in tears, apart are seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And Father, Mother, Brother too,
All say 'Hurrah' while I am crying;

"But think—O Mr. Soldier, think,
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight
And may be *killed*, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the Sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like thee
To find that War's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried;
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 'tis the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when Earth is shaken.

THE CALMEST OF HER SEX.

[*The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers.* 1871.]

THERE was a female millinery establishment on the third floor of a building composed principally of stairs, fed with frequent small rooms, and the expatriated French comtesse, who realized fashionable bonnets there, used one of her windows to display her wares. At this window she always kept a young woman of much bloom and symmetry, with the latest Style on her head, and an expression of unutterable smile

on her face. A young chap carrying a trumpet in the Fire Department happened to notice that this angel of fashion was always at the window when he went by; and as the thought that she particularly admired his personal charms crept over him, he at once adopted the plan of passing by every day, attired in the garments best calculated to render fire-going manhood most beautiful to the eye. He donned a vest representing in detail the Sydenham flower-show on a yellow ground, wore inexpressibles representing innumerable black serpents ascending white columns, assumed a neck-tie concentrating all the highest glories of the Aurora Borealis, mounted two breast-pins and three studs torn from some glass-house, and wore a hat that slanted on his head in an engaging and intelligent manner. Day after day he passed before the millinery establishment, still beholding the beloved object at the window, and occasionally placing his hand upon his heart in such a way as to show a large and gorgeous seal-ring containing the hair of a fellow-fireman who had caught such a cold at a great fire that he died some years after. "How cam she is!" says he to himself, "and she's as pretty as ninety's new hose-carriage. It seems to me," says the young chap to himself, stooping down to roll up the other leg of his pants—"it seems to me that I never see anything so cam. She observes my daily agoing, and yet she don't so much as send somebody down to see if there's any overcoats in the front entry."

One day a venerable Irish gentleman, keeping a boarding-house and ice-cream saloon in the basement of the establishment, happened to go to sleep on the stairs with a lighted camphene lamp in his hand, and pretty soon the bells were ringing for a conflagration in that district. Immediately our gallant firemen were on their way to the spot; and having first gone through forty-two streets on the other side of the city to wake the people up there and apprise them of their great danger, reached the dreadful scene, and instantly began to extinguish the flames by bringing all the furniture out of a house not more than three blocks below. In the midst of these self-sacrificing efforts, a form was seen to dart into the burning building like a spectre. It was the enamoured young chap who carried a trumpet in the department. He had seen the beloved object sitting at the window, as usual, and was bent upon saving her, even though he missed the exciting fight around the corner. Reaching the millinery-room door, he could see the object standing there in the midst of a sea of fire. "How cam she is," says he. "Miss Milliner," says he, "don't you see you're all in a blaze?" But still she stood at the window in all her calmness. The devoted young chap turned to a fellow-fireman who was just then selecting two spring bonnets and some ribbon for his wife, in order to save them from the flames, and says he: "Jakey, what shall I do?" But Jakey was at that time

picking out some artificial flowers for his youngest daughter, and made no answer. Unable to reach the devoted maid, and rendered desperate by the thought that she must be asleep in the midst of her danger, the frantic young chap madly hurled his trumpet at her. It struck her, and actually *knocked her head off!* Horrified at what he had done, the excited chap called himself a miserable wretch, and was led out by the collar. It was Jakey who did this deed of kindness, and says he: "What's the matter with you, my covey?" The poor young chap wrung his hands, and says he: "I've killed her, Jakey, I've killed her—and she so cam!" Jakey took some tobacco, and then says he: "Why, that was only a pasteboard gal, you poor devil." And so it was, my boy—so it was; but the affair had such an effect upon the young chap that he at once took to drinking, and when delirium tremens marked him for its own, his last words were: "I've killed her, Jakey, I've killed her—and she so cam!"

Benjamin Edward Woolf.

Born in London, England, 1836. Came to America, 1839.

DIALOGUE FROM "THE MIGHTY DOLLAR."

[*The Mighty Dollar. An American Comedy. Written for William J. Florence, and first performed, with Mr. and Mrs. Florence in the leading parts, at the Park Theatre, New York, 6 September, 1875.—From the manuscript Text, by permission of Mr. Florence, owner of this unpublished Play.*]

Scene.—Representing Col. Dart's residence on the heights near Washington. Ball in progress; music, etc.; the place illuminated for a fête.

Guests, officers, couples, enter right and left, and occupy the pavilions and summer-houses, or group themselves about. Enter Mrs. Gen. Gilflory *with* Lord Cairngorme.

Lord Cairngorme. Well, madam, to resume our conversation—I contend that the American women are the prettiest in the world. It is very remarkable, you know, when you come to think of it—what a young country you are and what a short time you have had to become so pretty. Only think of it, two hundred years ago you were red savages, going about with feathers and tomahawks and very little else. It's astonishing you know—you are not called a go-ahead country for nothing.

Mrs. Gilflory. *Vous ate tro bong;* excuse me, my Lord, for dropping so suddenly into French, but I've lived so long abroad that it has become second nature to me. [*Turning to her niece* Libby, *who is up the stage flirting with* Charlie Brood.] Libby, Libby dear, what are you doing? Excuse me, my Lord, but that niece of mine has quite embarrassed me. I know you will excuse me, my Lord; but, as I was saying,

—Libby, Libby dear! Oh, she has driven what I was about to say completely out of my head. Excuse me, my Lord, excuse me.

LORD C. Really, if you wouldn't call me "my Lord," you would oblige me very much. I feel that I am among simple republican people who set no value on titles except Judge, Major, Colonel, or General, and I feel sadly embarrassed when I am addressed according to the custom of my own country. If you would only call me General or Judge, you don't know how much obliged I would be.

MRS. G. *Quel plaisanterie*—excuse me, I've lived so long abroad—but do not feel embarrassed, I beg. Our best society rather fancies Lords. You would say so too, if you could see how it runs after them.

LORD C. Now tell me, what are your theories about the equality of man?

MRS. G. Oh, we're not talking so much about that as we were—many of our best families feel so much better than their fellow-citizens that they would not object to wearing titles themselves, just to show the distinction. *Say vray*, my Lord, *say vray*.

Enter the HON. BARDWELL SLOTE.

SLOTE. You will excuse me, Mrs. Gen. Gilflory! What you say may be quite true, but I flatter myself I am as good as any Lord, by A. L. M.—a large majority.

LORD C. I dare say you do. You look like one of the kind who think themselves better. [*Aside.*] Another remarkable product for a young country.

[*Goes to* LIBBY *and takes her off.* BROOD *sits in a huff.*]

SLOTE. Well, Mrs. Gen. Gilflory, we missed you from the ball-room—why, what's the matter? you seem annoyed.

MRS. G. And I don't wonder at it. Libby gives me such a world of trouble. I wish she'd *venny seci*—excuse my French, I've lived so long abroad.

SLOTE. *Oui.*

MRS. G. Oh, do you speak French?

SLOTE. *Ong pew.* I prefer English—by a large majority.

MRS. G. Oh, what a delightful language it is—how poetical even the commonest things sound in it! *Pom de tare oh natural!* how different that sounds from boiled potatoes.

SLOTE. So it does, but then the potatoes taste the same in both languages, and there's where the potatoes have got the best of it, I think.

MRS. G. Well, to return to our muttons. Libby gives me such a world of trouble. Her mother being dead, I am her only protector. *Sa cel protectress.* I can't do anything with her; she will insist upon remaining unfashionable in spite of all my efforts to make her a woman of *tong*. She's been all over Europe with me.

SLOTE. So she has been all over Europe with you, has she?

MRS. G. Yes, she has seen the Colloshum at Naples; the Parthenian in London, and the Bridge of Sighs at Mt. Vesuvius, but she won't be refined. *Sai trist nes par?*

SLOTE. Of course, when you were abroad, you visited the Dardanelles?

MRS. G. Oh, yes; we dined with them—but she won't be refined—*sai trist nes par?*

SLOTE. *Oui.*

MRS. G. Libby! Libby dear! Oh, dear me! how she does annoy me. It's a maxim of mine that *une waso don la mang vot de se larum.*

SLOTE. So I perceive. Excuse me, madam, but I didn't quite understand that last remark of yours.

MRS. G. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

SLOTE. Yes, yes; if the one in the hand's a turkey.

MRS. G. Oh, you droll! I have done my very best to improve her mind. I have only let her read the very best books, such as Charles Dickson's David Copperplate;

Jack Bunsby's Pilgrim's Progress, and Tom Moore's Maladies; and to think that after the instruction I have given her she should look no higher than that silly billy of a man Mr. Charlie Brood.

SLOTE. What, that youngster that I saw chasing her about here? Surely, you will never let her marry such a donkey as he is?

MRS. G. Why, he is as rich as Creosote. He's worth a million.

SLOTE. Oh, pardon me, madam; when I called him a donkey I did it in a parliamentary sense. [*Aside.*] I must cultivate that young man's acquaintance.

MRS. G. Now, my dear Judge, you must remember that Libby's ancestors came over on the Cauliflower and settled on Plymouth Church, therefore I naturally look for somebody with blood to be her husband.

SLOTE. Blood—well, you don't object to some flesh and bones too?

MRS. G. Oh, you wag! So I have set my mind upon her marrying Lord Cairngorme.

SLOTE. Lord Cairngorme—what, he of the eye-glass and shirt collar? Pardon me, madam, for keeping you standing so long. Let me present you with a seat; we can continue our conversation so much more at our ease.

MRS. G. [*Seated in rustic chair.*] Thank you so much, Judge, *bu mo fectro dono.*

SLOTE. And so, madam, you tell me you lived in France for many years.

MRS. G. Yes, Judge. I lived in Paris long enough to become a Parasite. Libby! Libby dear! There's that Libby flirting with Charlie Brood and neglecting Lord Cairngorme! Excuse me, Judge. Libby, Libby dear! [*Exit.*]

SLOTE. Ah, that's a splendid woman! A remarkably fine woman! [*Turns to Roland Vance, who is seated at the left corner of stage smoking cigarettes.*] Ah, there's Roland Vance, the journalist. Fine night, Jedge.

R. VANCE. [*Evidently annoyed.*] Yes, fine night, sir.

SLOTE. Why, Vance, I didn't know you at first. Seated there in the dark—couldn't stand the heat of the ball-room, I suppose. Just my case, exactly. Why, what seems to be the matter? You look rather pale—not ill, I hope?

VANCE. No, sir; I am not ill.

SLOTE. Ah! I see how it is. Up late nights. I pity you poor newspaper-men—you have hard times of it, so do we statesmen.

VANCE. You will excuse me, Judge——

SLOTE. [*Interrupting.*] I am very glad to find you here. I want to speak to you, you being a journalist. I want you to sit down with me two or three hours and let me give you some pints about the new tariff bill that we intend to introduce.

VANCE. You will excuse me, Judge, I have no time now to listen to you. I have affairs of more importance to call me away. Good-night, sir.

SLOTE. [*Curtly.*] Good-night, sir.

[*Exit* VANCE.]

SLOTE. [*Looking after him.*] I'd like to clip that young man's wings—in fact, I'd like to clip the wings of the whole newspaper brood, that make it impossible for an ambitious legislator to obtain his natural perquisites of office. As though he could afford to come here to Washington just for the honor of the thing—and his salary. No sooner does a man begin to look after his own interest than these newspaper-fellows set up a howl about rings, bribery, and corruption. Confound them! They have robbed me of thousands! For example: A financial party came down here—a rich man—a perfect J. J. A.—John Jacob Astor—who intended to build a railroad solely for the benefit of his countrymen, and so confident was he of the success of the scheme, that he professed himself ready to back up his plans with

$10,000, which was to be forfeited to me in case the bill went through. Now, when a man is willing to take such risks on the strength of his convictions—when, I say, a man is prepared for such a sacrifice of H. K.—Hard Kash—is it for me to discourage him? Is it for me to discourage him? No, sir; not by a G. F.—Jug full. And this bill would have gone through, but just then, out comes these newspapers, up goes the cry about corruption, bottomless schemes, etc., etc., and so frightened the man off, railroad and all. And to indulge in highly figurative language, it knocked the lining out of the whole affair. I have suffered so, not once, but twenty times! and yet they talk about corruption in Congress! Why, I have never been corrupted once, and what's more I am not likely to be—that is, if these newspapers are to be encouraged. Liberty of the press! I'd press them! If I had my way, I'd put all these newspapers down, P. D. Q.—pretty damned quick.

Edward Howard House.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1836.

A CHILD OF JAPAN.

[*Yone Santo: A Child of Japan*, 1888.]

I WAS interested in her chiefly because she was the only very young girl whom I had found disposed to tolerate me at all. As a rule, children of her sex and age had shunned my amiable advances with indifference or aversion. I attributed the contrast of her demeanor to a superior intelligence, but it was really due to the superiority of her birth and culture. Until then I had not chanced to fall in with any of the Japanese gentry, and had no idea that the rules of her training forbade her to manifest the feelings which probably possessed her. But there is no doubt that her natural acuteness aided her in overcoming an instinct which was merely conventional. Circumstances presently placed us in fairly confidential relations with one another. Her aunt's illness grew serious, and my professional assistance was found effective to an unexpected extent. The malady was of a kind which yielded rapidly to a specified treatment, and the wonder of the unsophisticated Japanese was extreme. I observed that my little friend, in particular, watched all the proceedings with close intentness. Was it to learn, if possible, some part of the method to be pursued, in case of future need? Partly that, no doubt. Indeed, she afterward confided to me that her neko (kitten) suffered from rheumatism, the consequence of an infantile calamity, and she hoped to gather a few suggestions for her playfellow's relief and comfort. But, in a broader sense, she was a passionate seeker for

knowledge in every form, and the evidence of what she considered my miraculous skill in restoring her relative was sufficient to invest me, in her esteem, with marvellous attributes of wisdom and genius. A "sensei" (learned man) is always an object of respect in Japan, and this child was not only roused to admiration, but, in a vague way, hoped to obtain, by communion with me, some little addition to her own juvenile store of erudition. Finding me inclined to humor her, she attached herself to me with almost a blind devotion; poring over the small collection of books I had with me; building wild projects of a course of study then and there to be instituted; starting valorously upon explorations in the mazes of the alphabet; groping among labyrinthine numerals; and begging me, with timid wistfulness, always to be kind to her, and to help her in the hard struggle she would have to make to get an education in her new home at Tokio.

INFANTILE PHILOSOPHY AND ETHICS.

Shall I tell the story of Yone's kitten? Of the early adversity which brought upon it the premature aches and pains from which the young mistress would have studied to shield it? Of the persecution from which she had rescued it, thus rendering the little animal—as in the natural order of things—an object of unspeakable endearment to its preserver? Why not? It will serve, perhaps better than pages of stiff description, to exhibit in a clear light certain features of the child's character which were then developing, and which grew with her growth as she advanced toward maturity.

She was sitting in a snug corner of the garden, one afternoon, chatting confidentially to her cherished companions, when I ventured, through my interpreter, to join in the conversation—her original distrust of me having by this time almost melted away.

"Which do you love better, Yone, the cat or the doll?"

"Ah, which do I?" she answered contemplatively, in the sweet, silvery voice which belongs to the children of Japan.

"Yes, which would you rather lose?"

"Truly, it would be a great sorrow to lose either."

"Now tell me, which will you give me for my own?"

No immediate response, except a look of perplexity and dismay, which gradually passed away as she gazed intently at me.

"Ah, the Doctor is jesting."

"Certainly I am jesting; nobody shall take away your treasures. But I wish to know why you are so fond of them."

"They are my children."

"To be sure; and you prefer the doll because she is older."

"Yes, she is older—but"—and here she sank into deep reflection, as if the problem presented difficulties hitherto undreamed of to her sense of maternal justice and impartiality.

"And then she never misbehaves," I added, desiring to stimulate the course of her ideas, which were sometimes delightfully quaint and fresh.

"But she does; she often behaves ill. Not very ill; just the same as neko-san."

"What, exactly the same?"

"Exactly the same. Please understand, Doctor-san, how unhappy the neko will be if he hears he is naughtier than the doll. My doll must not be better than my kitten."

"You are very skilful to keep a strict balance, Yone; many foreign ladies would be glad to do as much with their children."

"Oh, Doctor-san, it is not real," she answered, nervously. "My doll—you know, my doll is nobody."

She made this acknowledgment in a cautious undertone, pointing stealthily at the little stuffed image, as if tenderly reluctant to wound its feelings. Then, as I waited for a more intelligible explanation, she began to cast furtive glances at the interpreter, intimating, so far as I could guess her meaning, that she was not unwilling to impart to me, privately, if it could be done, the secret of her disciplinary art, but doubted the propriety of taking into her confidence a third party, who possibly would laugh at her.

"Never mind, Yone," I said; "you need not tell me everything."

"I think I will tell you," she replied, with some hesitation. "My neko, you know, is real; he is alive. My doll—my doll—"

The lines came into her childish brow, as she sought for words to express what was plain enough within her mind, but which it puzzled her to put into language.

"My doll," she continued, "is neither good nor bad, if I must tell you the truth. She is only—my doll. But if I pretend she is good, then she is good; and if I pretend she is naughty, she is so. But it is different with my kitten. He is sometimes truly bad and disobedient. That is because he is so young. But he is very sorry, and, not to let him feel too much ashamed when I scold him, I scold my doll at the same time. She is just as bad as I choose to have her—and so—I make them always both alike. It isn't real, you must understand. It is—I beg you to excuse me; I cannot say it at all."

"You have said it very well, Yone. I see how it is, now. I understand, too, why you cannot decide which you care for the more."

"Indeed," replied the child, pleased at being thus encouraged, and enjoying the opportunity of working out her little fable in seeming seri-

ousness,—"indeed, it is difficult. Shall I tell you all? I know I am often very unjust to the doll, because, really, *really*, she never can do anything wrong, and she is scolded for nothing, and I pity her. But then she does not mind the scolding, being only a doll; while my kitten, who is real and alive, does mind the scolding, and so I am obliged to pity *him*. What do you think, Doctor-san? I will pretend they are both yours. There, they *are* yours. Now, which is your favorite?"

"Yes, I see; they are mine, and I am Yone Yamada. That is simple enough. Well, then, the question is, Which is my favorite? Let me think; how long have I had them; when did I first get them? That is important, and I have forgotten all about it."

The child's eyes sparkled, as if the sympathy and coöperation of a grown person in her innocent fancies were rare and strange to her experience.

"Oh, I can tell you," she said. "Your father gave you the doll, you know."

"Did he? Yes, he gave me the doll. But when was it? I cannot remember."

"Many years ago; why, you were too young to remember."

"Of course; and the kitten?"

Her countenance suddenly fell. Our little comedy had evidently brought us to a point which she had not foreseen, and had perhaps awakened unpleasant recollections.

"It does not matter, Yone," I said, hastily; "I can decide without that. Or, let us remember that it is all play."

Again she regarded me with one of the keen looks by which I was still occasionally reminded of her inward doubts as to the perfect trustworthiness of the unfamiliar foreigner. Then casting her eyes upon the ground, and seeming to gather herself together for an unwonted effort, she said, falteringly:

"No, it is not all play. I did not think; but I will tell you about the kitten."

"Indeed you shall not," I answered. "Come, we will talk of something else."

"But I must, Doctor-san; it is right. I do ask you to hear me."

The decision in her countenance was remarkable, for so young a child. She was plainly resolved to relate something which, however painful, she considered it her duty to impart without reserve.

"It was in the third month," she began, "and, as my father was about to leave Nagoya, we were all going, one day, to kneel at the graves of our family, in the Soken burial-ground. We had nearly reached the gate, when I saw, on the other side of a moat, many boys, jumping, and shouting, and throwing things into the water. Then I looked closely,

and saw a small kitten—this kitten—my kitten—climbing slowly up the steep stone side. The boys caught it, and threw it far away into the water again. Oh, Doctor-san, I did not think what I was doing. It was very wrong, but I ran across a bridge, screaming and screaming again. Some of the boys ran away, some threw stones worse than before; they would not heed me, and so I—I—the moat is not deep at all, and—"

"I see, my child; you went in and saved the poor kitten."

"It was wrong," she said, in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Wrong!" exclaimed I. "How can you say so?"

"I spoiled my dress, and could not go with the others to kneel before our graves."

"But wrong? Think again, Yone."

"I cried out in the street, and disobeyed my grandmother."

"But you saved the kitten's life. Consider. Would you not do the same again?"

She looked around her timorously, and, seeing that none of her own people were near, answered:

"I—am—afraid—I would; but I am not a good girl."

I peered into her big dark eyes, to find if I could detect any sign of affectation or pretence, but there was none. Her self-depreciation was undoubtedly sincere.

"Tell me, Yone, do you think it wrong to do a kind thing?"

"No, oh no; but I ran away from my father."

"Were you not glad to get this pretty pet, all to yourself?"

"Truly, yes; but my best dress was torn and spoiled."

"What is that, compared with your beautiful kitten?"

"Nothing, to me; oh, nothing. But my grandmother said I did not respect our dead."

"Tell me what happened next, Yone."

"It was not much. Grandmother told me to throw the cat away, but I believe I cried very loud, and my father said I might take it home, and he would decide afterward. I went quickly back, and when they returned, the neko was clean and almost dry. Grandmother was still much displeased, but my father was smiling and gentle. He had been talking with the good priest at Soken-ji, who asked where I was, and why I was not with them. When he heard the reason, he told my father that our dead fathers and mothers would not be angry with me for saving the kitten from being killed, instead of going to bow before their tombs. And the kind priest sent me a present."

"What was it, Yone?"

"I do not know; grandmother said I must not have it. I never saw it."

"Indeed! An interesting old lady, I should judge."

"Yes, she is very wise,—wiser than anybody. And she was willing, after all, that I should keep the kitten."

"Ah, that is better."

"At first she was not willing, but my father thought we might decide by the wishes of the greater number. We were five, all together, and he began by saying he believed we need not send the kitten away. That was *one* for me, and I was grateful to my good father. It seemed that perhaps he thought my aunts, or one of them, would follow him. But grandmother was very positive, and the aunts were both obliged to agree with her. Then my father said: 'Yone, we are only two against three. I am afraid the neko must go.' I said that if he went, so little and so weak, he would surely die. I know my father was sorry, for he answered: 'If we had only been two against two, or three against three, it would be different.' Then I kneeled to my father, and begged him to listen. I said: 'Oh, father, it is so hard to think of, that we must send the suffering, trembling creature out to die. Forgive your daughter if she dares to ask you who, of all that live and breathe now in this room, is the most concerned in your judgment; who must feel it the most deeply; who will suffer, or rejoice, the most.' 'Why, truly,' he said, 'that is easy to answer: it is the cat, and no other.' Then I bowed down again, and said: 'In that case, if it please you, we *are* three against three, for surely the cat has no wish to go, and it is just that his opinion should be taken with the rest.' My father laughed, and looked as if he would consent, but grandmother said quickly: 'No, no, the cat has no voice!' At that moment, suddenly, the poor animal, who was in my arms, began to cry out and make a great noise, and my father laughed more and more, and said that everything was settled; I might have my wish. Then he left us immediately, and grandmother did not object any more."

"Why, it was quite a miracle," said I, affecting great astonishment.

"What is a miracle?" asked Yone.

I explained as well as I could, at the same time highly eulogizing the kitten's instinct.

"No," said Yone, with cautious deliberation,—"no; I do not think it was a miracle."

"At any rate, it was a remarkable coincidence."

"What is *that?*" again demanded the child.

With somewhat greater difficulty,—the interpreter being here at a loss, and even the dictionaries affording us no guidance ("coincidence" being a word for which there was then no Japanese equivalent),—I made this also plain, causing her once more to ponder earnestly.

"I do not think," she presently observed, with an air of graver solemnity than she had yet displayed, although the story had been told

throughout with the dolorousness of a penitential confession,—"I do not think that it was a remarkable co—co—co—"

"Never mind the foreign polysyllable, my young philologist. It was fortunate, at least, that your kitten took just that opportunity to make himself heard."

"Yes," she admitted, "it was fortunate—it was fortunate—and—I think I will not speak any more now, if you please."

Her voice was steady, but I could see tears gathering in her eyes. So, to shield her from observation, I sent my translator away, and, after addressing a few instructive remarks to the doll, withdrew myself to a distant corner, screening my little friend from my own scrutiny by means of a newspaper.

About a quarter of an hour after, she crept to my side, with her kitten under one arm, and—of all unexpected things—my copy of Hepburn's Dictionary under the other. Laying the volume wide open upon my knee, she pointed to a Japanese character which she had laboriously hunted up,—evidently with the desire to escape the interpreter's intervention,—and lifted her woe-begone face in pathetic appeal to my comprehension, softly repeating with her lips the word which she indicated with her finger. The translation was "To take between the ends of the fingers; to take a pinch." Having read this, I turned for further elucidation, which she supplied by transferring her hand from the book to her living burden, and nipping its flesh so vigorously as to call forth an eloquent wail of astonishment and remonstrance.

Nothing could be clearer. The timely feline outcry at the critical instant of the creature's fate was not a miracle, nor yet a strange coincidence. It was the natural effect of a lucky inspiration on the child's part,—that was all. Perceiving that she had made herself understood, she nodded her head several times, with a seriousness which checked my impulse to laugh at the disclosure; tried to fall on her knees, until I managed to convince her that such abasement was superfluous; and finally divining that she had not entirely forfeited my good-will by her revelation, took herself and her playmates away, still smiling mournfully, but certainly less dejected than she had been at any time since my untoward question as to the origin of her relations with the neko-san.

Who could resist these pretty and touching evidences of simplicity and candor? It was a pleasant study to trace the current of the child's ingenuous thoughts, and endeavor to accompany her through the various perplexities in which her mind had wandered. I failed entirely, as I afterward learned, in fathoming the actual depth of her emotions, but my inferences were at least in the right direction. In truth, her sensitive soul was painfully agitated by the struggles of timidity, apprehension, and harsh necessity created by her recollection of the kitten's

rescue and its attendant incidents. That she must tell me all that had happened, having once opened the subject, she did not allow herself to question; notwithstanding that the recital would fill her with an agony of mortification, possibly subject her to fresh penalties, and almost inevitably deprive her of my aid in her future studies. For she never doubted the strict justice of her grandmother's verdict, and fully anticipated that I would view her conduct with similar censure. She was not a good girl; she had committed grievous faults, which she was compelled to lay open to the inspection of one who, though kindly disposed toward her, was almost a stranger. The very goodness and generosity he had shown made it the more imperative that she should conceal nothing. To deceive him would be a darker shame than to suffer the consequences of her misdeeds. Hardest of all, she must tell her tale through the cold and unsympathetic medium of an interpreter. Nevertheless, it was her duty. It would be difficult to look me in the face, after the disclosure; but if she left me in ignorance, she could not look me in the face at all. Yet how to convey the terrible avowal of her culminating fraud,—the strategic pinch which her grandmother still refused to condone? No interpreter could be trusted with that guilty secret. Hence her reliance upon the dictionary, with the subsequent touch of pantomime. I was glad, in later years, to remember that I had not laughed at her, as was my impulse at the time. In her overwrought state, anything like mirth, however good-natured, would have cut her to the quick, and probably gone far to break up the confidence she had begun to extend to me.

It was long before Yone could bring herself to regard her act of natural tenderness and humanity in the proper light; and, during the whole of her girlhood, her faith in the righteousness of the aged relative's judgment remained unshaken. What child of her years, in Japan, would dream of doubting the infallibility of a parent or a grandparent? Any attempt to disturb her convictions on this point would have startled her beyond measure, and would have severely strained, if not severed, the pleasant ties that held us together during that summer sojourn in the country. I left her in the enjoyment of an illusion which she never ceased to cherish until it was forcibly dispelled by the torturing experiences of her later life. It was a great concession, for her, to accept the indirect consolation I offered. Beyond that limit she did not desire to be comforted. . . . .

THE LAST OF CHILDHOOD.

As the time approached when she would be called upon to leave all the associations of girlhood behind her, the childlike simplicity of her

nature seemed to renew itself in various ways. With many a blush, she gave me to understand that it had cost her a struggle to renounce the never-forgotten and, till now, never-neglected doll which had been the only intimate companion of her solitary infancy. With regard to her cat, the consolation of her more advanced youth,—now arrived at a stately and dignified maturity,—she decided to invoke my good offices. In proffering this priceless gift, she was evidently disturbed by the fear that mankind at large might not value her pet so highly as she herself did; and was not entirely free from the suspicion that what she deemed a precious prize might prove to another an unwelcome encumbrance. She was, moreover, embarrassed by the necessity of concealing her reason for parting from her four-footed friend; which was, in fact, a vivid apprehension of possible ill-treatment for him in the new home which awaited her. To reveal this cause of anxiety was not compatible with her sense of propriety; but as it was not difficult to divine, I at once averred that the only unfulfilled desire of my heart was to possess a cat of my own, and not any haphazard selection from cats in general, but precisely the sort of animal which Yone had rescued from aquatic perdition in Nagoya, and brought to years of discretion with prudent nurture and suitable training.

In a case of such extremity, she was not disposed to probe my sincerity too deeply, and with little delay the transfer was formally effected, —not without ceremonies and exercises which afforded me the liveliest amusement. What bond of intelligence had been established between the creature and its affectionate mistress, and to what extent the interchange of ideas had become practicable, no man could say; but it pleased Yone to assume, with a fraction of seriousness in her jest, that she could hold intelligible conversations with the neko, and that he was by no means insensible to the spell of moral suasion. It is certain that the pair would often sit face to face and hold dialogues in a fashion to impress an attentive bystander with new and enlarged ideas respecting the animal's intellectual qualities. Yone would open the debate, and the cat would respond in accents of which I never believed one of his race capable. On this occasion, Master Tom was placed upon a chair, and informed, gently but gravely, of the altered future before him. As if regarding the announcement as a foolish fiction, unworthy of serious notice, he simply moved his lips slightly, in the direction of a mew, but without emitting a sound,—a common expedient of his when not interested in the topic under consideration. Being addressed with more earnestness, he endeavored to take possession of his mistress's lap, purring melodiously, and sending out entreaty in measured cadences. Finding himself repulsed, and compelled to listen to a more determined statement of the situation, he appeared to assume the attitude of a cat under the influence of extreme astonishment, reversing his ears, and

wailing with increased energy. From this stage he proceeded to more vehement demonstrations; uttering prolonged and piercing screams, with his mouth stretched open to its widest capacity, as Yone reminded him, in resolute terms, of the principles of docility and obedience in which he had been reared, and by which it was his duty to be guided at this critical epoch. Nothing could be more comical. Even Yone's melancholy yielded for a moment to the mirthful provocation.

All this will be taken at its proper value, as a fanciful interpretation of the feline dialect; but an incident which followed showed that the girl had acquired, in some inscrutable manner, a curious mastery over the animal's usually wayward will. When about to take leave, her familiar prepared to accompany her, as a matter of course, but was put in a corner with stern rebuke. Quite regardless of this unaccustomed severity, the creature insisted on following his mistress, and when I tried forcibly to detain him, shrieked at me with such wild vociferation of abuse that I began to doubt the practicability of the transfer. As a last resource, I fastened a little dog-collar about his neck, and tied him to a chair; but this had the effect of rousing him to such fury as Japanese cats seldom exhibit,—possibly because, having no tails to distend, they lack the chief accessory to an extreme display of frenzy. Here, however, was a notable exception to the rule. He broke the cord, upset the chair, tore off the collar, and abandoned himself to the wildest exaltation of declamatory emotion, until Yone, who had been watching the experiment through a window, returned, and announced that she would employ an unfailing device.

"You shall see," she said. "I shall work upon his self-esteem. I shall flatter him, and puff him with vanity and pride."

Then, replacing the collar, and again fastening the cord securely, she commenced an impressive appeal.

"Listen, Pussinole" (Pussinole was a name bestowed in the days of her early English,—a twisted version of Old Pussy, which designation had been applied in her hearing): "you must respect the good doctor's collar. It is a beautiful collar, and no cat ever had so wonderful an ornament before. It is a great honor for you, Pussinole, and every cat in Tokio will be envious. Why, it is like a king's necklace. You must keep it carefully, and not injure it. *How* beautiful he looks in it; does he not, Doctor? Come and tell him he is now the handsomest cat in the world,"—and so following, for a couple of minutes or more, at the end of which she rose, saying: "He will be quiet now, and give you no more trouble."

To my amazement, the creature did not stir, and, while appearing not altogether content, pursued his mistress only with his eyes. I could not conceal my surprise.

"How did you do it?" I asked, turning over in my mind the possibilities of animal magnetism and similar enchantments. "Do you really believe the cat understands you?"

"Oh, Doctor, Pussinole and I cannot let you into all our secrets. No, indeed. You had better tell me what you think."

"I think you are a witch, of course; I always thought so."

"Truly, Doctor, I do not know what to say. I am not so silly as to suppose my cat knows the meaning of my words. Still, there is something not easy to explain. He is familiar with the tones of my speech, at any rate. I have always talked to him as I would to a friend. For many years I have hardly had any other person to talk to, at home; only my little cat. He *must* comprehend something, for you see how he answers. And he is very glad to be praised. He will do anything, if you compliment and admire him; I am sure of that. So there is nothing marvellous about it."

Marvellous or not, it was true that the animal made no further effort to escape, and allowed the restraining collar to remain unmolested. In course of time, a certain intimacy grew up between us; but his most ecstatic manifestations of affection were reserved for Yone, upon whom, whenever she visited him, he lavished every endearment of which a cat is capable; purring, chuckling, "chortling," closing and outstretching his claws, rubbing his head against her as if he would wear away the fur, and entering into animated conversation upon the slightest encouragement. But neither with me nor with any other human acquaintance would he ever exchange a word on any subject. The power of engaging him in oral discourse belonged to Yone alone.

John Aylmer Dorgan.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1836. Died there, 1867.

THE DEAD SOLOMON.

[*Studies.* 1862.]

KING SOLOMON stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

Fear and rage were theirs, but naught,
In mien or face, of fear or rage:

For had he guessed their secret thought,
They had pined in hell for many an age.

Closed were the eyes that the demons feared;
Over his breast streamed his silver beard;
Bowed was his head, as if in prayer,
As if, through the busy silence there,
The answering voice of God he heard.

Solemn peace was on his brow,
Leaning upon his staff in prayer;
And a breath of wind would come and go,
And stir his robe, and beard of snow,
And long white hair;
But he heeded not,
Wrapt afar in holy thought.

King Solomon stood in the house of the Lord,
And the Genii silently wrought around,
Toiling and moiling without a word,
Building the temple without a sound.

And now the work was done,
Perfected in every part;
And the demons rejoiced at heart,
And made ready to depart,
But dared not speak to Solomon,
To tell him their task was done,
And fulfilled the desire of his heart.

So around him they stood with eyes of fire,
Each cursing the king in his secret heart,—
Secretly cursing the silent king,
Waiting but till he should say "Depart";
Cursing the king,
Each evil thing:
But he heeded them not, nor raised his head;
For King Solomon was dead!

Then the body of the king fell down;
For a worm had gnawed his staff in twain;
He had prayed to the Lord that the house he planned
Might not be left for another hand,
Might not unfinished remain;
So praying, he had died;
But had not prayed in vain.

So the body of the king fell down;
And howling fled the fiends amain;
Bitterly grieved, to be so deceived,
Howling afar they fled;

Idly they had borne his chain,
And done his hateful tasks, in dread
Of mystic penal pain,—
And King Solomon was dead!

BOAT SONG.

A SONG of joy! A song of bliss!
A song for such an hour as this!
The twilight hour! when winds are low,
And western skies are all aglow,
And like a dream beneath our keel
The silent waters lapse and steal—
The silent waters flow.

A song of joy! A song of bliss!
A song for such an hour as this!
The twilight hour! when shines above
The tender, tremulous star of love,
And like a dream around our prow
The silent shadows melt and flow—
The silent shadows move.

A song of joy! A song of bliss!
A song for such an hour as this!
The twilight hour! Oh! night of June,
Haste onward to thy perfect noon;
Till, like a dream the darkness fled,
The silent moon be overhead—
The silent, silver moon.

Russell Sturgis.

BORN in Baltimore, Md., 1836.

JOHN LEECH.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1879.]

THIRTY-SEVEN and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers: it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's

contributions to another journal then in its second year,—"Master Humphrey's Clock," edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman & Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street shows—that very "Punch" whose most famous gentlemen-ushers were Messrs. Codlin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his "author" and his "artist"; and the first line declares that it is a "refuge for destitute wit" which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of "Punch"; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its freedom from offence, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different Phases,"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. "Punch" is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of "Punch," "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left-hand lower corner; a scroll in the very centre of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Leicester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus-singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of "Punch," might recognize some celebrity of the day

—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trousers. . . . .

Did the dissatisfied subscribers of "Punch" (who must have been many, for the paper was sold to new owners not many weeks after this "week ending August 7, 1841," and was bought by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans very cheaply—some say for a hundred pounds!)—did they welcome the new hand? Was his name already known well enough to carry with it assurance of better work than that done by A. S. H. and W. N.? It must have been familiar already to amateurs and students of wood-engraving and of book-illustration. For Leech, though only a twenty-four-year-old man in 1841, was a three-year-old designer for wood-cuts. . . . .

During the year 1842, Leech worked steadily for "Punch," though the more commonplace sketches of Hine, and the stilted and "hifalutin" designs of Kenny Meadows, are more frequent in those pages. There are also a lot of smug and drawing-room-like pictures which seem to be by Harvey. It is odd enough to see one of Leech's firm and simple designs in the adjoining column to one of those others, with their lady-like grace and pretty turns of the head, and smoothness and smirk. Leech, for his part, gets into full career toward the close of the third volume; the big picture illustrating the pleasures of folding-doors, and "of hearing the 'Battle of Prague' played with a running accompaniment of one, and two, and three,—and one, and two, and three,—and"—is a good landmark; it shows the future style of the artist, his way of treating feature and expression, his touch, his ingenuity in handling accessories, and that neatness of his legends and inscriptions which never forsook him. In the fifth volume, toward the close of 1843, there is a picture (perhaps not the first, indeed) and a legend, about the organ-grinding nuisance which, in after life, at least, was a real distress and burden to the sensitive artist: "Wanted," it says, "by an aged lady, of a very nervous temperament, a professor who will undertake to mesmerize all the organs in her street.—Salary, so much per organ." For "aged lady," read, delicately organized man of twenty-six!

"Punch" was bravely "liberal" in those early days; full of sympathy with advanced ideas, and with the opponents of privilege and stately establishments; even to the extent of making immense fun of royalty and the royal family, and the rapidly lengthening list of royal children. It is an odd contrast between the touchingly loyal tone of only ten years

later, and the quite ferocious fun made of Prince Albert, of the Duke of Cambridge and his daughter's marriage, of the expense of the royal establishment as contrasted with the wretchedness of the poor—a theme constantly urged. A change came over the public mind in England, not long after the events of 1848 and 1849, and this is as visible elsewhere as in the pages of "Punch." Prince Albert was indeed a favorite mark for ridicule, at least on certain occasions, till a much later time, but the queen and her children and her household, and royalty as an institution, were all treated as things very sacred and very precious, from about the year 1850. Concerning Ireland, too, and Irish government, there was in the early volumes a certain feeling of regret and apology not to be found later; in the sixth volume, the Queen and the Czar Nicholas are seen sitting at the two ends of a table, while above their heads hang the map of Ireland and the map of Poland, and the Queen, pointing to her own dependency, says: "Brother, brother, we're both in the wrong!" In the same volume a really admirable cartoon is entitled "The Game Laws, or the Sacrifice of the Peasant to the Hare"; and a more uncompromising bit of anti-privilege thought no one need ask for. All these are by Leech. There is a marked change in the artist's temper in after life. It is not probable that he ever forgot to be charitable, or to be pitiful, or to be indignant at gross abuses; but assuredly his mind was fixed upon other things. . . . .

In "Punch" for this year, 1844, are several fanciful designs which are remarkable enough. "Old Port introducing Gout to the Fine Young English Gentleman" contains a portrait of "Gout" which it is a pity we cannot find room for. But these fantasies are not his best work. The holiday-schoolboy at the pastry-cook's counter, who tells the saleswoman that he has had—"two jellies, seven of them, and eleven of them, and six of those, and four bath-buns, a sausage-roll, ten almond-cakes, and a bottle of ginger-beer";—the capital heads of the two swimmers at a watering-place, of which the lips of one say almost in the horror-stricken ear of the other: "I beg your parding, Captain, but could you oblige me with my little account?" the old gentleman and the ragged little boy who meet, in front of a sweet-shop, in "A Lumping Penn'orth," between whom passes this dialogue: "Now, my man, what would you say, if I gave you a penny?" "Vy, that you vos a jolly old Brick!"—these portraits of the people of London are what our kindly and observant artist was sent to London to make. Here is his own portrait, as he was in July, 1846, when the maid said to him: "If you please, sir, here's the printer's boy called again!" And here is his portrait in January, 1847, "first (and only) fiddle" to the orchestra in "Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball." This picture is a huge double-page cartoon; on the floor are the celebrities of the day dancing and conversing,—Lord Brougham with the

"Standard," Mr. Punch (of course) with Britannia, and O'Connell, Lord Derby, Wellington, and the rest; but the orchestra is made up of the editors and contributors to "Punch." Let Dr. John Brown describe them; for he claims to know them all (see his essay on Leech, reprinted in "Spare Hours"): "On the left is Mayhew playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double-bass, Gilbert A'Becket the violin, Doyle the clarinet, Leech next playing the same—tall, handsome, and nervous—Mark Lemon the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray—big, vague, child-like—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging away on the piano." . . . .

It does not appear from any record of Leech's life within reach at what time he had his experience of the hunting-field. That he always loved horses is evident, and that he owned them and enjoyed riding; it must have been his custom from an early day to take a two-days' winter run into the country, visiting some friend in the hunting-districts. By the time he was thirty-five, the long series of his hunting-field pictures begins, not to cease till his death. In "Punch" for 1855, we find "The Parson in the Ditch" . . . . "I say, Jack! who's that come to grief in the ditch?" "Only the parson." "Oh! leave him there, then! He won't be wanted until next Sunday!" Such are the gracious remarks of the young Nimrods. The picture is selected on account of its landscape background. Leech's professed admirers, writing soon after his death in 1864, have much to say about his love of and power over landscape, but a plenty of designs could be brought to show how carelessly he could draw out-of-door nature, and how seldom, in his earlier life, he seems to have cared to give it especial thought. Still, this one must be accepted at full! This is really a capital distance—flat and leading far away—a December countryside in England, as if of April with us; and this is only the first of a great many landscape bits equally good and suggestive, which accompany the hunting-scenes and go far to reconcile one to their constant recurrence.

For, indeed, to any one who respects the history and believes in the continued manliness and virtue of English national character, the modern abandonment of the whole nation to sport seems a wretched thing; and it is pitiful to see the unquestioning way in which so able and amiable a man gives up his time to representing the incidents of the hunting-field. The ways and manners of the young patricians are not a whit more amusing than those of London omnibus drivers and cabbies—as Leech represents them. They say things not nearly so witty; there is no room for pathos; there is actually nothing delightful about it but the horses and the landscape, and, to the young swells themselves and their

families, the constant contemplation of themselves engaged in their favorite pursuit. Our good-natured moralist enters into the spirit of many classes of men, and gives us with equal hand scenes of life on sea and on shore, in the streets and in the fields; and it is all life, tragedy and comedy, business and rest, mingled in due proportion. But these scores of pictures, all devoted to one of the many sports which have for their very nature the cruel destruction of animals—this amusement of chasing and tearing to pieces a beast who is cared for and made much of in his native haunts, for the very purpose of this chase, is a hard thing to an outsider. . . . .

The year 1864 came, and found our admirable artist still at work as vigorously as ever; not robust, not rugged, but in seeming good health and spirits, and fit to live and work for years. To "Punch" for that year he had contributed eighty pictures, when, on the fifth of November, appeared a very amusing cut: An Irishman, dreadfully maltreated in a street fight, is taken charge of by his wife, while a capitally indicated group of the victor and his friends is seen in the distance, and two little Irish boys nearer. "Terence, ye great ummadawn," says the "wife of his bussum" to the vanquished hero, "what do yer git into this Thrubble fur?" Says the hero in response: "D'ye call it Thrubble, now? Why, it's Engyement." It is as good a thing as ever Leech did—as good a cut as ever was in "Punch." When he laid his pencil down beside this drawing, it was never to take it up again; and six days before the appearance of the paper in which the cut was published, he had passed away. In his death there was taken from modern England her closest observer and most suggestive delineator of men and women. To the great Cruikshank, human character was rather a thing to draw inspiration from than simply to portray: Oliver Twist and Jack Falstaff, in Cruikshank's work, are conceptions as completely abstract as his fairies and witches. If the reader will look back to the July number of this magazine, he will see how much more varied and how much more imaginative and powerful is Cruikshank's art. But he could never have done what Leech did, still less what Leech might have done. To represent every class of English life, and the peculiar types of form and character, developed in different parts of the kingdom, with sympathizing and loving touch, and to contrast with these pictures of his countrymen many studies of foreign life, almost as thorough and accurate, though often touched with that pleasant exaggeration, which makes some portraiture more like than life; to do this was Leech's appointed task, and to a certain extent he fulfilled it. In one sense, his art is monotonous; its range is limited; a hundred pictures could be selected which would show all that Leech achieved during his too brief career of twenty-five years. But the pleasure this body of work is capable of

giving is not limited by its narrowness of range; every fresh design is a fresh enjoyment, however like it is to the last. And there is not one which is not pure and refined in thought and purpose.

David Gray.

Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, 1836. Came to America, 1849. Died at Binghamton, N. Y., 1888.

THE CROSS OF GOLD.

[*Letters, Poems, and Selected Prose Writings. Edited, with a Memoir, by J. N. Larned.* 1888.]

THE fifth from the north wall;
Row innermost; and the pall
Plain black—all black—except
The cross on which she wept,
Ere she lay down and slept.

This one is hers, and this—
The marble next it—his.
So lie in brave accord
The lady and her lord,
Her cross and his red sword.

And, now, what seek'st thou here;
Having nor care nor fear
To vex with thy hot tread
These halls of the long dead,—
To flash the torch's light
Upon their utter night?—
What word hast thou to thrust
Into her ear of dust?

Spake then the haggard priest:
"In lands of the far East
I dreamed of finding rest—
What time my lips had prest
The cross on this dead breast.

"And if my sin be shriven,
And mercy live in heaven,
Surely this hour, and here,
My long woe's end is near—
Is near—and I am brought
To peace, and painless thought
Of her who lies at rest,
This cross upon her breast,

"Whose passionate heart is cold
Beneath this cross of gold;
Who lieth, still and mute,
In sleep so absolute.
Yea, by this precious sign
Shall sleep most sweet be mine;
And I, at last, am blest,
Knowing she went to rest
This cross upon her breast."

COMMUNION.

WHEN the great South-wind, loud,
Leaps from his lair of cloud,
And treads the darkness of the sea to foam;
When wild awake is night,
And, not too full nor bright,
The moon sheds stormy light
From heaven's high dome;

Then, while I only keep
Watch of the sounding deep,
And midnight, and the white shore's curving form,
Wakeful, I let the din
Of their shrill voices in,
And feel my spirit win
Strength from the storm.

Strength from the wrestling air
It wins, till I can bear
To beckon him who waits for me, apart—
Him, the long dead, whom love,
Deathless, hath set above
All other Lares of
My hearth and heart.

The house is still, and swept,
Save where the wind has crept,
And utters at the door its cry of fear.
While the weak moonbeams swim
Down from the casement dim,
I wait for sign of him:
Hush! he is here;

Betwixt the light and gloom
He fronts me, in mid-room;
I stir not, nor a greeting hand extend;

But the loud-throbbing breast
And silence greet him best,
Beloved, yet awful, guest—
Spirit, yet friend!

He speaks not, but I brook
In his calm eyes to look,
And dare an utterance of my dread delight:
Oh, as in midnights flown,
Bide with me, thou long-gone;
Are we not here alone—
We and the night?

Then gliding on a space,
He takes the ancient place,
Vacant so long, a sorrow's desolate shrine.
Night shuts us in, yet seems
Lit, as in festal dreams,
And the storm past us streams
In song divine.

Slips, then, from my sick heart
Its covering of sad art;
Joy rushes back in speech as sweet as tears;
Tell me, I cry, O friend,
Whose calm eyes see the end,
Unto what issues bend
The awful years?

Tell me what view is won,
From mountains of the sun,
Over this earth's unstarred and blackened sphere.
This life of weary breath
Vainly one questioneth—
Oh! from the halls of death
What cheer? What cheer?

Adoniram Judson Sage.

Born in Massillon, Ohio, 1836.

THE VIOLIN.

OH, fair to see!
Fashioned in witchery!
With purfled curves outlining
Thine airy form, soft shining,

In mould like ripening maiden,
Budding and beauty-laden;
Thou'rt naught but wood and string,
  Crowned with a carvèd scroll,
Yet when we hear thee sing
  We deem thou hast a soul.

In some old tree
Was born thy melody—
Its boughs with breezes playing,
Its trunk to tempests swaying,
Carol of wild-birds singing,
The woodman's axe loud ringing;
Light arch of forest limb
  Curving thine every line,
Tones of the forest hymn
  Grown ripe in thee like wine.

Lightly the bow,
As if with life aglow,
  Thy mystic grace revealing,
Shall set the witches dancing;
With classic notes entrancing,
  Touch deepest chords of feeling.
Thy secret caves resound
  As where enchanting elves,
Flinging the echoes 'round,
  Blithely disport themselves.

How wild thy glee!
How sweet thy harmony!
Murmur of light heart dreaming,
Voice of the valkyr screaming,
Song of the cascade's dashings,
Dance of auroral flashings!
O weird and wondrous thing!
  Whate'er thy mood of art,
To wail or laugh or sing,
  Thou'rt monarch of the heart.

John Burroughs.

Born in Roxbury, N. Y., 1837.

IN THE HEMLOCKS.

[*Wake-Robin.* 1871.—*Third Edition.* 1887.]

NATURE loves such woods, and places her own seal upon them. Here she shows me what can be done with ferns and mosses and lichens. The soil is marrowy and full of innumerable forests. Standing in these fragrant aisles, I feel the strength of the vegetable kingdom, and am awed by the deep and inscrutable processes of life going on so silently about me.

No hostile forms with axe or spud now visit these solitudes. The cows have half-hidden ways through them, and know where the best browsing is to be had. In spring the farmer repairs to their bordering of maples to make sugar; in July and August women and boys from all the country about penetrate the old Bark-peelings for raspberries and blackberries; and I know a youth who wonderingly follows their languid stream casting for trout.

In like spirit, alert and buoyant, on this bright June morning go I also to reap my harvest—pursuing a sweet more delectable than sugar, fruit more savory than berries, and game for another palate than that tickled by trout. . . . .

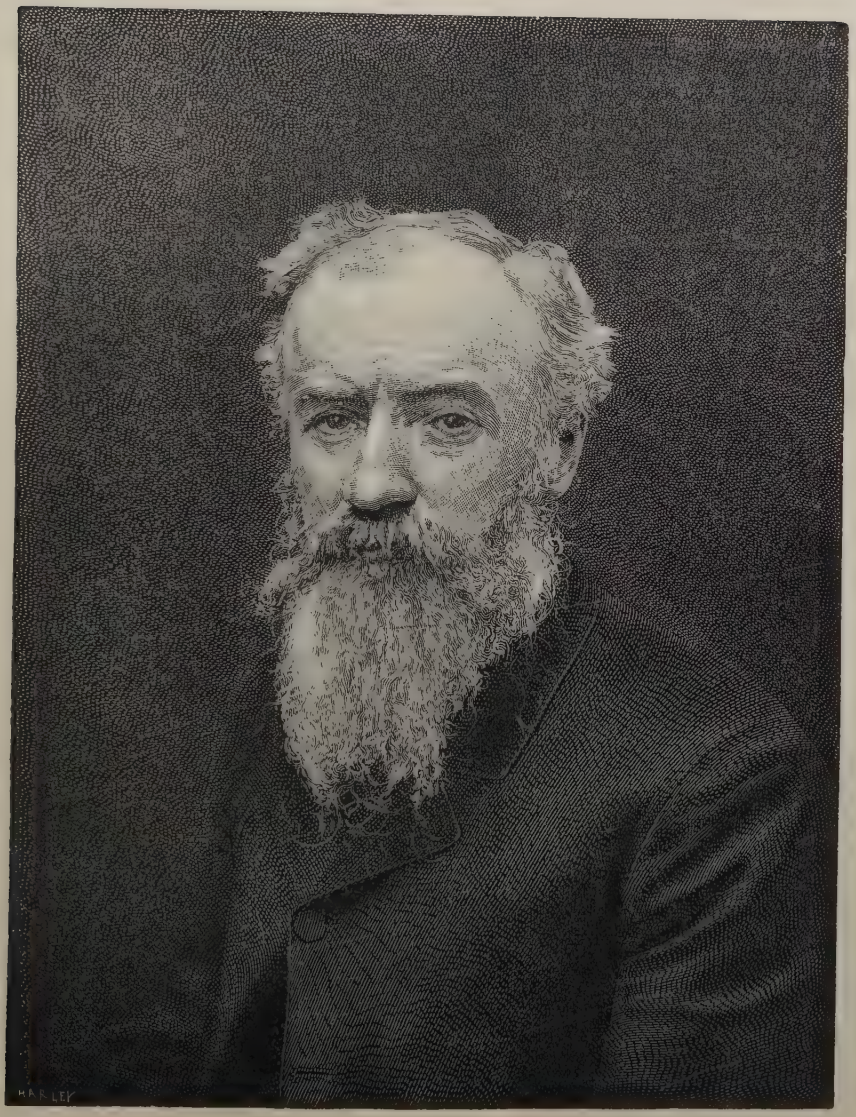
I descend a steep hill, and approach the hemlocks through a large sugar-bush. When twenty rods distant, I hear all along the line of the forest the incessant warble of the red-eyed fly-catcher, cheerful and happy as the merry whistle of a school-boy. He is one of our most common and widely distributed birds. Approach any forest at any hour of the day, in any kind of weather, from May to August, in any of the Middle or Eastern districts, and the chances are that the first note you hear will be his. Rain or shine, before noon or after, in the deep forest or in the village grove—when it is too hot for the thrushes or too cold and windy for the warblers—it is never out of time or place for this little minstrel to indulge his cheerful strain. In the deep wilds of the Adirondack, where few birds are seen and fewer heard, his note was almost constantly in my ear. Always busy, making it a point never to suspend for one moment his occupation to indulge his musical taste, his lay is that of industry and contentment. There is nothing plaintive or especially musical in his performance, but the sentiment expressed is eminently that of cheerfulness. Indeed, the songs of most birds have some human significance, which, I think, is the source of the delight we

take in them. The song of the bobolink to me expresses hilarity; the song-sparrow's, faith; the bluebird's, love; the cat-bird's, pride; the white-eyed fly-catcher's, self-consciousness; that of the hermit-thrush, spiritual serenity: while there is something military in the call of the robin. . . . .

Ever since I entered the woods, even while listening to the lesser songsters, or contemplating the silent forms about me, a strain has reached my ears from out the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature—the song of the hermit-thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of his music reach me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers I detect this sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it at all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "O spheral, spheral!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain, like the tanager's or the grosbeak's; suggests no passion or emotion—nothing personal—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments. It realizes a peace and a deep, solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit the hermit commenced his evening hymn a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap.

I have seldom known two of these birds to be singing at the same time in the same locality, rivalling each other, like the wood-thrush or the veery. Shooting one from a tree, I have observed another take up the strain from almost the identical perch, in less than ten minutes afterward. Later in the day, when I had penetrated the heart of the old Bark-peeling, I came suddenly upon one singing from a low stump, and for a wonder he did not seem alarmed, but lifted up his divine voice as if his privacy was undisturbed. I open his beak, and find the inside yellow as gold. I was prepared to find it inlaid with pearls and diamonds, or to see an angel issue from it. . . . .

The wood-pewee, the prevailing species in this locality, arrests your attention by his sweet, pathetic cry. There is room for it also in the deep woods, as well as for the more prolonged and elevated strains.



John Burroughs

Its relative, the phœbe-bird, builds an exquisite nest of moss on the side of some shelving cliff or overhanging rock. The other day, passing by a ledge near the top of a mountain in a singularly desolate locality, my eye rested upon one of these structures, looking precisely as if it grew there, so in keeping was it with the mossy character of the rock, and I have had a growing affection for the bird ever since. The rock seemed to love the nest and to claim it as its own. I said, What a lesson in architecture is here! Here is a house that was built, but with such loving care and such beautiful adaptation of the means to the end, that it looks like a product of nature. The same wise economy is noticeable in the nests of all birds. No bird would paint its house white or red, or add aught for show.

At one point in the grayest, most shaggy part of the woods, I come suddenly upon a brood of screech-owls, full grown, sitting together upon a dry, moss-draped limb, but a few feet from the ground. I pause within four or five yards of them and am looking about me, when my eye alights upon these gray, motionless figures. They sit perfectly upright, some with their backs and some with their breasts toward me, but every head turned squarely in my direction. Their eyes are closed to a mere black line; through this crack they are watching me, evidently thinking themselves unobserved. The spectacle is weird and grotesque, and suggests something impish and uncanny. It is a new effect, the night side of the woods by daylight. After observing them a moment I take a single step toward them, when, quick as thought, their eyes fly wide open, their attitude is changed, they bend, some this way, some that, and, instinct with life and motion, stare wildly around them. Another step, and they all take flight but one, which stoops low on the branch, and with the look of a frightened cat regards me for a few seconds over its shoulder. They fly swiftly and softly, and disperse through the trees. I shoot one, which is of a tawny red tint, like that figured by Wilson, who mistook a young bird for an old one. The old birds are a beautiful ashen gray mottled with black. In the present instance, they were sitting on the branch with the young.

Coming to a dryer and less mossy place in the woods, I am amused with the golden-crowned thrush—which, however, is no thrush at all, but a warbler, like the nightingale. He walks on the ground ahead of me with such an easy, gliding motion, and with such an unconscious, preoccupied air, jerking his head like a hen or a partridge, now hurrying, now slackening his pace, that I pause to observe him. If I sit down, he pauses to observe me, and extends his pretty ramblings on all sides, apparently very much engrossed with his own affairs, but never losing sight of me. But few of the birds are walkers, most being hoppers, like the robin.

Satisfied that I have no hostile intentions, the pretty pedestrian mounts a limb a few feet from the ground, and gives me the benefit of one of his musical performances, a sort of accelerating chant. Commencing in a very low key, which makes him seem at a very uncertain distance, he grows louder and louder, till his body quakes and his chant runs into a shriek, ringing in my ear with a peculiar sharpness. This lay may be represented thus: "Teacher, *teacher*, TEACHER, TEACHER, *TEACHER!*"—the accent on the first syllable, and each word uttered with increased force and shrillness. No writer with whom I am acquainted gives him credit for more musical ability than is displayed in this strain. Yet in this the half is not told. He has a far rarer song, which he reserves for some nymph whom he meets in the air. Mounting by easy flights to the top of the tallest tree, he launches into the air with a sort of suspended, hovering flight, like certain of the finches, and bursts into a perfect ecstasy of song—clear, ringing, copious, rivalling the goldfinch's in vivacity, and the linnet's in melody. This strain is one of the rarest bits of bird-melody to be heard, and is oftenest indulged in late in the afternoon or after sundown. Over the woods, hid from view, the ecstatic singer warbles his finest strain. In this song you instantly detect his relationship to the water-wagtail—erroneously called water-thrush—whose song is likewise a sudden burst, full and ringing, and with a tone of youthful joyousness in it, as if the bird had just had some unexpected good fortune. For nearly two years this strain of the pretty walker was little more than a disembodied voice to me, and I was puzzled by it as Thoreau by his mysterious night-warbler, which, by the way, I suspect was no new bird at all, but one he was otherwise familiar with. The little bird himself seems disposed to keep the matter a secret, and improves every opportunity to repeat before you his shrill, accelerating lay, as if this were quite enough and all he laid claim to. Still, I trust I am betraying no confidence in making the matter public here. I think this is preëminently his love-song, as I hear it oftenest about the mating season. I have caught half-suppressed bursts of it from two males chasing each other with fearful speed through the forest. . . .

But the declining sun and the deepening shadows admonish me that this ramble must be brought to a close, even though only the leading characters in this chorus of forty songsters have been described, and only a small portion of the venerable old woods explored. In a secluded, swampy corner of the old Bark-peeling, where I find the great purple orchis in bloom, and where the foot of man or beast seems never to have trod, I linger long, contemplating the wonderful display of lichens and mosses that overrun both the smaller and the larger growths. Every bush and branch and sprig is dressed up in the most rich and fantastic of liveries; and, crowning all, the long-bearded moss festoons the branches

or sways gracefully from the limbs. Every twig looks a century old, though green leaves tip the end of it. A young yellow birch has a venerable, patriarchal look, and seems ill at ease under such premature honors. A decayed hemlock is draped as if by hands for some solemn festival.

Mounting toward the upland again, I pause reverently, as the hush and stillness of twilight come upon the woods. It is the sweetest, ripest hour of the day. And as the hermit's evening hymn goes up from the deep solitude below me, I experience that serene exaltation of sentiment of which music, literature, and religion are but the faint types and symbols.

OBITER DICTA.

[*Winter Sunshine.* 1875. *Twelfth Edition.* 1887.—*Birds and Poets.* 1877.]

WALKING.

I DO not think I exaggerate the importance or the charms of pedestrianism, or our need as a people to cultivate the art. I think it would tend to soften the national manners, to teach us the meaning of leisure, to acquaint us with the charms of the open air, to strengthen and foster the tie between the race and the land. No one else looks out upon the world so kindly and charitably as the pedestrian; no one else gives and takes so much from the country he passes through. Next to the laborer in the fields, the walker holds the closest relation to the soil; and he holds a closer and more vital relation to Nature because he is freer and his mind more at leisure.

Man takes root at his feet, and at best he is no more than a potted plant in his house or carriage, till he has established communication with the soil by the loving and magnetic touch of his soles to it. Then the tie of association is born; then spring those invisible fibres and rootlets through which character comes to smack of the soil, and which make a man kindred to the spot of earth he inhabits.

The roads and paths you have walked along in summer and winter weather, the fields and hills which you have looked upon in lightness and gladness of heart, where fresh thoughts have come into your mind, or some noble prospect has opened before you, and especially the quiet ways where you have walked in sweet converse with your friend, pausing under the trees, drinking at the spring—henceforth they are not the same; a new charm is added; those thoughts spring there perennial, your friend walks there forever.

We have produced some good walkers and saunterers, and some noted

climbers; but as a staple recreation, as a daily practice, the mass of the people dislike and despise walking. Thoreau said he was a good horse, but a poor roadster. I chant the virtues of the roadster as well. I sing of the sweetness of gravel, good sharp quartz-grit. It is the proper condiment for the sterner seasons, and many a human gizzard would be cured of half its ills by a suitable daily allowance of it. I think Thoreau himself would have profited immensely by it. His diet was too exclusively vegetable. A man cannot live on grass alone. If one has been a lotus-eater all summer, he must turn gravel-eater in the fall and winter. Those who have tried it know that gravel possesses an equal though an opposite charm. It spurs to action. The foot tastes it and henceforth rests not. The joy of moving and surmounting, of attrition and progression, the thirst for space, for miles and leagues of distance, for sights and prospects, to cross mountains and thread rivers, and defy frost, heat, snow, danger, difficulties, seizes it; and from that day forth its possessor is enrolled in the noble army of walkers.

FROM SPRING TO FALL.

SPRING is the inspiration, fall the expiration. Both seasons have their equinoxes, both their filmy, hazy air, their ruddy forest tints, their cold rains, their drenching fogs, their mystic moons; both have the same solar light and warmth, the same rays of the sun; yet, after all, how different the feelings which they inspire! One is the morning, the other the evening; one is youth, the other is age.

The difference is not merely in us; there is a subtle difference in the air and in the influences that emanate upon us from the dumb forms of nature. All the senses report a difference. The sun seems to have burned out. One recalls the notion of Herodotus, that he is grown feeble, and retreats to the south because he can no longer face the cold and the storms from the north. There is a growing potency about his beams in spring; a waning splendor about them in fall. One is the kindling fire; the other the subsiding flame.

It is rarely that an artist succeeds in painting unmistakably the difference between sunrise and sunset; and it is equally a trial of his skill to put upon canvas the difference between early spring and late fall, say between April and November. It was long ago observed that the shadows are more opaque in the morning than in the evening; the struggle between the light and the darkness more marked, the gloom more solid, the contrasts more sharp, etc. The rays of the morning sun chisel out and cut down the shadows in a way those of the setting sun do not. Then the sunlight is whiter and newer in the morning—not so yellow

and diffused. A difference akin to this is true of the two seasons I am speaking of. The spring is the morning sunlight, clear and determined; the autumn the afternoon rays, pensive, lessening, golden.

Does not the human frame yield to and sympathize with the seasons? Are there not more births in the spring and more deaths in the fall? In the spring one vegetates; his thoughts turn to sap; another kind of activity seizes him; he makes new wood which does not harden till past midsummer. For my part, I find all literary work irksome from April to August; my sympathies run in other channels; the grass grows where meditation walked. As fall approaches, the currents mount to the head again. But my thoughts do not ripen well till after there has been a frost. The burrs will not open much before that. A man's thinking, I take it, is a kind of combustion, as is the ripening of fruits and leaves, and he wants plenty of oxygen in the air.

Then the earth seems to have become a positive magnet in the fall; the forge and anvil of the sun have had their effect. In the spring it is negative to all intellectual conditions and drains one of his lightning.

THE APPLE-EATER.

DO you remember the apple-hole in the garden or back of the house, Ben Bolt? In the fall after the bins in the cellar had been well stocked, we excavated a circular pit in the warm mellow earth, and covering the bottom with clean rye straw, emptied in basketful after basketful of hardy choice varieties, till there was a tent-shaped mound several feet high of shining, variegated fruit. Then wrapping it about with a thick layer of long rye straw, and tucking it up snug and warm, the mound was covered with a thin coating of earth, a flat stone on the top holding down the straw. As winter set in, another coating of earth was put upon it, with perhaps an overcoat of coarse dry stable manure, and the precious pile was left in silence and darkness till spring. No marmont hibernating under ground in his nest of leaves and dry grass, more cosey and warm. No frost, no wet, but fragrant privacy and quiet. Then how the earth tempers and flavors the apples! It draws out all the acrid, unripe qualities, and infuses into them a subtile, refreshing taste of the soil. Some varieties perish, but the ranker, hardier kinds, like the northern spy, the greening, or the black apple, or the russet, or the pinnock, how they ripen and grow in grace, how the green becomes gold, and the bitter becomes sweet!

As the supply in the bins and barrels gets low and spring approaches, the buried treasures in the garden are remembered. With spade and axe we go out and penetrate through the snow and frozen earth till the

inner dressing of straw is laid bare. It is not quite as clear and bright as when we placed it there last fall, but the fruit beneath, which the hand soon exposes, is just as bright and far more luscious. Then, as day after day you resort to the hole, and removing the straw and earth from the opening thrust your arm into the fragrant pit, you have a better chance than ever before to become acquainted with your favorites by the sense of touch. How you feel for them, reaching to the right and left! Now you have got a Tolman sweet; you imagine you can feel that single meridian line that divides it into two hemispheres. Now a greening fills your hand; you feel its fine quality beneath its rough coat. Now you have hooked a swaar, you recognize its full face; now a Vandevere or a King rolls down from the apex above and you bag it at once. When you were a schoolboy you stowed these away in your pockets and ate them along the road and at recess, and again at noontime; and they, in a measure, corrected the effects of the cake and pie with which your indulgent mother filled your lunch-basket.

The boy is indeed the true apple-eater, and is not to be questioned how he came by the fruit with which his pockets are filled. It belongs to him, and he may steal it if it cannot be had in any other way. His own juicy flesh craves the juicy flesh of the apple. Sap draws sap. His fruit-eating has little reference to the state of his appetite. Whether he be full of meat or empty of meat, he wants the apple just the same. Before meal or after meal it never comes amiss. The farm-boy munches apples all day long. He has nests of them in the hay-mow, mellowing, to which he makes frequent visits. Sometimes old Brindle, having access through the open door, smells them out and makes short work of them.

In some countries the custom remains of placing a rosy apple in the hand of the dead that they may find it when they enter paradise. In northern mythology the giants eat apples to keep off old age.

The apple is indeed the fruit of youth. As we grow old we crave apples less. It is an ominous sign. When you are ashamed to be seen eating them on the street; when you can carry them in your pocket and your hand not constantly find its way to them; when your neighbor has apples and you have none, and you make no nocturnal visits to his orchard; when your lunch-basket is without them and you can pass a winter's night by the fireside with no thought of the fruit at your elbow, then be assured you are no longer a boy, either in heart or years.

The genuine apple-eater comforts himself with an apple in their season as others with a pipe or cigar. When he has nothing else to do, or is bored, he eats an apple. While he is waiting for the train he eats an apple, sometimes several of them. When he takes a walk he arms himself with apples. His travelling-bag is full of apples. He offers an

apple to his companion, and takes one himself. They are his chief solace when on the road. He sows their seed all along the route. He tosses the core from the car-window and from the top of the stage-coach. He would, in time, make the land one vast orchard. He dispenses with a knife. He prefers that his teeth shall have the first taste. Then he knows the best flavor is immediately beneath the skin, and that in a pared apple this is lost. If you will stew the apple, he says, instead of baking it, by all means leave the skin on. It improves the color and vastly heightens the flavor of the dish.

MIDSUMMER.

I AM glad to observe that all the poetry of the midsummer harvesting has not gone out with the scythe and the whetstone. The line of mowers was a pretty sight, if one did not sympathize too deeply with the human backs turned up there to the sun, and the sound of the whetstone, coming up from the meadows in the dewy morning, was pleasant music. But I find the sounds of the mowing-machine and the patent reaper are even more in tune with the voices of nature at this season. The characteristic sounds of midsummer are the sharp, whirring crescendo of the cicada, or harvest-fly, and the rasping, stridulous notes of the nocturnal insects. The mowing-machine repeats and imitates these sounds. 'Tis like the hum of a locust or the shuffling of a mighty grasshopper. More than that, the grass and the grain at this season have become hard. The timothy stalk is like a file, the rye straw is glazed with flint, the grasshoppers snap sharply as they fly up in front of you, the bird-songs have ceased, the ground crackles under foot, the eye of day is brassy and merciless, and in harmony with all these things is the rattle of the mower and hay tedder.

WAITING.

SERENE, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

"HAIL TO THEE, BLITHE SPIRIT!"

[*Mellow England.—Winter Sunshine.* 1875. 1887.]

BEFORE I had got fifty yards from the station I began to hear the larks, and being unprepared for them I was a little puzzled at first, but was not long in discovering what luck I was in. The song disappointed me at first, being less sweet and melodious than I had expected to hear; indeed, I thought it a little sharp and harsh—a little stubbly—but in other respects, in strength and gladness and continuity, it was wonderful. And the more I heard it the better I liked it, until I would gladly have given any of my songsters at home for a bird that could shower down such notes, even in autumn. Up, up, went the bird, describing a large easy spiral till he attained an altitude of three or four hundred feet, when, spread out against the sky for a space of ten or fifteen minutes, or more, he poured out his delight, filling all the vault with sound. The song is of the sparrow kind, and, in its best parts, perpetually suggested the notes of our vesper sparrow; but the wonder of it is its copiousness and sustained strength. There is no theme, no beginning, middle, or end, like most of our best bird-songs, but a perfect swarm of notes pouring out like bees from a hive and resembling each other nearly as closely, and only ceasing as the bird nears the earth again. We have many more melodious songsters; the bobolink in the meadows, for instance; the vesper sparrow in the pastures, the purple

finch in the groves, the winter wren, or any of the thrushes in the woods, or the wood-wagtail, whose air-song is of a similar character to that of the skylark's, and is even more rapid and ringing, and is delivered in nearly the same manner; but our birds all stop when the skylark has only just begun. Away he goes on quivering wing, inflating his throat fuller and fuller, mounting and mounting, and turning to all points of the compass as if to embrace the whole landscape in his song, the notes still raining upon you as distinct as ever, after you have left him far behind. You feel that you need be in no hurry to observe the song lest the bird finish, you walk along, your mind reverts to other things, you examine the grass and weeds, or search for a curious stone, still there goes the bird; you sit down and study the landscape, or send your thoughts out toward France or Spain, or across the sea to your own land, and yet, when you get them back, there is that song above you almost as unceasing as the light of a star. This strain indeed suggests some rare pyrotechnic display, musical sounds being substituted for the many-colored sparks and lights. And yet I will add what perhaps the best readers do not need to be told, that neither the lark song, nor any other bird-song in the open air and under the sky, is as noticeable a feature as my description of it might imply, or as the poets would have us believe; and that most persons, not especially interested in birds or their notes, and intent upon the general beauty of the landscape, would probably pass it by unremarked.

I suspect that it is a little higher flight than the facts will bear out when the writers make the birds go out of sight into the sky. I could easily follow them on this occasion, though if I took my eye away for a moment it was very difficult to get it back again. I had to search for them as the astronomer searches for a star. It may be that in the spring, when the atmosphere is less clear, and the heart of the bird full of a more mad and reckless love, the climax is not reached until the eye loses sight of the singer.

SPRINGS.

[*Pepacton.* 1881.—*Seventh Edition.* 1887.]

A MAN who came back to the place of his birth in the East, after an absence of a quarter of a century in the West, said the one thing he most desired to see about the old homestead was the spring. This, at least, he would find unchanged. Here his lost youth would come back to him. The faces of his father and mother he might not look upon;

but the face of the spring that had mirrored theirs and his own so oft, he fondly imagined would beam on him as of old. I can well believe that in that all but springless country in which he had cast his lot, the vision, the remembrance of the fountain that flowed by his father's doorway, so prodigal of its precious gifts, has awakened in him the keenest longings and regrets.

Did he not remember the path, also? for next to the spring itself is the path that leads to it. Indeed, of all foot-paths, the spring-path is the most suggestive.

This is a path with something at the end of it, and the best of good fortune awaits him who walks therein. It is a well-worn path, and, though generally up or down a hill, it is the easiest of all paths to travel: we forget our fatigue when going to the spring, and we have lost it when we turn to come away. See with what alacrity the laborer hastens along it, all sweaty from the fields; see the boy or girl running with pitcher or pail; see the welcome shade of the spreading tree that presides over its marvellous birth!

In the woods or on the mountain-side follow the path, and you are pretty sure to find a spring; all creatures are going that way night and day, and they make a path.

A spring is always a vital point in the landscape; it is indeed the eye of the fields, and how often, too, it has a noble eyebrow in the shape of an overhanging bank or ledge. Or else its site is marked by some tree which the pioneer has wisely left standing, and which sheds a coolness and freshness that make the water more sweet. In the shade of this tree the harvesters sit and eat their lunch and look out upon the quivering air of the fields. Here the Sunday saunterer stops and lounges with his book, and bathes his hands and face in the cool fountain. Hither the strawberry-girl comes with her basket and pauses a moment in the green shade. The ploughman leaves his plough and in long strides approaches the life-renewing spot, while his team, that cannot follow, look wistfully after him. Here the cattle love to pass the heat of the day, and hither come the birds to wash themselves and make their toilets.

Indeed, a spring is always an oasis in the desert of the fields. It is a creative and generative centre. It attracts all things to itself—the grasses, the mosses, the flowers, the wild plants, the great trees. The walker finds it out, the camping party seek it, the pioneer builds his hut or his house near it. When the settler or squatter has found a good spring, he has found a good place to begin life; he has found the fountain-head of much that he is seeking in this world. The chances are that he has found a southern and eastern exposure; for it is a fact that water does not readily flow north; the valleys mostly open the other way; and it is quite certain he has found a measure of salubrity; for

where water flows fever abideth not. The spring, too, keeps him to the right belt, out of the low valley, and off the top of the hill.

When John Winthrop decided upon the site where now stands the city of Boston, as a proper place for a settlement, he was chiefly attracted by a large and excellent spring of water that flowed there. The infant city was born of this fountain.

There seems a kind of perpetual spring-time about the place where water issues from the ground—a freshness and a greenness that are ever renewed. The grass never fades, the ground is never parched or frozen. There is warmth there in winter and coolness in summer. The temperature is equalized. In March or April the spring runs are a bright emerald while the surrounding fields are yet brown and sere, and in fall they are yet green when the first snow covers them. Thus every fountain by the road-side is a fountain of youth and of life. This is what the old fables finally mean.

An intermittent spring is shallow; it has no deep root and is like an inconstant friend. But a perennial spring, one whose ways are appointed, whose foundation is established, what a profound and beautiful symbol! In fact, there is no more large and universal symbol in nature than the spring, if there is any other capable of such wide and various applications. . . . .

I recently went many miles out of my way to see the famous trout-spring in Warren County, New Jersey. This spring flows about one thousand gallons of water per minute, which has a uniform temperature of fifty degrees winter and summer. It is near the Musconetcong Creek, which looks as if it were made up of similar springs. On the parched and sultry summer day upon which my visit fell, it was well worth walking many miles just to see such a volume of water issue from the ground. I felt with the boy Petrarch, when he first beheld a famous spring, that "Were I master of such a fountain I would prefer it to the finest of cities." A large oak leans down over the spring and affords an abundance of shade. The water does not bubble up, but comes straight out with great speed like a courier with important news, and as if its course underground had been a direct and an easy one for a long distance. Springs that issue in this way have a sort of vertebra, a ridgy and spine-like centre that suggests the gripe and push there is in this element.

What would one not give for such a spring in his back-yard or front-yard, or anywhere near his house, or in any of his fields? One would be tempted to move his house to it, if the spring could not be brought to the house. Its mere poetic value and suggestion would be worth all the art and ornament to be had. It would irrigate one's heart and character as well as his acres. Then one might have a Naiad Queen to do

his churning and to saw his wood; then one might "see his chore done by the gods themselves," as Emerson says, or by the nymphs, which is just as well.

I know a homestead situated on one of the picturesque branch valleys of the Housatonic, that has such a spring flowing by the foundation walls of the house, and not a little of the strong overmastering local attachment that holds the owner there is born of that—his native spring. He could not, if he would, break from it. He says that when he looks down into it he has a feeling that he is an amphibious animal that has somehow got stranded. A long, gentle flight of stone steps leads from the back porch down to it under the branches of a lofty elm. It wells up through the white sand and gravel as through a sieve, and fills the broad space that has been arranged for it so gently and imperceptibly that one does not suspect its copiousness until he has seen the overflow. It turns no wheel, yet it lends a pliant hand to many of the affairs of that household. It is a refrigerator in summer and a frost-proof envelope in winter, and a fountain of delights the year round. Trout come up from the Weebutook River and dwell there and become domesticated, and take lumps of butter from your hand, or rake the ends of your fingers if you tempt them. It is a kind of sparkling and ever-washed larder. Where are the berries? where is the butter, the milk, the steak, the melon? In the spring. It preserves, it ventilates, it cleanses. It is a board of health and general purveyor. It is equally for use and for pleasure. Nothing degrades it, and nothing can enhance its beauty. It is picture and parable, and an instrument of music. It is servant and divinity in one. The milk of forty cows is cooled in it, and never a drop gets into the cans, though they are plunged to the brim. It is as insensible to drought and rain as to heat and cold. It is planted upon the sand and yet it abideth like a house upon a rock. It evidently has some relation to a little brook that flows down through a deep notch in the hills half a mile distant, because on one occasion, when the brook was being ditched or dammed, the spring showed great perturbation. Every nymph in it was filled with sudden alarm and kicked up a commotion.

In some sections of the country, when there is no spring near the house, the farmer, with much labor and pains, brings one from some uplying field or wood. Pine and poplar logs are bored and laid in a trench, and the spring practically moved to the desired spot. The ancient Persians had a law, that whoever thus conveyed the water of a spring to a spot not watered before should enjoy many immunities under the state not granted to others.

Hilly and mountainous countries do not always abound in good springs. When the stratum is vertical or has too great a dip, the water

is not collected in large veins, but is rather held as it falls and oozes out slowly at the surface over the top of the rock. On this account one of the most famous grass and dairy sections of New York is poorly supplied with springs. Every creek starts in a bog or marsh, and good water can be had only by excavating.

What a charm lurks about those springs that are found near the tops of mountains, so small that they get lost amid the rocks and débris and never reach the valley, and so cold that they make the throat ache! Every hunter and mountain-climber can tell you of such—usually on the last rise before the summit is cleared. It is eminently the hunter's spring. I do not know whether or not the foxes and other wild creatures lap at it, but their pursuers are quite apt to pause there and take breath or eat their lunch. The mountain-climbers in summer hail it with a shout. It is always a surprise, and raises the spirits of the dullest. Then it seems to be born of wildness and remoteness, and to savor of some special benefit or good fortune. A spring in the valley is an idyl, but a spring on the mountain is a genuine lyrical touch. It imparts a mild thrill; and if one were to call any springs "miracles," as the natives of Cashmere are said to regard their fountains, it would be such as these.

What secret attraction draws one in his summer walk to touch at all the springs on his route, and to pause a moment at each, as if what he was in quest of would be likely to turn up there? I can seldom pass a spring without doing homage to it. It is the shrine at which I oftenest worship. If I find one fouled with leaves or trodden full by cattle, I take as much pleasure in cleaning it out as a devotee in setting up the broken image of his Saint. Though I chance not to want to drink there, I like to behold a clear fountain, and I may want to drink next time I pass, or some traveller, or heifer, or milch-cow may. Leaves have a strange fatality for the spring. They come from afar to get into it. In a grove or in the woods they drift into it and cover it up like snow. Late in November, in clearing one out, I brought forth a frog from his hibernacle in the leaves at the bottom. He was very black and he rushed about in a bewildered manner like one suddenly aroused from his sleep.

There is no place more suitable for statuary than about a spring or fountain, especially in parks or improved fields. Here one seems to expect to see figures and bending forms. "Where a spring rises or a river flows," says Seneca, "there should we build altars and offer sacrifices."

Forceythe Willson.

Born in Little Genesee, N. Y., 1837. Died at Alfred, N. Y., 1867.

IN STATE.

[*The Old Sergeant, and Other Poems.* 1867.]

I.

O KEEPER of the Sacred Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose eye is the blue canopy,
Look down upon the warring world, and tell us what the end will be.

"Lo, through the wintry atmosphere,
On the white bosom of the sphere,
A cluster of five lakes appear;
And all the land looks like a couch, or warrior's shield, or sheeted bier.

"And on that vast and hollow field,
With both lips closed and both eyes seeled,
A mighty Figure is revealed,—
Stretched at full length, and stiff and stark, as in the hollow of a shield.

"The winds have tied the drifted snow
Around the face and chin; and lo,
The sceptred Giants come and go,
And shake their shadowy crowns and say: 'We always feared it would be so!'

"She came of an heroic race:
A giant's strength, a maiden's grace,
Like two in one seem to embrace,
And match, and blend, and thorough-blend, in her colossal form and face.

"Where can her dazzling falchion be?
One hand is fallen in the sea;
The Gulf-Stream drifts it far and free;
And in that hand her shining brand gleams from the depths resplendently.

"And by the other, in its rest,
The starry banner of the West
Is clasped forever to her breast;
And of her silver helmet, lo, a soaring eagle is the crest.

"And on her brow, a softened light,
As of a star concealed from sight
By some thin veil of fleecy white,—
Or of the rising moon behind the rainy vapors of the night.

"The Sisterhood that was so sweet,
The Starry System sphered complete,
Which the mazed Orient used to greet,
The Four and Thirty fallen Stars glimmer and glitter at her feet.

"And over her,—and over all,
For panoply and coronal,—
The mighty Immemorial,
And everlasting Canopy and starry Arch and Shield of All."

II.

"Three cold, bright moons have marched and wheeled;
And the white cerement that revealed
A Figure stretched upon a Shield,
Is turned to verdure; and the Land is now one mighty Battle-Field.

'And lo, the children which she bred,
And more than all else cherished,
To make them true in heart and head,
Stand face to face, as mortal foes, with their swords crossed above the dead.

"Each hath a mighty stroke and stride:
One true—the more that he is tried;
The other dark and evil-eyed;—
And by the hand of one of them, his own dear mother surely died!

"A stealthy step—a gleam of hell,—
It is the simple truth to tell,—
The Son stabbed and the Mother fell:
And so she lies, all mute and pale, and pure and irreproachable!

"And then the battle-trumpet blew;
And the true brother sprang and drew
His blade to smite the traitor through;
And so they clashed above the bier, and the Night sweated bloody dew.

"And all their children, far and wide,
That are so greatly multiplied,
Rise up in frenzy and divide;
And choosing, each whom he will serve, unsheathe the sword and take their side.

"And in the low sun's bloodshot rays,
Portentous of the coming days,
The Two great Oceans blush and blaze,
With the emergent continent between them, wrapped in crimson haze.

"Now whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is great and man is small,
The Truth shall triumph over all,—
Forever and forevermore, the Truth shall triumph over all!"

III.

"I see the champion sword-strokes flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody slime and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall—expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead: He turns the head: The face! The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents—the gaps—the broken ranks,—
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-gripe on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle-blots,—
And writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorgèd prison-den,
The dead-line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living deaths of skin and bone that were the goodly shapes of men.

"And still the bloody Dew must fall!
And His great Darkness with the Pall
Of His dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise Transformed by Truth to triumph over all!"

"And last—and last I see—The Deed."

Thus saith the Keeper of the Key,
And the Great Seal of Destiny,
Whose Eye is the blue canopy,
And leaves the Pall of His great Darkness over all the Land and Sea.

Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin.

Born in Argos, Greece, 1837.

THE SOURCE AND THE AIM OF ART.

[*What is Art?—Essex Institute Lecture.* 1877.]

YOU observe, doubtless, that we are proceeding on the assumption that there is a moral or subjective element in art, otherwise called the good and the true—a theory which French artists and critics of the last twenty-five years generally deny both in theory and practice, confining themselves to the physically beautiful as the all-sufficient end of the highest art. That is one reason why contemporary French art, setting aside its technical excellences, is not now and never can be, as now conducted, the highest art, while the Germanic races, acknowledging the moral element in art, have a better chance of reaching the quality of the pictorial art of the Renaissance. But while artists are undoubtedly the interpreters of the emotions and aspirations of an age, or of mankind, and are responsible for what they say, no less than other men, they are at the same time unconsciously the interpreters of these emotions which they share with their fellow-men. A poet who writes with a set purpose to introduce a new style or revolutionize thought, and not because an irresistible impulse impels him, is by so much less a poet; and the same holds good in the case of the artist.

In artists of the first rank the balance of the powers is such that in their works we see approximately expressed the fundamental principle that the good, the true, and the beautiful are the foundations on which art is based. Minor artists show their inferiority by inclining much more strongly to one than to the other, as well as by laying great stress on certain phases of art which are of a temporary character, resulting from conventional abuse of the principles of art, as when the pre-Raphaelites, in their earnest quest after the true in art to succeed the conventionalisms of the eighteenth century, disregarded the limitations which the practice of art imposes on its followers, and undertook to represent every detail they saw in nature on canvas, practically ignoring thereby the ideal in art, and demonstrating the feebleness of the

materials at our disposal when we place ourselves face to face with Nature. The contemporary French school also shows that, noble as it is in many respects and worthy our respectful attention, it is yet not equal as a whole to that of the Renaissance in Italy or Spain, for it proceeds on the theory that the beautiful alone is the origin and the end of all art; thus, while recognizing the ideal rather more than the pre-Raphaelite school, it is lacking in another direction, and so far holds a proportionately lower rank.

If the good, the true, and the beautiful are the source of the highest art, the ideal is in its turn the ultimate aim of art, and imparts to mere inanimate stone and mortar, cold marble, or opaque ochres and minerals the power of yielding infinite pleasure to the intellectual and spiritual element in man. To suggest ideas, to quicken the imagination, to touch the secret spring which moves the emotions, and thus to please, to influence, to educate, and to elevate—this is the highest province of art. No mere technical excellences can make up for the absence of the ideal in a work of art; and its presence in a high degree in a statue or a painting may cover a multitude of technical sins. In the exercise of the imagination man becomes a creator, and seems akin to the supreme Creator himself. In the words of Couture, "In art the ideal is everything. With painters of an inferior order you may find surprising technical skill and knowledge; but, lacking the ideal and the moral element, their productions seem of but moderate value."

Let us not, however, be misunderstood upon this point. The first requisite to good art must be and is excellence in its technical qualities, as in good literature, grand as the ideas of the writer may be, if he have not the power of successfully expressing his thoughts, their influence upon others must amount to little or nothing. So the idealist or moralist who employs art forms to convey his thoughts must have a practical knowledge of the methods of art expression, even more than in the field of letters. A man may be a good colorist and yet a poor idealist, a good copyist from nature but weak in other respects, but he is, notwithstanding, entitled to be considered an artist to a certain degree. But, granting this fact, it still remains true that he who to technical excellence adds high ideal qualities is necessarily the greater artist.

Jeannette Ritchie Hadermann Walworth.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1837.

UNCLE LIGE.

[*Southern Silhouettes.* 1887.]

THE date of Uncle Lige's birth is lost in the fogs of remote ages. Even the exigent questioning of the census-taker has never extracted anything more definite from him than that he "was here w'en de stars fell." This system of chronology is simple and original. The earlier events of his life all occurred either before or after the year the stars fell; later ones, before or after General Jackson died. Whosoever insists upon greater accuracy on Uncle Lige's part is set down by him as being "onreasonable an' exactin'." His stock of superstitions is large and indestructible, and as long as he remains the autocrat he is on the Caruthers place, no cattle will ever be branded on the wane of the moon, or any potatoes be planted on its increase, and Friday will never witness the beginning of an undertaking.

Uncle Lige's immediate connection with the white family dates from the day of his accidental promotion from the position of head teamster on the plantation to that of family coachman, the most dignified position attainable by anybody in his sphere of life. He never wearies of detailing the circumstances of his promotion, and his sense of morality is nowise shocked that his own rise was in consequence of a fellow-mortal's fall. If any casuist draws his attention to this point, Uncle Lige dismisses it with an airy declaration that "ev'y tub mus' stan' on its own bott'm." The story of his transplanting from the quarters to be "yard folks" he tells with a chuckling prelude that never failed to arouse "French John" (his supplanted rival) to the highest pitch of frenzy. . . . .

"H'it all hap'n befo' Genul Jacksin die. It was 'bout de time dat Mars' John 'clude it wor'n' good fur man t' be 'lone, en 'clude to 'bey de Scripture 'junctshun, en' go down de coas' to fetch him up a wife. But befo' he wen' he sot he's house in order, so to speak. He'd ben livin' to heseff in de log cabin his pa put up w'en he fus' cl'ared de place, but no wife er his'n wor'n gwine to be put down in dat little low-roof log-house 'hind de cotton-wood trees; so Mars' John, he sends all de way to Cincinnater fur de framework uv dis big house, en sech a sawin' en hammerin', en gardenin', en puttin' up uv hen-houses, en layin' down of brick walks, en pickin' out of yard folks from de fiel' han's! But Lige wor'n 'mongst 'em, no, sirs. Lige hed to stan' off en' look at h'it all wid his

finger in he's mouf. Den de crownin' glory come, in a new kerridge en' p'ar from Orleens. I ain' gwine tell no lie 'bout it, dis nigger's fingers did fa'rly itch t' git hol' uv dem spankin' bob-tail mar's. But Mars' John didn' have no use for a flat-nose, pock-mark, squatty nigger lak me, *den*. I wuz good 'nough to drive he's mule team t' de landin', arter a load er freight, or t' haul his cott'n crop t' town, but not t' set up on dat kerridge-box en drive he's wife. No, sirs. He done bought a driver same time he bought de kerridge en' de mar's. A gemmun ob color he wuz, he wor'n' no nigger. A black monkey I called him, wi' his ha'r smellin' of grease, en his dandy ways, en all dat. En' I larfe to myself to think er dat boy tryin' to manage dem skittish bob-tails, as day prance over de bridges and crost de bayers en froo dese woods er ourn. Well, sirs, de day done come w'en Mars' John was t' git home wid he's new wife. French John had he's orders to be at de landin' wid de horses en kerridge, en' I hed mine to be dar wid de mule-team to fotch out de baggidge. Well, sirs, we wuz dar, French John wid de new kerridge en me wid de fo'-mule wagin. I tuk Sam Baker 'long t' help wid de trunks. De boat was late. Boats mos' generally is late w'en you's waitin' fur 'em. Mr. Creole Nigger he strut 'bout dar showin' off in Mars' John's las' winter overcoat en a new hat, a crackin' uv his bran' new kerridge whip lak Fofe uv July firecrackers at fus', but come pres-en'ly, I sees Mr. Creo' slippin' crost de levee to Mack Williams's sto'. I sez to myseff, go it, nigger; ef you knowed es much 'bout Mack Williams's whiskey as dis nigger does, you'd be mighty shy of techin' it w'en you got t' drive w'ite folks home in de dark wid de mud 'bout axle deep. But it wor'n none er my lookout. I wor'n' put dar t' keep French John straight, and I allers were principled 'gainst meddlin' wid w'at wor'n none er my biziness. 'My brudder!' En I should a ben he's keeper! No, sirs; French John wor'n' none er my brudder. I didn' come from no sech stock, *I* tell you. Well, de long en de short of it wuz, de boat done come finally, en I see Mars' John a steppin' crost de gang-plank wid he's head high up in de a'r, en a hangin' to he's arm de purties' sort uv a lady (I tell you ol' Miss were a stunner in her young days), en' French John, yere he come, jus' a cavortin' crost de levee mekin' dem skittish mar's jump ev'y foot uv de way t' de chune of dat crackin' whip. Mars' John he gin 'im one black look, den he call out, sorter loud like, 'Is Lige Rankin here?' Lige were thar sho'es you is bo'n; en' he say, 'Git up on dat box en tak dem reins.' Lige didn' need no secon' axin'. I was dar, en' I hed dem reins in my hands fo' Mr. Creo' knew wa't hu't him. French John he went home layin' in a heap on top a bale er baggin' in de fo' mule wagin. En Lige Rankin, well, he done hol' dem reins frum dat day to dis. But w'at de use er goin' so fur back? All dat happin' fo' Genul Jacksin die."

The carriage that brought the bride home on that memorable occasion is a wreck and a relic now. It has stood motionless in one corner of the carriage-house while the dust of years accumulated on its cracked and wrinkled curtains. It is the favorite retreat of an ancient Dominick hen, who lays her eggs under the back seat and broods over them periodically in peaceful immunity from fresh-egg fiends; but it is a sacred relic in Uncle Lige's estimation, and no vehicle will ever be just the same to him. The bride he brought home in triumph then sits in the easiest chair in the warmest nook by the fireside in winter, or the shadiest spot on the gallery in the summer, and the young men and maidens of the household do reverence to her years and her virtues. To Uncle Lige she is something only a little lower than the angels, for to her gentle sway he owes the many additional accomplishments that became his after he was enrolled among the yard-folks.

Ol' Miss was the making of him, he candidly admits. As the Caruthers place, with its isolation from its neighbors and its environment of mud, did not offer temptations for the idle luxury of a daily drive, the carriage and horses were kept as conveyances, and in the long intervals of their appearance at the front door, up to which Uncle Lige delighted in driving with as broad a sweep as the front yard would permit of, his duties apart from driving were well defined and numerous. The large garden, where vegetables and flowers flourished amicably side by side, was his to work by day and to guard by night. Set into one side of the tall picket-fence was a tiny cabin of one room and a lean-to that goes by the name of the gardener's house. Within, its walls are hung thick with bags of seeds of the watermelons, cantaloupes, lima beans, and innumerable other esculents of his own preservation, for Uncle Lige has slight faith in "sto' seed." The whitewashed joists are gay with strings of red pepper, garlands of okra pods, and the bright yellow balsam apple, whose curative qualities when steeped in whiskey are sure and far-famed. Many a quart of whiskey finds its way into Uncle Lige's locker, brought hither by the recipient of cut or burn or bruise, who craves the balsam of which Uncle Lige always has good store in exchange for the fiery liquid the old man craves. The shed in front of the gardener's house is wreathed about with a rich climbing rose that would grace a palace, but it is a thing of small account in the old man's eyes. Ol' Miss, in his estimation, wastes much good ground and time, too, in the cultivation of her roses, and jasmines, and violets, and lady slippers, and dahlias, and tuberoses. It had much better be put in pindars or rutabagas; but, though neither the beauty nor the sweetness of the flowers appeals to any of his senses, it is her wish to have them, and it would go hard with Lige before they should suffer neglect at his hands. Seen by the moonlight, or yet more vaguely by the glimmer of

the distant stars, the long spacious garden over which Uncle Lige reigns supreme is a peaceful and pretty object, with its neat squares of erect cabbages, bordered with bright-hued zinnias, its feathery-topped carrot bed, tipped at the edges with glowing gladioli, its green tangled masses of watermelon vines, hiding not only the dark glossy fruit so dear to the universal palate, but deadly spring-guns which Uncle Lige has placed judiciously and so arranged by a system of telegraphic strings running into his cabin floor that the soundest sleep he is capable of falling into will be shattered at the first marauding footfall. None of the white family lay any claim to the garden or its fruitage. It is emphatically Uncle Lige's garden, and visitors to the big house must always pay it their meed of admiration under his personal supervision. He is conscious that it stands unrivalled in all the country-side, and is not averse to being told so over and over again. . . . .

It was to Uncle Lige the boys came for instruction in rowing, and riding, and gunning. It was he who taught them the rhythm of the oars and the dexterous art of "feathering" that sent the clear water of the lake rippling away in fairy rings from the shining blades; it was he who "broke" their ponies for them and plodded patiently at their heads until they grew ashamed of his protection; it was the prowess of his gun that kept the family table supplied with ducks, and snipe, and partridges, and made the boys his eager pupils and his envious admirers. But the day came when the boys rode away from the big house, leaving behind them their ponies, with other childish things; when the yellow curls and the blue eyes of the child who tried in vain to inoculate him with buds from the tree of knowledge, were seen less seldom in the cabin in the garden; for days of anxious watching and tumultuous effort had come to the women of the land, who had sent away from them all who were strong enough of heart and hand to do a patriot's part. It was then that Uncle Lige's executive ability and loyal affection for his "w'ite folks" had full and vigorous play.

"Take care of your mistress and my daughter, old man," the master had said, wringing old Lige's hand, as he too, when the fight waxed hotter and thicker, went off to the front. How proudly the old man's heart swelled within him when the mistress, whom he regarded only as a trifle lower than the angels, turned to him for advice at almost every juncture! How eagerly he spent himself that the comforts his "w'ite folks" were accustomed to should not fail them through any mismanagement or neglect on his part! And when grim gunboats began to sentinel the river, putting a period to all communication with the master and the boys, and gradually drawing the cordon still closer, until the necessities of life grew few and hard to procure, it was Uncle Lige, who, loading a skiff with sweet-potatoes and pecans, and paddling softly out

into the river, under cover of thick darkness, came back with a wondrous supply of tea and coffee that his "w'ite folks" consumed with a guilty sensation of disloyalty, but with a relish born of a nauseous experience of burned okra coffee and sassafras tea.

Uncle Lige was never absent from the yard about the big house during the entire period of his administration but once besides this; then it was for four days and nights. It was a notable journey, and has been embodied among his reminiscent narratives. It was no desertion of the post of duty; it was, on the contrary, the taking on of a graver responsibility for the sake of the "young Miss" who ranked next in his affections to the master's wife, "ol' Miss."

The blue eyes he had watched from the cradle were growing faded from excessive weeping, the springing step he had found it hard to keep pace with in brighter days was growing heavy and listless. "Missy was pinin'." He knew well what for. There had gone away from her one even dearer than father or brother. Lige knew of the rumors that had floated to the big house concerning him. He was sick. He was in hospital at Vicksburg. The old man conceived an heroic resolve. Perhaps he could get him home. Then the light would come back to his "dear chile's" eyes and the elasticity to her step. It was hard to go away without telling "ol' Miss," but if he should fail it would be worse than ever. For a little while they must think what they would of him. They did think unspeakable things of him. "Lige had gone over to the enemy!" Who then could be relied on? There was no special discomfort entailed by his disappearance. He had seen to all that, and a son of his own loins assumed his duties *pro tem.* But no one could supply Lige's place. The mistress marvelled and moaned; the girl for whose sake he was consenting to be cruelly misunderstood for a little while, waxed wordy in her indignation, and said in her haste he was a traitor. How harshly all her hot words came back to her when one evening, as she paced the long gallery of the big house, watching with listless gaze the sun set in a blaze of purple and gold, wondering bitterly in her sore heart why men must fight and women must weep, the wooden latch of the front gate was lifted by a quick hand, and there, coming up the walk, leaning heavily on old Lige's arm, was the one of all others in the wide world she most yearned to see! She was down the steps and by his side in a second, wondering, laughing, crying, the light already back in her eyes and the buoyancy of her heart communicating itself to her step.

"I fotch him, Missy," was all old Lige said at that moment, but later on he told them how he had travelled by night in his staunch and well-provisioned little skiff, lying by in wooded coves by day, eluding pursuit, laboring untiringly, encouraging the sick and heartsore boy, who lay

in the boat on his heap of blankets; reaping his reward beforehand in the reflection that he was carrying peace and joy back to his "dear chile," and that "ol' Miss" herself would approve of his course of conduct.

But all that was since "Genul Jacksin" died, and although Lige's days of active service are wellnigh over, the cabin with the climbing roses is still his own, and if he does not wield the shovel and the hoe as vigorously in the garden beds it overlooks, nor drive the family carriage with as lofty an assumption of dignity, his sway is just as autocratic and his worth as highly rated as on the day when he supplanted French John.

Arthur Gilman.

BORN in Alton, Ill., 1837.

"THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID."

[*The Story of the Saracens.* 1886.]

WE have now reached that brilliant period in the history of the world when the heroes of romance were ruling at once—imperial Charlemagne in the west and capricious Harun al Rashid in the east, and we can scarcely turn the pages on which the record of the times is written without expecting to see a paladin of the one start up before us, or to have our ears ravished by the seductive voice of Queen Scheherazade telling her romantic tales. The familiar picture of the period is crowded with jinns, efreets, and ghouls; minarets burnished with gold shine from every quarter; gayly-lighted pleasure barges float on the waters of the Tigris; deadly cimeters flash before our startled eyes; we are introduced to caves in which thieves gorged with gold have hoarded their ill-gotten wealth; we tread the streets of Bagdad by night in company with caliphs true and false; we hear the sound of a voice calling upon us to exchange old lamps for new; we enter the gorgeous palace of the four-and-twenty windows, and as we behold the unfinished one, exclaim with the poet:

> "Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And the lost clew regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain. . . .
>
> "So I wander and wander along,
> And forever before me gleams
> The shining city of song,
> In the beautiful land of dreams."

It is a land of dreams to most of the world, but it was far otherwise to the citizens of Bagdad then. To them Harun was a flesh-and-blood monarch; his cimeter was no phantasm of a dream; his caprices were not the entertaining story of a fascinating Persian genius; the brilliant Oriental imagination had not yet wrought out its rich pages of adventure and despotic marvels; the people of Bagdad did not smile at the erratic deeds of their chief ruler: to them he was one whose words made every subject tremble, lest the fate of the Barmecides, perchance, might be theirs; lest the whirling cimeter of the executioner should cut through their own necks. The people who in that day were borne "adown the Tigris,"

> "By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
> High-walled gardens green and old,"

who rested beneath the citron shadows, who saw

> "The costly doors flung open wide,
> Cold glittering through the lamplight dim,
> And broidered sofas on each side,"

did not enjoy the charms of the scenes they were surrounded by so much as we may now; for every step they took was dogged by fear—fear that was based upon ghastly experience of the tyranny and peremptory savagery of the "good" Harun al Rashid, of which poetry so gayly speaks to us to-day.

The reign of this monarch, who raised the greatness of the caliphate higher than it had ever before been carried, was divided into two periods, during the first of which the sovereign, giving himself up to the enjoyment of luxurious ease, permitted his ministers, the sons of Barmek, to send his armies hither and thither in search of conquests or in efforts to put down risings against his power. This period closed in 803, and the affairs of the caliph then fell into a state of confusion which only grew worse after his death in 809.

The Barmecides were patrons of arts, letters, and science, and encouraged men of learning to make their homes at the capital; Harun sympathized in this policy, and Bagdad became magnificent almost beyond the power of words to express to readers accustomed to the comparative simplicity of nineteenth-century magnificence. In the progress of Bagdad the caliph's brother Ibrahim, a man of parts, who afterwards became a claimant for supreme power, was a helper not to be left out of the account. The chief vizier, who bore the burdens of state, as the title signifies, was Yahya, son of Kalid, son of Barmek; and he it was who encouraged trade, regulated the internal administration of government in every respect, fortified the frontiers, and made the provinces prosperous by making them safe. Jaafer, his son, governed Syria and

Egypt, besides having other responsibilities. The family was an ornament to the forehead and a crown on the head of the caliph, as the chroniclers relate; they were brilliant stars, vast oceans, impetuous torrents, beneficent rains, the refuge of the afflicted, the comfort of the distressed, and so generous are they represented that the story of their beneficence reads like a veritable page from the Thousand and One Nights.

The Alyites rose in Africa in 792, and the Barmecides put them down; dissensions broke out at Damascus, at Mosul, in Egypt, among the Karejites, but they were restrained by the strong ministers, and all the while the caliph pursued his career as patron of arts and letters; wits and musicians thronged about him; grammarians and poets, jurists and divines, alike were encouraged in their chosen pursuits. In 802, a new emperor came to the throne at Constantinople; Nicephorus usurped the place of Irene. He courted Charlemagne on the west, and insulted Harun on the east. He sent a letter to the caliph, saying:

"From Nicephorus, King of the Greeks, to Harun, King of the Arabs.

"The queen considered you as a rook and herself as a pawn; she submitted to pay tribute to you, though she ought to have exacted twice as much from you. A man speaks to you now; therefore send back the tribute you have received, otherwise the sword shall be umpire between me and thee!"

To this haughty note Harun replied:

"In the name of Allah most merciful!

"Harun al Rashid, Commander of the Faithful, to Nicephorus, the Roman dog.

"I have read thy letter, O thou son of an unbelieving mother! Thou shalt not hear but behold my reply!"

The caliph set forth that very day; he plundered, burned, and completely conquered the region about Heraclea, in Bithynia. Nicephorus sued for peace, which was granted him on condition that the usual tribute should now be paid twice a year. Scarcely had the caliph reached his palace, when the treacherous emperor broke the treaty, and Harun advanced upon him over the Taurus mountains in spite of the inclement winter weather, with an army of one hundred and twenty-five thousand men. Heraclea and other fortresses were again taken, and this time dismantled, and peace was once more agreed upon.

At about this period, Harun became jealous of his great ministers, the Barmecides, one of whom had secretly married his sister, and decreed their ruin. With the usual Oriental treachery, the different members of the family were taken and imprisoned for life or slaughtered, to the last man. In this case, as in many others in the Saracen history, no sentiment of gratitude for all that had been accomplished by the faithful servants was taken into account; though Harun is said to have shed

tears over the fate of the two children of his sister and Yahya, he did not allow such sentimental weakness to interfere with his atrocious purpose. There had been enemies of the Barmecides at court, some of whom had lost their offices on the advent of the favorites, and these had endeavored to prejudice the mind of the caliph against them. As Persians they were naturally hated, and these enemies accused them of disloyal ambition. When they found themselves unable to carry their point in this way, they accused the Barmecides, with more grounds, of infidelity, and doubtless they were thought nihilists by many, for they had little sympathy with Islam. Harun was himself exceedingly orthodox, and very scrupulous in obeying such of the laws of his religion as he did not care to break, and though at the time he paid little attention to this accusation, he found it convenient to remember when he had determined to overthrow his favorites. . . . .

When Harun was assured that his last moment had almost arrived, he chose his shroud, ordered his grave prepared, and then superintended the savage butchery of one of the captured revolters, causing his body to be cut to pieces limb by limb in his presence. Two days after this ghastly performance, he died, breathing his last at the capital of Korassan (A.D. 809). In accordance with an agreement to which he had caused his sons Amin and Mamun to swear within the sacred enclosures of the Kaaba, on the occasion of the last of his many pilgrimages, Harun was succeeded by his eldest son Amin.

Whitelaw Reid.

BORN near Xenia, Ohio, 1837.

SHERMAN, THE SOLDIER.

[*Ohio in the War.* 1868.]

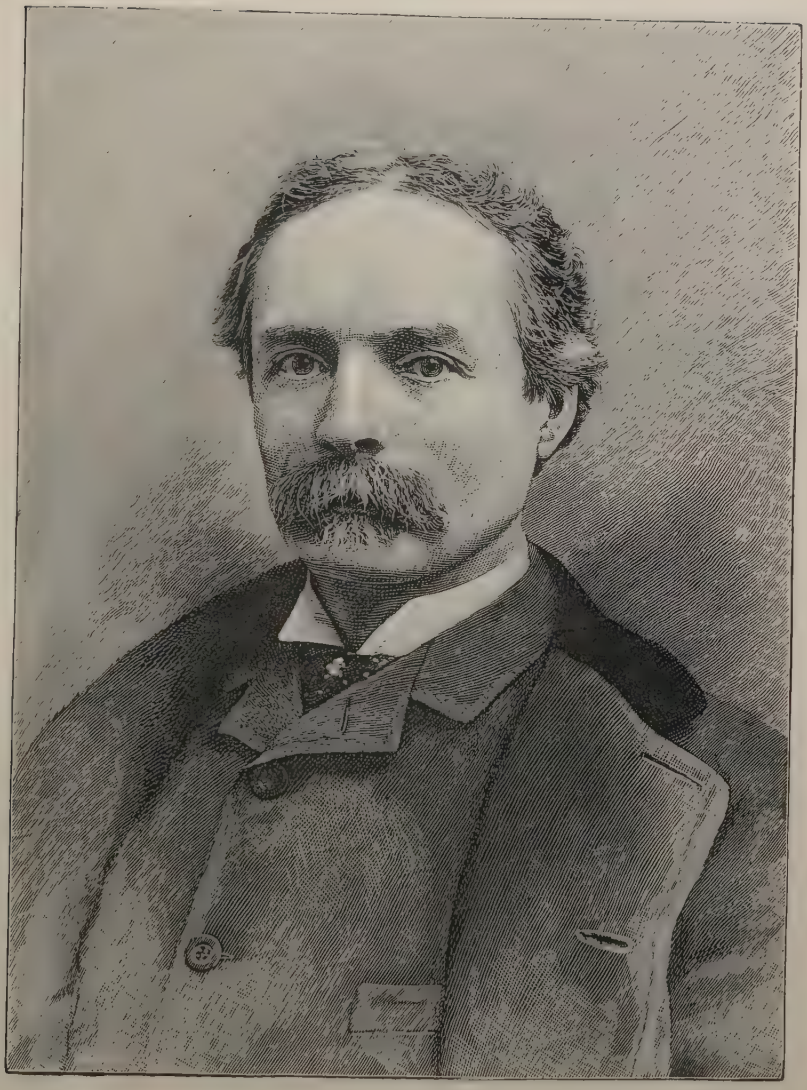
PERHAPS the briefest expression of General Sherman's professional character may be found in the reversal of a well-known apothegm by Kinglake. He is too warlike to be military. Yet, like most applications of such sayings, this is only partially just. He is indeed warlike by nature, and his ardor often carries him beyond mere military rules—sometimes to evil, as at Kenesaw, sometimes to great glory, as in the march to the sea. Yet in many things he is devoted to the severest military methods. In moving, supplying, and manœuvring great armies—undertakings in which rigid adherence to method is vital—he is with-

out a rival or an equal. In the whole branch of the logistics of war he is the foremost general of the country, and worthy to be named beside the foremost of the century.

As a strategist he has displayed inferior but still brilliant powers. He cannot here be declared without a rival. He is indeed to be named after one or two generals who have achieved a much smaller measure of success. But the single campaign in which he was enabled to make a worthy display of his strategy against a worthy antagonist will long be studied as a happy exemplification of the art of war. In the campaigns through Georgia and the Carolinas he was unworthily opposed, and his superiority of force was for the most part overwhelming; but he still carried the same skill into the management of his columns, and drew an impenetrable veil of mystery over his movements. His topographical knowledge was wonderful; and it is to be observed that he never seemed burdened with the manifold details which he accumulated, but, rising above them, took in their import with a *coup d'œil* as comprehensive as it was minute.

In his plans there was often a happy mingling of audacity with system; of defiance of military methods in the conception with a skilful use of them in the execution. It was unmilitary, as he himself said, to turn his back on Hood and set out for Savannah; but there was no unmilitary looseness in the order of march or in the handling of the cavalry. It was audacious to project his army into the heart of Georgia, along a thread of railroad that for hundreds of miles was vulnerable at almost every point; but there was no unmilitary audacity in the care which established secondary depots along the route, or in the system which pervaded the whole railroad management and made it a marvel forever. Into all these details, too, he personally entered. He turned from a study of Joseph E. Johnston's latest move to specify the kinds of return-freight the railroad might carry; from the problem of what to do with Atlanta after he got it, to the status of news-agents, and the issue of a decree that the newspapers might be transported but not the newsboys. Through such minute matters his wonderful energy carried him; and when he turned to the larger problems before him, not one trace of fatigue from the labor or confusion from the details blurred the clearness of vision which he brought to the determination of Hood's purposes, or to the estimate of the difficulties between him and Savannah.

There was unconscious egotism in his beginning a long letter to Grant about his plans with the phrase: "I still have some thoughts in my busy brain that should be confided to you." But it expressed the embodied energy and force of the man. His brain was a busy one—always seeking something new, always revolving a thousand chances that might never occur, always roving over the whole field that he filled,



Whitelaw Reid.

and into many an obscure quarter besides. Physically and mentally he was the most uniformly restless man in the army.

Out of this sprang many of those hasty opinions—dashed off on the spur of the moment, and expressed with his usual looseness of language and habit of exaggerating for the sake of emphasis—to which, in their literal meanings, it would be so hard to hold him. No man at the close of the war was probably more opposed at heart to the policy of confiscation: but, in the heat of an argument with the people of Huntsville, in the first days of 1864, he declared himself in favor of confiscation if the war should last another year. No man probably knew better than he how hollow was the shell of the Confederacy, and how near its collapse; but in the heat of an argument with the Secretary of War against negro recruiting he declared, late in the autumn of 1864, that the war was but fairly begun. No man was more committed to the theory of overwhelmingly large armies, and for himself he demanded at least a hundred thousand on starting for Atlanta; but, in arguing with Halleck against a concentration with Grant, he declared that no general could handle more than sixty thousand men in battle. . . . .

He was liable, too, to amazing twists of logic in defence of positions to which he had once committed himself. Before the Committee on the Conduct of the War he swore to his knowledge that, if President Lincoln had lived, he would have sanctioned the treaty with Johnston. Yet, when he took this oath, he had seen Mr. Lincoln's despatch to Grant peremptorily forbidding him to meddle in civil affairs. He considered himself fully authorized by the President to undertake civil negotiations. Yet, when he was asked to produce his authority, the most tangible thing he could show was this: "I feel great interest in the subjects of your despatch mentioning corn and sorghum, and contemplate a visit to you.—A. Lincoln." And the only feature in the despatch, to which this cautious and non-committal reply was sent, that referred to civil negotiations, was as follows: "Governor Brown has disbanded his militia to gather the corn and sorghum of the State. I have reason to believe that he and Stephens want to visit me, and I have sent them a hearty invitation." Such, on the oath of General Sherman, was authority for making peace with General Johnston and the rebel Secretary of War, "from the Potomac to the Rio Grande." Nay, it was even more. It was a ground for the arraignment of the new administration because of the neglect to explain its civil policy to him. "It is not fair," he exclaimed, "to withhold plans and policy from me (if any there be) and expect me to guess at them." . . . .

In his logical processes there was little stopping-place between absolute disbelief or absolute conviction. By consequence he was apt to be either vehemently right or vehemently wrong—in any event, vehement

in all things. If he agreed with the Government, well. If he disagreed with it, the Government was wrong! That this dangerous quality did not lead to irreparable mischief was due partly to fortunate circumstances, but largely also to that instinctive loyalty which led the conservative principal of the Louisiana Military Institute to abandon his congenial position rather than "raise a hand against the Union of these States."

He was as prompt to learn his mistakes as he was to deny that he had made mistakes. He learned indeed with a rapidity that showed not only the extent of his theoretical knowledge, but his remarkable natural capacity for war. He made many mistakes after Pittsburg Landing, but he rarely repeated old ones. With every campaign he learned and rose. When Grant, turning eastward, left him the Valley of the Mississippi for his Department, he was equal to it. When, before Savannah, he faced north, to bear his part in the colossal campaign that ended the war, he was not indeed the safest, but beyond question the most brilliant general in the army. More than Grant, more, perhaps, than any of the less noted generals who might be named beside him, he had displayed not merely military talent but military genius.

THE PURSUIT OF POLITICS.

[*The Scholar in Politics. A Commencement Address.* 1873.]

WHAT I wish first of all to insist upon is the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed, of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to his Maker, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow-men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual, or number of individuals; and the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics. The course and current of men in masses—that is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions. To do the same for communities is the business of politics. To aid in developing a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of the nation, to fix the fate of generations—is this not as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as despicable as you may, but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns. . . . .

What is the legitimate function of scholars in this business?

It is a notable tendency of the men of the highest and finest culture everywhere to antagonize existing institutions. Exceptional influences eliminated, the scholar is pretty sure to be opposed to the established. The universities of Germany contain the deadliest foes to the absolute authority of the Kaiser. The scholars of France prepared the way for the first revolution, and were the most dangerous enemies of the imperial adventurer who betrayed the second. Charm he never so wisely, he could never charm the Latin Quarter; make what contributions to literature he would, he could never gain the suffrage of the Academy. While the prevailing parties in our own country were progressive and radical, the temper of our colleges was to the last degree conservative. As our politics settled into the conservative tack, a fresh wind began to blow about the college seats, and literary men at last furnished inspiration for the splendid movement that swept slavery from the statute-book, and made us a free nation. . . . .

"The worst legacy," says Mr. Froude, as his conclusion of the whole matter, "which princes or statesmen could bequeath to their country, would be the resolution of all its perplexities, the establishment once and forever of a finished system, which would neither require nor tolerate improvement." While the scholars of a land do their duty, no such system will be created. Wise unrest will always be their chief trait. We may set it down as, within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very foremost function of the scholar in politics, *To oppose the established.*

And the next is like unto it. Always, in a free government, we may expect parties, in their normal state, to stand to each other somewhat in the relation described by Mr. Emerson as existing between the Democratic and Whig parties, both now happily extinct. The one, he said, had the best cause, the other the best men. Always we shall have, under some new name, and with new watchwords, the old Conservative party, dreading change, gathering to itself the respectability of experience and standing and success, having in its ranks most of the men whom the country has proved on the questions of yesterday, and therefore, by that halting, conservative logic which is so natural, on one side so just, and yet so often delusive, prefers to trust on the wholly different questions of to-day and to-morrow. Always, again, we shall have the party of revolt from these philosophers of yesterdays—the party that disputes the established, that demands change, that insists upon new measures for new emergencies, that refuses to recognize the rule of the past as the necessary rule for them. It is the party that gathers to itself all the restless, all the extravagant, all the crack-brained, all the men with hobbies and missions and spheres. Here, too, as of old unto David,

gather themselves every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented. And so we have again, just as in the old Democratic days, just as in the old Free-Soil days, just as in the old Republican days, before Republicanism, too, in its turn became powerful and conservative, the disreputable party of conglomerate material, repulsive appearance, and splendid possibilities, the perpetual antagonist of conservatism, the perpetual party of to-morrow. Need I say where it seems to me the American scholar belongs? He has too rarely been found there as yet. Mr. Bright's Cave of Adullam has not seemed an inviting retreat for the shy, scholastic recluse, or for the well-nurtured favorite of academic audiences. But Mr. Bright and our scholars have alike forgotten their history. The disreputable Adullamites came to rule Israel! As for the scholar, the laws of his intellectual development may be trusted to fix his place. Free thought is necessarily aggressive and critical. The scholar, like the healthy, red-blooded young man, is an inherent, an organic, an inevitable radical. It is his business to reverse the epigram of Emerson, and put the best men and the best cause together. And so we may set down, as a second function of the American scholar in politics, *An intellectual leadership of the radicals.*

No great continuous class can be always in the wrong; and even the time-honored class of the croakers have reason when they say that in our politics the former times were better than these. We do not have so many great men as formerly in public life. De Tocqueville explains the undeniable fact—far more conspicuous now, indeed, than in his time—by what he calls "the ever-increasing despotism of the majority in the United States." "This power of the majority," he continues, "is so absolute and irresistible that one must give up his rights as a citizen, and almost abjure his qualities as a man, if he intends to stray from the track which it prescribes." The declaration is extravagant, yet who that has seen the ostracism of our best men for views wherein they were only in advance of their times, will doubt that the tyranny of party and the intolerance of independent opinion among political associates constitute at once one of the most alarming symptoms of our politics and one of the evils of our society to be most strenuously resisted? We deify those who put what we think into fine phrases; we anathematize those who, thinking the opposite, put it into equally fine phrases; and we crucify those whom we have deified when they presume to disagree with us. . . . .

No citizen can do a higher duty than to resist the majority when he believes it wrong; to assert the right of individual judgment and maintain it; to cherish liberty of thought and speech and action against the tyranny of his own or any party. Till that tyranny, yearly growing more burdensome, as the main object of an old party becomes more and

more the retention or the regaining of power, instead of the success of the fresh, vivid principles on which new parties are always organized—till that tyranny is in some measure broken, we shall get few questions considered on their merits, and fail, as we are failing, to bring the strongest men into the service of the State. Here, then, is another task in our politics, for which the scholar is peculiarly fitted by the liberality and independence to which he has been trained; and we may set it down as another of the functions whose discharge we have the right to expect at his hands, *To resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as theoretical liberty of thought.*

A great difference between the man of culture and the man without it, is that the first knows the other side. A great curse of our present politics is that your heated partisan never does. He cannot understand how there should be any other side. It seems to him disloyal to have any other side. He is always in doubt about the final salvation of the man who takes the other side, and always sorry that there should be any doubt about it. We have good warrant to expect from the scholar a freedom from prejudice, an open hospitality to new ideas, and an habitual moderation of thought and feeling—in a word, what Mr. Whipple has felicitously called a temper neither stupidly conservative nor malignantly radical, that shall make it among the most valuable of his functions to bring into our politics the element they now so sadly need: *Candid consideration of every question on its individual merits; fairness to antagonists and a willingness always to hear the other side.*

Kate Neely Festetits.

Born in Warrenton, Va., 1837.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

THE happy Christmas-time draws near;
Full are the hours of glad expectancy;
Dull cares and common for a while have flown,
And through the household music creeps a tone
Of hushed and hidden glee;
For still the blessed joy-time of the year
Is sacred unto thoughts of all the heart holds dear.

The children run about,
Trying vainly to keep out
The mischievous shining from their eyes

That might reveal the tale—
Full of some wonderful surprise,
Which none must venture even to surmise
Till Christmas lifts the veil.
The spirit of loving industry,
Of happy secrets, and of merry mystery,
Fills all the house, till every guarded room
With hidden flowers of love begins to bloom.

Even the little ones are busy too,
There is so much to do!
They fetch and carry, flutter here and there,
With most important air,
And choose their longest stockings out,
With never a thought of doubt,
The good Kriss Kringle's bounty to receive.
All things they hope, all things believe;
May God keep whole
The sweet child-trust in each young, innocent soul!

The dear house-mother smiles,
And does not seem to see,
Herself entangled also in the wiles
Of Christmas mystery.
With well-feigned sober mien,
And lip and brow serene,
Her cunningest devices she applies
To slip the scrutiny of eager eyes,
And hides away upon the closet-shelf
Parcels of shape and size
That could have only come from Santa Claus himself.

The busy hum pervades
Kitchen as well as hall,
And dainties hidden from the schoolboy's raids
Come forth in answer to the Christmas call.
Odors of spice and plum
From the far precincts come;
And sounds suggestive (now the eggs they beat,
Now chop the apples) tempt the little feet,
Brighten the laughing eyes,
And set small mouths a-watering
For Christmas cake and pies.

The blessèd day draws nigh;
The ruddy lads come in, their arms piled high
With Christmas boughs of cedar, fir, and pine,
Red-berried holly and green ivy-vine.
The incense-like perfume
Hallows each happy room;
The house is beautiful with Christmas cheer:
It is the gay time of the year!

O Christ, who on this Christmas morn,
Long years ago,
While angels sang the chime
For the first Christmas-time,
Of a poor maid wast born,
And laid'st thy kingly head
Beneath the humble shed
Where sad-eyed oxen munch the bruisèd corn,
And milch-kine for their weanlings low,—
O Christ, be pitiful this day!
Let none un-Christmased go;
Let no poor wretch in vain for help implore,
Let none from any door,
Unwarmed, unfed,
No kind word said,
Helpless, be turned away.
For thine own sake, we pray!

William Dean Howells.

Born in Martin's Ferry, Belmont Co., Ohio, 1837.

VENETIAN VAGABONDS.

[*Venetian Life.* 1867.—*Fourteenth Edition.* 1888.]

THE lasagnone is a loafer, as an Italian can be a loafer, without the admixture of ruffianism, which blemishes most loafers of northern race. He may be quite worthless, and even impertinent, but he cannot be a rowdy—that pleasing blossom on the nose of our fast, high-fed, thick-blooded civilization. In Venice he must not be confounded with other loiterers at the caffè; not with the natty people who talk politics interminably over little cups of black coffee; not with those old habitués, who sit forever under the Procuratie, their hands folded upon the tops of their sticks, and staring at the ladies who pass with a curious steadfastness and knowing skepticism of gaze, not pleasing in the dim eyes of age; certainly, the last persons who bear any likeness to the lasagnone are the Germans, with their honest, heavy faces comically anglicized by leg-of-mutton whiskers. The truth is, the lasagnone does not flourish in the best caffè; he comes to perfection in cheaper resorts, for he is commonly not rich. It often happens that a glass of water, flavored with a little anisette, is the order over which he sits a whole evening. He knows the waiter intimately, and does not call him "Shop!" (*Bottéga*) as less familiar people do, but Gigi, or Beppi, as the waiter is

pretty sure to be named. "Behold!" he says, when the servant places his modest drink before him, "who is that loveliest blonde there?" Or to his fellow-lasagnone: "She regards me! I have broken her heart!" This is his sole business and mission, the cruel lasagnone—to break ladies the heart. He spares no condition—neither rank nor wealth is any defence against him. I often wonder what is in that note he continually shows to his friend. The confession of some broken heart, I think. When he has folded it and put it away, he chuckles, "*Ah, cara!*" and sucks at his long, slender, Virginia cigar. It is unlighted, for fire consumes cigars. I never see him read the papers—neither the Italian papers nor the Parisian journals, though if he can get "Galignani" he is glad, and he likes to pretend to a knowledge of English, uttering upon occasion, with great relish, such distinctively English words as "Yes" and "Not," and to the waiter, "A-little-fire-if-you-please." He sits very late in the caffè, and he touches his hat—his curly French hat—to the company as he goes out with a mild swagger, his cane held lightly in his left hand, his coat cut snugly to show his hips, and genteelly swaying with the motion of his body. He is a dandy, of course—all Italians are dandies—but his vanity is perfectly harmless, and his heart is not bad. He would go half an hour out of his way to put you in the direction of the Piazza. A little thing can make him happy—to stand in the pit at the opera, and gaze at the ladies in the lower boxes—to attend the Marionette, or the Malibran Theatre, and imperil the peace of pretty seamstresses and contadinas—to stand at the church doors and ogle the fair saints as they pass out. Go, harmless lasagnone, to thy lodging in some mysterious height, and break hearts if thou wilt. They are quickly mended.

Of other vagabonds in Venice, if I had my choice, I think I must select a certain ruffian who deals in dog-flesh, as the nearest my ideal of what a vagabond should be in all respects. He stands habitually under the Old Procuratie, beside a basket of small puppies in that snuffling and quivering state which appears to be the favorite condition of very young dogs, and occupies himself in conversation with an adjacent dealer in grapes and peaches, or sometimes fastidiously engages in trimming the hair upon the closely shaven bodies of the dogs; for in Venice it is the ambition of every dog to look as much like the Lion of St. Mark as the nature of the case will permit. My vagabond at times makes expeditions to the groups of travellers always seated in summer before the Caffè Florian, appearing at such times with a very small puppy—neatly poised upon the palm of his hand, and winking pensively—which he advertises to the company as a "beautiful beast," or a "lovely babe," according to the inspiration of his light and pleasant fancy. I think the latter term is used generally as a means of ingratiation with the ladies, to

whom my vagabond always shows a demeanor of agreeable gallantry. I never saw him sell any of these dogs, nor ever in the least cast down by his failure to do so. His air is grave but not severe; there is even, at times, a certain playfulness in his manner, possibly attributable to sciampagnin. His curling black locks, together with his velveteen jacket and pantaloons, are oiled and glossy, and his beard is cut in the French-imperial mode. His personal presence is unwholesome, and it is chiefly his moral perfection as a vagabond that makes him fascinating. One is so confident, however, of his fitness for his position and business, and of his entire contentment with it, that it is impossible not to exult in him.

He is not without self-respect. I doubt, it would be hard to find any Venetian of any vocation, however base, who forgets that he, too, is a man and a brother. There is enough servility in the language—it is the fashion of the Italian tongue, with its *Tu* for inferiors, *Voi* for intimates and friendly equals, and *Lei* for superiors—but in the manner there is none, and there is a sense of equality in the ordinary intercourse of the Venetians at once apparent to foreigners.

All ranks are orderly; the spirit of aggression seems not to exist among them, and the very boys and dogs in Venice are so well behaved that I have never seen the slightest disposition in them to quarrel. Of course, it is of the street-boy—the *biricchino*, the boy in his natural, unreclaimed state—that I speak. This state is here, in winter, marked by a clouded countenance, bare head, tatters, and wooden-soled shoes open at the heels; in summer by a preternatural purity of person, by abandon to the amphibious pleasure of leaping off the bridges into the canals, and by an insatiable appetite for polenta, fried minnows, and watermelons.

When one of these boys takes to beggary, as a great many of them do, out of a spirit of adventure and wish to pass the time, he carries out the enterprise with splendid daring. A favorite artifice is to approach Charity with a slice of polenta in one hand, and, with the other extended, implore a soldo to buy cheese to eat with the polenta. The street-boys also often perform the duties of the *gransieri*, who draw your gondola to shore, and keep it firm with a hook. To this order of beggar I usually gave; but one day at the railway station I had no soldi, and as I did not wish to render my friend discontented with future alms by giving silver, I deliberately apologized, praying him to excuse me, and promising him for another time. I cannot forget the lofty courtesy with which he returned,—"*S'accomodi pur, Signor!*" They have sometimes a sense of humor, these poor swindlers, and can enjoy the exposure of their own enormities. An amiable rogue drew our gondola to land one evening when we went too late to see the church of San Giorgio Maggiore. The sacristan made us free of a perfectly dark church, and we rewarded him

as if it had been noonday. On our return to the gondola, the same beggar whom we had just feed held out his hat for another alms. "But we have just paid you," we cried in an agony of grief and desperation. "*Sì, signori!*" he admitted with an air of argument, "*è vero. Ma, la chiesa!*" (Yes, gentlemen, it is true. But the church!) he added with confidential insinuation, and a patronizing wave of the hand toward the edifice, as if he had been San Giorgio himself, and held the church as a source of revenue. This was too much, and we laughed him to scorn; at which, beholding the amusing abomination of his conduct, he himself joined in our laugh with a cheerfulness that won our hearts. . .

That exuberance of manner which one notes, the first thing, in his intercourse with Venetians, characterizes all classes, but is most excessive and relishing in the poor. There is a vast deal of ceremony with every order, and one hardly knows what to do with the numbers of compliments it is necessary to respond to. A Venetian does not come to see you, he comes to revere you; he not only asks if you be well when he meets you, but he bids you remain well at parting, and desires you to salute for him all common friends; he reverences you at leave-taking; he will sometimes consent to incommode you with a visit; he will relieve you of the disturbance when he rises to go. All spontaneous wishes, which must with us take original forms, for lack of the complimentary phrase, are formally expressed by him—good appetite to you, when you go to dinner; much enjoyment, when you go to the theatre; a pleasant walk, if you meet in promenade. He is your servant at meeting and parting; he begs to be commanded when he has misunderstood you. But courtesy takes its highest flights, as I hinted, from the poorest company. Acquaintances of this sort, when not on the *Ciò ciappa* footing, or that of the familiar thee and thou, always address each other in *Lei* (lordship), or *Elo*, as the Venetians have it; and their compliment-making at encounter and separation is endless: I salute you! Remain well! Master! Mistress! (*Paron! parona!*) being repeated as long as the polite persons are within hearing.

One day, as we passed through the crowded Merceria, an old Venetian friend of mine, who trod upon the dress of a young person before us, called out, "*Scusate, bella giovane!*" (Pardon, beautiful girl!) She was not so fair nor so young as I have seen women; but she half turned her face with a forgiving smile, and seemed pleased with the accident that had won her the amiable apology. The waiter of the caffè frequented by the people says to the ladies for whom he places seats: "Take this place, beautiful blonde"; or, "Sit here, lovely brunette," as it happens.

A Venetian who enters or leaves any place of public resort touches his hat to the company, and one day at the restaurant some ladies, who

had been dining there, said "*Complimenti!*" on going out, with a grace that went near to make the beefsteak tender. It is this uncostly gentleness of bearing which gives a winning impression of the whole people, whatever selfishness or real discourtesy lie beneath it. At home it sometimes seems that we are in such haste to live and be done with it, we have no time to be polite. Or is popular politeness merely a vice of servile peoples? And is it altogether better to be rude? I wish it were not. If you are lost in his city (and you are pretty sure to be lost there continually), a Venetian will go with you wherever you wish. And he will do this amiable little service out of what one may say old civilization has established in place of goodness of heart, but which is perhaps not so different from it.

You hear people in the streets bless each other in the most dramatic fashion. I once caught these parting words between an old man and a young girl:

Giovanetta. Revered sir! (*Patron riverito!*)

Vecchio. (With that peculiar backward wave and beneficent wag of the hand only possible to Italians.) Blessed child! (*Benedetta!*)

It was in a crowd, but no one turned round at the utterance of terms which Anglo-Saxons would scarcely use in their most emotional moments. The old gentleman who sells boxes for the theatre in the Old Procuratie always gave me his benediction when I took a box.

There is equal exuberance of invective, and I have heard many fine maledictions on the Venetian streets, but I recollect none more elaborate than that of a gondolier who, after listening peacefully to a quarrel between two other boatmen, suddenly took part against one of them, and saluted him with,—"Ah! baptized son of a dog! And if I had been present at thy baptism, I would have dashed thy brains out against the baptismal font!"

All the theatrical forms of passion were visible in a scene I witnessed in a little street near San Samuele, where I found the neighborhood assembled at doors and windows in honor of a wordy battle between two poor women. One of these had been forced in-doors by her prudent husband, and the other upbraided her across the marital barrier. The assailant was washing, and twenty times she left her tub to revile the besieged, who thrust her long arms out over those of her husband, and turned each reproach back upon her who uttered it, thus:

Assailant. Beast!

Besieged. Thou!

A. Fool!

B. Thou!

A. Liar!

B. Thou!

E via in seguito! At last the assailant, beating her breast with both hands, and tempestuously swaying her person back and forth, wreaked her scorn in one wild outburst of vituperation, and returned finally to her tub, wisely saying, on the purple verge of asphyxiation, "*O, non discorro più con gente.*"

I returned half an hour later, and she was laughing and playing sweetly with her babe.

It suits the passionate nature of the Italians to have incredible ado about buying and selling, and a day's shopping is a sort of campaign, from which the shopper returns plundered and discomfited, or laden with the spoil of vanquished shopmen.

The embattled commercial transaction is conducted in this wise:

The shopper enters and prices a given article. The shopman names a sum of which only the fervid imagination of the south could conceive as corresponding to the value of the goods.

The purchaser instantly starts back with a wail of horror and indignation, and the shopman throws himself forward over the counter with a protest that, far from being dear, the article is ruinously cheap at the price stated, though they may nevertheless agree for something less.

What, then, is the very most ultimate price?

Properly, the very most ultimate price is so much. (Say, the smallest trifle under the price first asked.)

The purchaser moves toward the door. He comes back, and offers one third of the very most ultimate price.

The shopman, with a gentle desperation, declares that the thing cost him as much. He cannot really take the offer. He regrets, but he cannot. That the gentleman would say something more! So much—for example. That he regard the stuff, its quality, fashion, beauty.

The gentleman laughs him to scorn. Ah, heigh! and, coming forward, he picks up the article and reviles it. Out of the mode, old, fragile, ugly of its kind.

The shopman defends his wares. There is not such quantity and quality elsewhere in Venice. But if the gentleman will give even so much (still something preposterous), he may have it, though truly its sale for that money is utter ruin.

The shopper walks straight to the door. The shopman calls him back from the threshold, or sends his boy to call him back from the street.

Let him accommodate himself—which is to say, take the thing at his own price.

He takes it.

The shopman says cheerfully, "*Servo suo!*"

The purchaser responds, "*Bon dì! Patron!*" (Good day! my master!)

Thus, as I said, every bargain is a battle, and every purchase a triumph or a defeat. The whole thing is understood; the opposing forces know perfectly well all that is to be done beforehand, and retire after the contest, like the captured knights in "*Morgante Maggiore*," "calm as oil" —however furious and deadly their struggle may have appeared to strangers.

CLEMENT.

[*Poems.* 1873.—*Revised Edition.* 1886.]

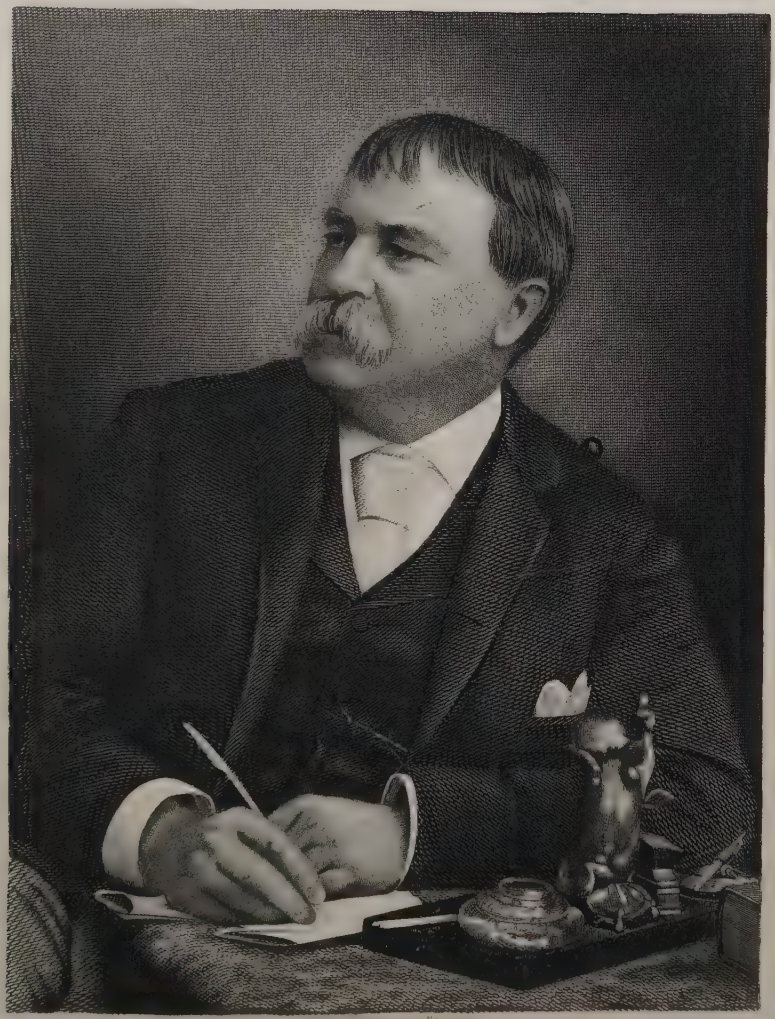
I.

THAT time of year, you know, when the summer, beginning to sadden,
Full-mooned and silver-misted, glides from the heart of September,
Mourned by disconsolate crickets, and iterant grasshoppers, crying
All the still nights long, from the ripened abundance of gardens;
Then, ere the boughs of the maples are mantled with earliest autumn,
But the wind of autumn breathes from the orchards at nightfall,
Full of winy perfume and mystical yearning and languor;
And in the noonday woods you hear the foraging squirrels,
And the long, crashing fall of the half-eaten nut from the tree-top;
When the robins are mute, and the yellow-birds, haunting the thistles,
Cheep, and twitter, and flit through the dusty lanes and the loppings,
When the pheasant booms from your stealthy foot in the cornfield,
And the wild-pigeons feed, few and shy, in the scoke-berry bushes;
When the weary land lies hushed, like a seer in a vision,
And your life seems but the dream of a dream which you cannot remember,—
Broken, bewildering, vague, an echo that answers to nothing!
That time of year, you know. They stood by the gate in the meadow,
Fronting the sinking sun, and the level stream of its splendor
Crimsoned the meadow-slope and woodland with tenderest sunset,
Made her beautiful face like the luminous face of an angel,
Smote through the pained gloom of his heart like a hurt to the sense, there.
Languidly clung about by the half-fallen shawl, and with folded
Hands, that held a few sad asters: "I sigh for this idyl
Lived at last to an end; and, looking on to my prose-life,"
With a smile, she said, and a subtle derision of manner,
"Better and better I seem, when I recollect all that has happened
Since I came here in June: the walks we have taken together
Through these darling meadows, and dear, old, desolate woodlands;
All our afternoon readings, and all our strolls through the moonlit
Village,—so sweetly asleep, one scarcely could credit the scandal,
Heartache, and trouble, and spite, that were hushed for the night, in its silence.
Yes, I am better. I think I could even be civil to *him* for his kindness,
Letting me come here without him. . . . But open the gate, Cousin Clement;
Seems to me it grows chill, and I think it is healthier in-doors.
—No, then! you need not speak, for I know well enough what is coming:

Bitter taunts for the past, and discouraging views of the future?
Tragedy, Cousin Clement, or comedy,—just as you like it;—
Only not here alone, but somewhere that people can see you.
Then I'll take part in the play, and appear the remorseful young person
Full of divine regrets at not having smothered a genius
Under the feathers and silks of a foolish, extravagant woman.
O you selfish boy! what was it, just now, about anguish?
Bills would be your talk, Cousin Clement, if you were my husband."
Then, with her summer-night glory of eyes low-bending upon him,
Dark'ning his thoughts as the pondered stars bewilder and darken,
Tenderly, wistfully drooping toward him, she faltered in whisper,—
All her mocking face transfigured,—with mournful effusion:
"Clement, do not think it is you alone that remember,—
Do not think it is you alone that have suffered. Ambition,
Fame, and your art,—you have all these things to console you.
I—what have I in this world? Since my child is dead—a bereavement."
Sad hung her eyes on his, and he felt all the anger within him
Broken, and melting in tears. But he shrank from her touch while he answered
(Awkwardly, being a man, and awkwardly, being a lover),
"Yes, you know how it is done. You have cleverly fooled me beforetime,
With a dainty scorn, and then an imploring forgiveness!
Yes, you might play it, I think,—that *rôle* of remorseful young person,
That, or the old man's darling, or anything else you attempted.
Even your earnest is so much like acting I fear a betrayal,
Trusting your speech. You say that you have not forgotten. I grant you—
Not, indeed, for your word—that is light—but I wish to believe you.
Well, I say, since you have not forgotten, forget now, forever!
I—I have lived and loved, and you have lived and have married.
Only receive this bud to remember me when we have parted,—
Thorns and splendor, no sweetness, rose of the love that I cherished!"
There he tore from its stalk the imperial flower of the thistle,
Tore, and gave to her, who took it with mocking obeisance,
Twined it in her hair, and said, with her subtle derision:
"You are a wiser man than I thought you could ever be, Clement,—
Sensible, almost. So! I'll try to forget and remember."
Lightly she took his arm, but on through the lane to the farm-house,
Mutely together they moved through the lonesome, odorous twilight.

II.

High on the farm-house hearth, the first autumn fire was kindled;
Scintillant hickory bark and dryest limbs of the beach-tree
Burned, where all summer long the boughs of asparagus flourished.
Wild were the children with mirth, and grouping and clinging together,
Danced with the dancing flame, and lithely swayed with its humor;
Ran to the window-panes, and peering forth into the darkness,
Saw there another room, flame-lit, and with frolicking children.
(Ah! by such phantom hearths, I think that we sit with our first-loves!)
Sometimes they tossed on the floor, and sometimes they hid in the corners,
Shouting and laughing aloud, and never resting a moment,
In the rude delight, the boisterous gladness of childhood,—



Yours sincerely

W. D. Howells.

Cruel as summer sun and singing-birds to the heartsick.
Clement sat in his chair unmoved in the midst of the hubbub,
Rapt, with unseeing eyes; and unafraid in their gambols,
By his tawny beard the children caught him, and clambered
Over his knees, and waged a mimic warfare across them,
Made him their battle-ground, and won and lost kingdoms upon him.
Airily to and fro, and out of one room to another
Passed his cousin, and busied herself with things of the household,
Nonchalant, debonair, blithe, with bewitching housewifely importance,
Laying the cloth for the supper, and bringing the meal from the kitchen;
Fairer than ever she seemed, and more than ever she mocked him,
Coming behind his chair, and clasping her fingers together
Over his eyes in a girlish caprice, and crying, "Who is it?"
Vexed his despair with a vision of wife and of home and of children,
Calling his sister's children around her, and stilling their clamor,
Making believe they were hers. And Clement sat moody and silent,
Blank to the wistful gaze of his mother bent on his visage
With the tender pain, the pitiful, helpless devotion
Of the mother that looks on the face of her son in his trouble,
Grown beyond her consoling, and knows that she cannot befriend him.
Then his cousin laughed, and in idleness talked with the children;
Sometimes she turned to him, and then when the thistle was falling,
Caught it and twined it again in her hair, and called it her keepsake,
Smiled, and made him ashamed of his petulant gift there, before them.
But, when the night was grown old and the two by the hearthstone together
Sat alone in the flickering red of the flame, and the cricket
Carked to the stillness, and ever, with sullen throbs of the pendule
Sighed the time-worn clock for the death of the days that were perished—
It was her whim to be sad, and she brought him the book they were reading.
"Read it to-night," she said, "that I may not seem to be going."
Said, and mutely reproached him with all the pain she had wrought him.
From her hand he took the volume and read, and she listened,—
All his voice molten in secret tears, and ebbing and flowing,
Now with a faltering breath, and now with impassioned abandon,—
Read from the book of a poet the rhyme of the fatally sundered,
Fatally met too late, and their love was their guilt and their anguish,
But in the night they rose, and fled away into the darkness,
Glad of all dangers and shames, and even of death, for their love's sake.
Then, when his voice brake hollowly, falling and fading to silence,
Thrilled in the silence they sat, and durst not behold one another,
Feeling that wild temptation, that tender, ineffable yearning,
Drawing them heart to heart. One blind, mad moment of passion
With their fate they strove; but out of the pang of the conflict,
Through such costly triumph as wins a waste and a famine,
Victors they came, and Love retrieved the error of loving.
So, foreknowing the years, and sharply discerning the future,
Guessing the riddle of life, and accepting the cruel solution,—
Side by side they sat, as far as the stars are asunder.
Carked the cricket no more, but while the audible silence
Shrilled in their ears, she, suddenly rising and dragging the thistle
Out of her clinging hair, laughed mockingly, casting it from her:

"Perish the thorns and splendor,—the bloom and the sweetness are perished.
Dreary, respectable calm, polite despair, and one's Duty,—
These and the world, for dead Love!—The end of these modern romances!
Better than yonder rhyme? . . . Pleasant dreams and good-night, Cousin Clement."

THE PRIEST'S QUESTION.

[*A Foregone Conclusion.* 1875.]

FLORIDA and Don Ippolito had paused in the pathway which parted at the fountain and led in one direction to the water-gate, and in the other out through the palace-court into the campo.

"Now, you must not give way to despair again," she said to him. "You will succeed, I am sure, for you will deserve success."

"It is all your goodness, madamigella," sighed the priest, "and at the bottom of my heart I am afraid that all the hope and courage I have are also yours."

"You shall never want for hope and courage then. We believe in you, and we honor your purpose, and we will be your steadfast friends. But now you must think only of the present—of how you are to get away from Venice. Oh, I can understand how you must hate to leave it! What a beautiful night! You mustn't expect such moonlight as this in America, Don Ippolito."

"It *is* beautiful, is it not?" said the priest, kindling from her. "But I think we Venetians are never so conscious of the beauty of Venice as you strangers are."

"I don't know. I only know that now, since we have made up our minds to go, and fixed the day and hour, it is more like leaving my own country than anything else I've ever felt. This garden, I seem to have spent my whole life in it; and when we are settled in Providence, I'm going to have mother send back for some of these statues. I suppose Signor Cavaletti wouldn't mind our robbing his place of them if he were paid enough. At any rate we must have this one that belongs to the fountain. You shall be the first to set the fountain playing over there, Don Ippolito, and then we'll sit down on this stone bench before it, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Venice."

"No, no; let me be the last to set it playing here," said the priest, quickly stooping to the pipe at the foot of the figure, "and then we will sit down here, and imagine ourselves in the garden of Casa Vervain at Providence."

Florida put her hand on his shoulder. "You mustn't do it," she said simply. "The padrone doesn't like to waste the water."

"Oh, we'll pray the saints to rain it back on him some day," cried Don Ippolito with wilful levity, and the stream leaped into the moonlight and seemed to hang there like a tangled skein of silver.

"But how shall I shut it off when you are gone?" asked the young girl, looking ruefully at the floating threads of splendor.

"Oh, I will shut it off before I go," answered Don Ippolito. "Let it play a moment," he continued, gazing rapturously upon it, while the moon painted his lifted face with a pallor that his black robes heightened. He fetched a long, sighing breath, as if he inhaled with that respiration all the rich odors of the flowers, blanched like his own visage in the white lustre; as if he absorbed into his heart at once the wide glory of the summer night and the beauty of the young girl at his side. It seemed a supreme moment with him; he looked as a man might look who has climbed out of life-long defeat into a single instant of release and triumph.

Florida sank upon the bench before the fountain, indulging his caprice with that sacred, motherly tolerance, some touch of which is in all womanly yielding to men's will, and which was perhaps present in greater degree in her feeling towards a man more than ordinarily orphaned and unfriended.

"Is Providence your native city?" asked Don Ippolito abruptly, after a little silence.

"Oh, no; I was born at St. Augustine in Florida."

"Ah yes, I forgot; madama has told me about it; Providence is *her* city. But the two are near together?"

"No," said Florida compassionately, "they are a thousand miles apart."

"A thousand miles? What a vast country!"

"Yes, it's a whole world."

"Ah, a world, indeed!" cried the priest softly. "I shall never comprehend it."

"You never will," answered the young girl gravely, "if you do not think about it more practically."

"Practically, practically!" lightly retorted the priest. "What a word with you Americans! That is the consul's word: *practical*."

"Then you have been to see him to-day?" asked Florida with eagerness. "I wanted to ask you——"

"Yes, I went to consult the oracle, as you bade me."

"Don Ippolito——"

"And he was averse to my going to America. He said it was not practical."

"Oh!" murmured the girl.

"I think," continued the priest with vehemence, "that Signor Ferris is no longer my friend."

"Did he treat you coldly—harshly?" she asked, with a note of indignation in her voice. "Did he know that I—that you came——"

"Perhaps he was right. Perhaps I shall indeed go to ruin there. Ruin, ruin! Do I not *live* ruin here?"

"What did he say—what did he tell you?"

"No, no; not now, madamigella! I do not want to think of that man now. I want you to help me once more to realize myself in America, where I shall never have been a priest, where I shall at least battle even-handed with the world. Come, let us forget him; the thought of him palsies all my hope. He could not see me save in this robe, in this figure that I abhor."

"Oh, it was strange, it was not like him, it was cruel! What did he say?"

"In everything but words he bade me despair; he bade me look upon all that makes life dear and noble as impossible to me!"

"Oh, how? Perhaps he did not understand you. No, he did not understand you. What did you say to him, Don Ippolito? Tell me!" She leaned towards him, in anxious emotion, as she spoke.

The priest rose and stretched out his arms, as if he would gather something of courage from the infinite space. In his visage were the sublimity and the terror of a man who puts everything to the risk.

"How will it really be with me yonder?" he demanded. "As it is with other men, whom their past life, if it has been guiltless, does not follow to that new world of freedom and justice?"

"Why should it not be so?" demanded Florida. "Did *he* say it would not?"

"Need it be known there that I have been a priest? Or, if I tell it, will it make me appear a kind of monster, different from other men?"

"No, no!" she answered fervently. "Your story would gain friends and honor for you everywhere in America. Did *he*——"

"A moment, a moment!" cried Don Ippolito, catching his breath. "Will it ever be possible for me to win something more than honor and friendship there?"

She looked up at him askingly, confusedly.

"If I am a man, and the time should ever come that a face, a look, a voice, shall be to me what they are to other men, will *she* remember it against me that I have been a priest, when I tell her—say to her, madamigella—how dear she is to me, offer her my life's devotion, ask her to be my wife?" . . . .

Florida rose from the seat and stood confronting him, in a helpless silence, which he seemed not to notice.

Suddenly he clasped his hands together, and desperately stretched them towards her.

"Oh, my hope, my trust, my life, if it were *you* that I loved?" . .

"What!" shuddered the girl, recoiling with almost a shriek. "*You? A priest!*"

Don Ippolito gave a low cry, half sob:—

"His words, his words! It is true, I cannot escape, I am doomed, I must die as I have lived!"

He dropped his face into his hands, and stood with his head bowed before her; neither spoke for a long time, or moved.

Then Florida said absently, in the husky murmur to which her voice fell when she was strongly moved, "Yes, I see it all, how it has been," and was silent again, staring, as if a procession of the events and scenes of the past months were passing before her; and presently she moaned to herself, "Oh, oh, oh!" and wrung her hands.

The foolish fountain kept capering and babbling on. All at once, now, as a flame flashes up and then expires, it leaped and dropped extinct at the foot of the statue.

Its going out seemed somehow to leave them in darkness, and under cover of that gloom she drew nearer the priest, and by such approaches as one makes towards a fancied apparition, when his fear will not let him fly, but it seems better to suffer the worst from it at once than to live in terror of it ever after, she lifted her hands to his, and gently taking them away from his face, looked into his hopeless eyes.

"Oh, Don Ippolito," she grieved. "What shall I say to you, what can I do for you, now?"

But there was nothing to do. The whole edifice of his dreams, his wild imaginations, had fallen into dust at a word; no magic could rebuild it; the end that never seems the end had come. He let her keep his cold hands, and presently he returned the entreaty of her tears with his wan, patient smile.

"You cannot help me; there is no help for an error like mine. Sometime, if ever the thought of me is a greater pain than it is at this moment, you can forgive me. Yes, you can do that for me."

"But who, *who* will ever forgive *me*," she cried, "for my blindness! Oh, you must believe that I never thought, I never dreamt——"

"I know it well. It was your fatal truth that did it—truth too high and fine for me to have discerned save through such agony as . . . You, too, loved my soul, like the rest, and you would have had me no priest for the reason that they would have had me a priest—I see it. But you had no right to love my soul and not me—you, a woman. A woman must not love only the soul of a man."

"Yes, yes!" piteously explained the girl, "but you were a priest to me!"

"That is true, madamigella. I was always a priest to you; and now

I see that I never could be otherwise. Ah, the wrong began many years before we met. I was trying to blame you a little——"

"Blame me, blame me; do!"

—"but there is no blame. Think that it was another way of asking your forgiveness. . . . O my God, my God, my God!"

He released his hands from her, and uttered this cry under his breath, with his face lifted towards the heavens. When he looked at her again, he said: "Madamigella, if my share of this misery gives me the right to ask of you——"

"Oh, ask anything of me! I will give everything, do everything!"

He faltered, and then, "You do not love me," he said abruptly; "is there some one else that you love?"

She did not answer.

"Is it . . . he?"

She hid her face.

"I knew it," groaned the priest, "I knew that, too!" and he turned away.

"Don Ippolito, Don Ippolito—oh, poor, poor Don Ippolito!" cried the girl, springing towards him. "Is *this* the way you leave me? Where are you going? What will you do now?"

"Did I not say? I am going to die a priest."

"Is there nothing that you will let me be to you, hope for you?"

"Nothing," said Don Ippolito, after a moment. "What could you?" He seized the hands imploringly extended towards him, and clasped them together and kissed them both. "Adieu!" he whispered; then he opened them, and passionately kissed either palm; "adieu, adieu!"

A great wave of sorrow and compassion and despair for him swept through her. She flung her arms about his neck, and pulled his head down upon her heart, and held it tight there, weeping and moaning over him as over some hapless, harmless thing that she had unpurposely bruised or killed. Then she suddenly put her hands against his breast and thrust him away, and turned and ran.

BEFORE THE GATE.

THEY gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences, as idle too as the rest.

But when at last upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loath,

Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered them both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtile anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so;

Till he said,—man-like nothing comprehending
Of all the wondrous guile
That women won win themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while,—

"Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it!—" His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she—whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her woman's finest wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well—

Shyly drew near, a little step, and mocking,
"Shall we not be too late
For tea?" she said. "I'm quite worn out with walking:
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you—open the gate?"

THE PARLOR CAR.

[*The Parlor Car. A Farce.* 1876.]

Scene: *A parlor car on the New York Central Railroad. It is late afternoon in the early autumn, with a cloudy sunset threatening rain. The car is unoccupied save by a gentleman, who sits fronting one of the windows, with his feet in another chair; a newspaper lies across his lap; his hat is drawn down over his eyes, and he is apparently asleep. The rear door of the car opens, and the conductor enters with a young lady, heavily veiled, the porter coming after with her wraps and travelling-bags. The lady's air is of mingled anxiety and desperation, with a certain fierceness of movement. She casts a careless glance over the empty chairs.*

Conductor. "Here's your ticket, madam. You can have any of the places you like here, or"—glancing at the unconscious gentleman, and then at the young lady—"if you prefer, you can go and take that seat in the forward car."

Miss Lucy Galbraith. "Oh, I can't ride backwards. I'll stay here, please. Thank you." The porter places her things in a chair by a window, across the car from the sleeping gentleman, and she throws herself wearily into the next seat, wheels round in it, and lifting her veil gazes absently out at the landscape. Her face, which is very pretty, with a low forehead shadowed by thick blond hair,

shows the traces of tears. She makes search in her pocket for her handkerchief, which she presses to her eyes. The conductor, lingering a moment, goes out.

PORTER. "I'll be right here, at de end of de cah, if you should happen to want anything, miss"—making a feint of arranging the shawls and satchels. "Should you like some dese things hung up? Well, dey'll be jus' as well in de chair. We's pretty late dis afternoon; more'n four hours behin' time. Ought to been into Albany 'fore dis. Freight train off de track jus' dis side o' Rochester, an' had to wait. Was you goin' to stop at Schenectady, miss?"

MISS G., absently. "At Schenectady?" After a pause, "Yes."

PORTER. "Well, that's de next station, and den de cahs don't stop ag'in till dey git to Albany. Anything else I can do for you now, miss?"

MISS G. "No, no, thank you, nothing." The porter hesitates, takes off his cap, and scratches his head with a murmur of embarrassment. Miss Galbraith looks up at him inquiringly, then suddenly takes out her porte-monnaie and fees him.

PORTER. "Thank you, miss, thank you. If you want anything at all, miss, I'm right dere at de end of de cah." He goes out by the narrow passage-way beside the smaller enclosed parlor. Miss Galbraith looks askance at the sleeping gentleman, and then, rising, goes to the large mirror to pin her veil, which has become loosened from her hat. She gives a little start at sight of the gentleman in the mirror, but arranges her head-gear, and returning to her place looks out of the window again. After a little while she moves about uneasily in her chair, then leans forward and tries to raise her window; she lifts it partly up, when the catch slips from her fingers and the window falls shut again with a crash.

MISS G. "Oh, *dear*, how provoking! I suppose I must call the porter." She rises from her seat, but on attempting to move away she finds that the skirt of her polonaise has been caught in the falling window. She pulls at it, and then tries to lift the window again, but the cloth has wedged it in, and she cannot stir it. "Well, I certainly think this is beyond endurance! Porter! Ah—porter! Oh, he'll never hear me in the racket that these wheels are making! I wish they'd stop—I——"

The gentleman stirs in his chair, lifts his head, listens, takes his feet down from the other seat, rises abruptly, and comes to Miss Galbraith's side.

MR. ALLEN RICHARDS. "Will you allow me to open the window for you?" Starting back, "Miss Galbraith!"

MISS G. "Al—Mr. Richards!" There is a silence for some moments, in which they remain looking at each other; then—

MR. RICHARDS. "Lucy—"

MISS G. "I forbid you to address me in that way, Mr. Richards."

MR. R. "Why, you were just going to call me Allen!"

MISS G. "That was an accident, you know very well—an impulse——"

MR. R. "Well, so is this."

MISS G. "Of which you ought to be ashamed to take advantage. I wonder at your presumption in speaking to me at all. It's quite idle, I can assure you. Everything is at an end between us. It seems that I bore with you too long; but I'm thankful that I had the spirit to act at last, and to act in time. And, now that chance has thrown us together, I trust that you will not force your conversation upon me. No gentleman would, and I have always given you credit for thinking yourself a gentleman. I request that you will not speak to me."

MR. R. "You've spoken ten words to me for every one of mine to you. But I won't annoy you. I can't believe it, Lucy; I can *not* believe it. It seems like some rascally dream, and if I had had any sleep since it happened, I should think I *had* dreamed it."

Miss G. "Oh! You were sleeping soundly enough when I got into the car!"

Mr. R. "I own it; I was perfectly used up, and I *had* dropped off."

Miss G., scornfully. "Then perhaps you *have* dreamed it."

Mr. R. "I'll think so till you tell me again that our engagement is broken; that the faithful love of years is to go for nothing; that you dismiss me with cruel insult, without one word of explanation, without a word of intelligible accusation, even. It's too much! I've been thinking it all over and over, and I can't make head or tail of it. I meant to see you again as soon as we got to town, and implore you to hear me. Come, it's a mighty serious matter, Lucy. I'm not a man to put on heroics and that; but *I* believe it'll play the very deuce with me, Lucy—that is to say, Miss Galbraith—I do indeed. It'll give me a low opinion of woman."

Miss G., averting her face. "Oh, a very high opinion of woman you have had!"

Mr. R., with sentiment. "Well, there was one woman whom I thought a perfect angel."

Miss G. "Indeed! May I ask her name?"

Mr. R., with a forlorn smile. "I shall be obliged to describe her somewhat formally as—Miss Galbraith."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards!"

Mr. R. "Why, you've just forbidden me to say *Lucy!* You must tell me, dearest, what I have done to offend you. The worst criminals are not condemned unheard, and I've always thought you were merciful if not just. And now I only ask you to be just."

Miss G., looking out of the window. "You know very well what you've done. You can't expect me to humiliate myself by putting your offence into words."

Mr. R. "Upon my soul, I don't know what you mean! I *don't* know what I've done. When you came at me, last night, with my ring and presents and other little traps, you might have knocked me down with the lightest of the lot. I was perfectly dazed; I couldn't say anything before you were off, and all I could do was to hope that you'd be more like yourself in the morning. And in the morning, when I came round to Mrs. Phillips's, I found you were gone, and I came after you by the next train."

Miss G. "Mr. Richards, your personal history for the last twenty-four hours is a matter of perfect indifference to me, as it shall be for the next twenty-four hundred years. I see that you are resolved to annoy me, and since *you* will not leave the car, *I* must do so." She rises haughtily from her seat, but the imprisoned skirt of her polonaise twitches her abruptly back into her chair. She bursts into tears. "Oh, what *shall* I do?"

Mr. R., dryly. "You shall do whatever you like, Miss Galbraith, when I've set you free; for I see your dress is caught in the window. When it's once out, I'll shut the window, and you can call the porter to raise it." He leans forward over her chair, and while she shrinks back the length of her tether, he tugs at the window-fastening. "I can't get at it. Would you be so good as to stand up—all you can?" Miss Galbraith stands up droopingly, and Mr. Richards makes a movement towards her, and then falls back. "No, that won't do. Please sit down again." He goes round her chair and tries to get at the window from that side. "I can't get any purchase on it. Why don't you cut out that piece?" Miss Galbraith stares at him in dumb amazement. "Well, I don't see what we're to do. I'll go and get the porter." He goes to the end of the car, and returns. "I can't find the porter—he must be in one of the other cars. But"—brightening with the fortunate conception—"I've just thought of something. Will it unbutton?"

Miss G. "Unbutton?"

Mr. R. "Yes; this garment of yours."

Miss G. "My polonaise?" Inquiringly, "Yes."

Mr. R. "Well, then, it's a very simple matter. If you will just take it off, I can easily——"

Miss G., faintly. "I can't. A polonaise isn't like an *over*coat——"

Mr. R., with dismay. "Oh! Well, then——" He remains thinking a moment in hopeless perplexity.

Miss G., with polite ceremony. "The porter will be back soon. Don't trouble yourself any further about it, please. I shall do very well."

Mr. R., without heeding her. "If you could kneel on that foot-cushion and face the window——"

Miss G., kneeling promptly. "So?"

Mr. R. "Yes, and now"—kneeling beside her—"if you'll allow me to—to get at the window-catch"—he stretches both arms forward; she shrinks from his right into his left, and then back again—"and pull, while I raise the window——"

Miss G. "Yes, yes; but do hurry, please. If any one saw us, I don't know what they would think. It's perfectly ridiculous!"—pulling. "It's caught in the corner of the window, between the frame and the sash, and it won't come! Is my hair troubling you? Is it in your eyes?"

Mr. R. "It's in my eyes, but it isn't troubling me. Am I inconveniencing you?"

Miss G. "Oh, not at all."

Mr. R. "Well, now then, pull hard!" He lifts the window with a great effort; the polonaise comes free with a start, and she strikes violently against him. In supporting the shock he cannot forbear catching her for an instant to his heart. She frees herself, and starts indignantly to her feet.

Miss G. "Oh, what a cowardly—subterfuge!"

Mr. R. "Cowardly? You've no idea how much courage it took." Miss Galbraith puts her handkerchief to her face, and sobs. "Oh, don't cry! Bless my heart—I'm sorry I did it! But you know how dearly I love you, Lucy, though I do think you've been cruelly unjust. I told you I never should love any one else, and I never shall. I couldn't help it, upon my soul I couldn't. Nobody could. Don't let it vex you, my——" He approaches her.

Miss G. "Please not touch me, sir! You have no longer any right whatever to do so."

Mr. R. "You misinterpret a very inoffensive gesture. I have no idea of touching you, but I hope I may be allowed, as a special favor, to—pick up my hat, which you are in the act of stepping on." Miss Galbraith hastily turns, and strikes the hat with her whirling skirts; it rolls to the other side of the parlor, and Mr. Richards, who goes after it, utters an ironical "Thanks!" He brushes it and puts it on, looking at her where she has again seated herself at the window with her back to him, and continues, "As for any further molestation from me——"

Miss G. "If you *will* talk to me——"

Mr. R. "Excuse me, I am not talking to you."

Miss G. "What were you doing?"

Mr. R. "I was beginning to think aloud. I—I was soliloquizing. I suppose I may be allowed to soliloquize?"

Miss G., very coldly. "You can do what you like."

Mr. R. "Unfortunately that's just what I can't do. If I could do as I liked, I should ask you a single question."

Miss G., after a moment. "Well, sir, you may ask your question." She remains as before, with her chin in her hand, looking tearfully out of the window; her face is turned from Mr. Richards, who hesitates a moment before he speaks.

Mr. R. "I wish to ask you just this, Miss Galbraith: if you couldn't ride backwards in the other car, why do you ride backwards in this?"

Miss G., burying her face in her handkerchief, and sobbing. "Oh, oh, oh! This is too bad!"

Mr. R. "Oh, come now, Lucy. It breaks my heart to hear you going on so, and all for nothing. Be a little merciful to both of us, and listen to me. I've no doubt I can explain everything if I once understand it, but it's pretty hard explaining a thing if you don't understand it yourself. Do turn round. I know it makes you sick to ride in that way, and if you don't want to face me—there!—" wheeling in his chair so as to turn his back upon her—"you needn't. Though it's rather trying to a fellow's politeness, not to mention his other feelings. Now, what in the name——"

Porter, who at this moment enters with his step-ladder, and begins to light the lamps. "Going pretty slow ag'in, sah."

Mr. R. "Yes; what's the trouble?"

Porter. "Well, I don't know exactly, sah. Something de matter with de locomotive. We sha'n't be into Albany much 'fore eight o'clock."

Mr. R. "What's the next station?"

Porter. "Schenectady."

Mr. R. "Is the whole train as empty as this car?"

Porter, laughing. "Well, no, sah. Fact is, *dis* cah don't belong on dis train. It's a Pullman that we hitched on when you got in, and we's taking it along for one of de Eastern roads. We let you in 'cause de drawing-rooms was all full. Same with de lady"—looking sympathetically at her as he takes up his steps to go out. "Can I do anything for you now, miss?"

Miss G., plaintively. "No, thank you; nothing whatever." She has turned while Mr. Richards and the porter have been speaking, and now faces the back of the former, but her veil is drawn closely. The porter goes out.

Mr. R., wheeling round so as to confront her. "I wish you would speak to me half as kindly as you do to that darkey, Lucy."

Miss G. "*He* is a gentleman!"

Mr. R. "He is an urbane and well-informed nobleman. At any rate, he's a man and a brother. But so am I." Miss Galbraith does not reply, and after a pause Mr. Richards resumes. "Talking of gentlemen, I recollect, once, coming up on the day-boat to Poughkeepsie, there was a poor devil of a tipsy man kept following a young fellow about, and annoying him to death—trying to fight him, as a tipsy man will, and insisting that the young fellow had insulted him. By and by he lost his balance and went overboard, and the other jumped after him and fished him out." Sensation on the part of Miss Galbraith, who stirs uneasily in her chair, looks out of the window, then looks at Mr. Richards, and drops her head. "There was a young lady on board, who had seen the whole thing—a very charming young lady indeed, with pale blond hair growing very thick over her forehead, and dark eyelashes to the sweetest blue eyes in the world. Well, this young lady's papa was amongst those who came up to say civil things to the young fellow when he got aboard again, and to ask the honor—he said, the *honor*—of his acquaintance. And when he came out of his state-room in dry clothes, this infatuated old gentleman was waiting for him, and took him and introduced him to his wife and daughter. And the daughter said, with tears in her eyes, and a perfectly intoxicating impul-

siveness, that it was the grandest and the most heroic and the noblest thing that she had ever seen, and she should always be a better girl for having seen it. Excuse me, Miss Galbraith, for troubling you with these facts of a personal history which, as you say, is a matter of perfect indifference to you. The young fellow didn't think at the time he had done anything extraordinary; but I don't suppose he *did* expect to live to have the same girl tell him he was no gentleman."

Miss G., wildly. "Oh, Allen, Allen! You *know* I think you are a gentleman, and I always did!"

Mr. R., languidly. "Oh, I merely had your word for it, just now, that you didn't." Tenderly, "Will you hear me, Lucy?"

Miss G., faintly. "Yes."

Mr. R. "Well, what is it I've done? Will you tell me if I guess right?"

Miss G., with dignity. "I am in no humor for jesting, Allen. And I can assure you that, though I consent to hear what you have to say, or ask, *nothing* will change my determination. All is over between us."

Mr. R. "Yes, I understand that perfectly. I am now asking merely for general information. I do not expect you to relent, and in fact I should consider it rather frivolous if you did. No. What I have always admired in your character, Lucy, is a firm, logical consistency; a clearness of mental vision that leaves no side of a subject unsearched; and an unwavering constancy of purpose. You may say that these traits are characteristic of *all* women; but they are preëminently characteristic of you, Lucy." Miss Galbraith looks askance at him, to make out whether he is in earnest or not; he continues, with a perfectly serious air. "And I know now that, if you're offended with me, it's for no trivial cause." She stirs uncomfortably in her chair. "What I have done I can't imagine, but it must be something monstrous, since it has made life with me appear so impossible that you are ready to fling away your own happiness—for I know you *did* love me, Lucy—and destroy mine. I will begin with the worst thing I can think of. Was it because I danced so much with Fanny Watervliet?"

Miss G., indignantly. "How can you insult me by supposing that I could be jealous of such a *perfect* little goose as that? No, Allen! Whatever I think of you, I *still* respect you too much for *that*."

Mr. R. "I'm glad to hear that there are yet depths to which you think me incapable of descending, and that Miss Watervliet is one of them. I will now take a little higher ground. Perhaps you think I flirted with Mrs. Dawes. I thought, myself, that the thing might begin to have that appearance, but I give you my word of honor that, as soon as the idea occurred to me, I dropped her—rather rudely, too. The trouble was, don't you know, that I felt so perfectly safe with a *married* friend of yours. I couldn't be hanging about you all the time, and I was afraid I might vex you if I went with the other girls; and I didn't know what to do."

Miss G. "I think you behaved rather silly, giggling so much with her. But——"

Mr. R. "I own it, I know it was silly. But——"

Miss G. "It wasn't that; it wasn't that!"

Mr. R. "Was it my forgetting to bring you those things from your mother?"

Miss G. "No!"

Mr. R. "Was it because I hadn't given up smoking yet?"

Miss G. "You *know* I never asked you to give up smoking. It was entirely your own proposition."

Mr. R. "That's true. That's what made me so easy about it. I knew I could leave it off *any* time. Well, I will not disturb you any longer, Miss Galbraith." He

throws his overcoat across his arm, and takes up his travelling-bag. "I have failed to guess your fatal—conundrum; and I have no longer any excuse for remaining. I am going into the smoking-car. Shall I send the porter to you for anything?"

Miss G. "No, thanks." She puts up her handkerchief to her face.

Mr. R. "Lucy, do you send me away?"

Miss G., behind her handkerchief. "You were going, yourself."

Mr. R., over his shoulder. "Shall I come back?"

Miss G. "I have no right to drive you from the car."

Mr. R., coming back, and sitting down in the chair nearest her. "Lucy, dearest, tell me what's the matter."

Miss G. "Oh, Allen, your not *knowing* makes it all the more hopeless and killing. It shows me that we *must* part; that you would go on, breaking my heart, and grinding me into the dust as long as we lived." She sobs. "It shows me that you never understood me, and you never will. I know you're good and kind and all that, but that only makes your not understanding me so much the worse. I do it quite as much for your sake as my own, Allen."

Mr. R. "I'd much rather you wouldn't put yourself out on my account."

Miss G., without regarding him. "If you could mortify me before a whole roomful of people as you did last night, what could I expect after marriage but continual insult?"

Mr. R., in amazement. "*How* did I mortify you? I thought that I treated you with all the tenderness and affection that a decent regard for the feelings of others would allow. I was ashamed to find I couldn't keep away from you."

Miss G. "Oh, you were *attentive* enough, Allen; nobody denies that. Attentive enough in non-essentials. Oh, yes!"

Mr. R. "Well, what vital matters did I fail in? I'm sure I can't remember."

Miss G. "I dare say! I dare say they won't appear vital to you, Allen. Nothing does. And if I had told you, I should have been met with ridicule, I suppose. But I knew *better* than to tell; I respected myself too *much*."

Mr. R. "But now you mustn't respect yourself *quite* so much, dearest. And I promise you I won't laugh at the most serious thing. I'm in no humor for it. If it were a matter of life and death, even, I can assure you that it wouldn't bring a smile to my countenance. No, indeed! If you expect me to laugh *now*, you must say something particularly funny."

Miss G. "I was not going to say anything *funny*, as you call it, and I will say nothing at all, if you talk in that way."

Mr. R. "Well, I won't then. But do you know what I suspect, Lucy? I wouldn't mention it to everybody, but I will to you—in strict confidence: I suspect that you're rather ashamed of your grievance, if you have any. I suspect it's nothing at all."

Miss G., very sternly at first, with a rising hysterical inflection. "Nothing, Allen! Do you call it *nothing*, to have Mrs. Dawes come out with all that about your accident on your way up the river, and ask me if it didn't frighten me terribly to hear of it, even after it was all over; and I had to say you hadn't told me a word of it? 'Why, Lucy!'"—angrily mimicking Mrs. Dawes—"'you must teach him better than that. I make Mr. Dawes tell *me* everything.' Little simpleton! And then to have them all laugh—oh, dear, it's too much!"

Mr. R. "Why, my dear Lucy——"

Miss G., interrupting him. "I saw just how it was going to be, and I'm thankful, *thankful* that it happened. I saw that you didn't care enough for me to take me into your whole life; that you despised and distrusted me, and that it would

get worse and worse to the end of our days; that we should grow further and further apart, and I should be left moping at home, while you ran about making confidantes of other women whom you considered *worthy* of your confidence. It all *flashed* upon me in an *instant;* and I resolved to break with you then and there; and I did, just as soon as ever I could go to my room for your things, and I'm glad—yes—O hu, hu, hu, hu, hu! *so* glad I did it!"

Mr. R., grimly. "Your joy is obvious. May I ask——"

Miss G. "Oh, it wasn't the *first* proof you had given me how little you really cared for me, but I was determined it should be the last. I dare say you've forgotten them! I dare say you don't remember telling Mamie Morris that you didn't like crocheted cigar-cases, when you'd just *told* me that you did, and let me be such a fool as to commence one for you; but I'm thankful to say *that* went into the fire—oh, yes, *instantly!* And I dare say you've forgotten that you didn't tell me your brother's engagement was to be kept, and let me come out with it that night at the Rudges', and then looked perfectly aghast, so that everybody thought I had been blabbing! Time and again, Allen, you have made me suffer agonies, yes, *agonies;* but your power to do so is at an end. I am free and happy at last." She weeps bitterly.

Mr. R., quietly. "Yes, I *had* forgotten those crimes, and I suppose many similar atrocities. I own it, I *am* forgetful and careless. I was wrong about those things. I ought to have told you why I said that to Miss Morris; I was afraid she was going to work me one. As to that accident I told Mrs. Dawes of, it wasn't worth mentioning. Our boat simply walked over a sloop in the night, and nobody was hurt. I shouldn't have thought twice about it, if she hadn't happened to brag of their passing close to an iceberg on their way home from Europe; then I trotted out *my* pretty-near disaster as a match for hers—confound her! I wish the iceberg had sunk them! Only it wouldn't have sunk her—she's so light; she'd have gone bobbing about all over the Atlantic Ocean, like a cork; she's got a perfect life-preserver in that mind of hers." Miss Galbraith gives a little laugh, and then a little moan. "But since you are happy, I will not repine, Miss Galbraith. I don't pretend to be very happy myself, but then, I don't deserve it. Since you are ready to let an absolutely unconscious offence on my part cancel all the past; since you let my devoted love weigh as nothing against the momentary pique that a malicious little rattle-pate—she was vexed at my leaving her—could make you feel, and choose to gratify a wicked resentment at the cost of any suffering to me, why, *I* can be glad and happy, too." With rising anger, "Yes, Miss Galbraith. All *is* over between us. You can go! I renounce you!"

Miss G., springing fiercely to her feet. "Go, indeed! Renounce me! Be so good as to remember that you haven't got me *to* renounce!"

Mr. R. "Well, it's all the same thing. I'd renounce you if I had. Good evening, Miss Galbraith. I will send back your presents as soon as I get to town; it won't be necessary to acknowledge them. I hope we may never meet again." He goes out of the door towards the front of the car, but returns directly, and glances uneasily at Miss Galbraith, who remains with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. "Ah—a—that is—I shall be obliged to intrude upon you again. The fact is——"

Miss G., anxiously. "Why, the cars have stopped! Are we at Schenectady?"

Mr. R. "Well, no; not *exactly;* not exactly at *Schenectady*——"

Miss G. "Then what station is this? Have they carried me by?" Observing his embarrassment, "Allen, what is the matter? What has happened? Tell me instantly! Are we off the track? Have we run into another train? Have we

broken through a bridge? Shall we be burnt alive? Tell me, Allen, tell me!—I can bear it!—are we telescoped?" She wrings her hands in terror.

Mr. R., unsympathetically. "Nothing of the kind has happened. This car has simply come uncoupled, and the rest of the train has gone on ahead, and left us standing on the track, nowhere in particular." He leans back in his chair, and wheels it round from her.

Miss G., mortified, yet anxious. "Well?"

Mr. R. "Well, until they miss us, and run back to pick us up, I shall be obliged to ask your indulgence. I will try not to disturb you; I would go out and stand on the platform, but it's raining."

Miss G., listening to the rainfall on the roof. "Why, so it is!" Timidly, "Did you notice when the car stopped?"

Mr. R. "No." He rises and goes out of the rear door, comes back, and sits down again.

Miss G. rises and goes to the large mirror to wipe away her tears. She glances at Mr. Richards, who does not move. She sits down in a seat nearer him than the chair she has left. After some faint murmurs and hesitations, she asks, "Will you please tell me why you went out just now?"

Mr. R., with indifference. "Yes. I went to see if the rear signal was out."

Miss G., after another hesitation. "Why?"

Mr. R. "Because, if it wasn't out, some train might run into us from that direction."

Miss G., tremulously. "Oh! And was it?"

Mr. R., dryly. "Yes."

Miss G. returns to her former place with a wounded air, and for a moment neither speaks. Finally she asks very meekly, "And there's no danger from the front?"

Mr. R., coldly. "No."

Miss G., after some little noises and movements meant to catch Mr. R.'s attention. "Of course, I never meant to imply that you were *intentionally* careless or forgetful."

Mr. R., still very coldly. "Thank you."

Miss G. "I always did justice to your good-heartedness, Allen; you're perfectly lovely that way; and I know that you would be sorry if you *knew* you had wounded my feelings, however accidentally." She droops her head so as to catch a sidelong glimpse of his face, and sighs, while she nervously pinches the top of her parasol, resting the point on the floor. Mr. R. makes no answer. "That about the cigar-case might have been a mistake; I saw that myself, and, as you explain it, why, it was certainly very kind and very creditable to—to your thoughtfulness. It *was* thoughtful!"

Mr. R. "I am grateful for your good opinion."

Miss G. "But do you think it was exactly—it was quite—nice, not to tell me that your brother's engagement was to be kept, when you know, Allen, I can't bear to blunder in such things?" Tenderly, "*Do* you? You *can't* say it was?"

Mr. R. "I never said it was."

Miss G., plaintively. "No, Allen. That's what I always admired in your character. You always owned up. Don't you think it's easier for men to own up than it is for women?"

Mr. R. "I don't know. I never knew any woman to do it."

Miss G. "Oh, yes, Allen! You know I *often* own up."

Mr. R. "No, I don't."

Miss G. "Oh, how can you bear to say so? When I'm rash, or anything of that kind, you know I acknowledge it."

Mr. R. "Do you acknowledge it now?"

Miss G. "Why, how can I, when I haven't *been* rash? *What* have I been rash about?"

Mr. R. "About the cigar-case, for example."

Miss G. "Oh! *That!* That was a great while ago! I thought you meant something quite recent." A sound as of the approaching train is heard in the distance. She gives a start, and then leaves her chair again for one a little nearer his. "I thought perhaps you meant about—last night."

Mr. R. "Well?"

Miss G., very judicially. "I don't think it was *rash*, exactly. No, not *rash*. It might not have been very *kind* not to—to—trust you more, when I knew that you didn't mean anything; but—— No, I took the only course I could. *No*body could have done differently under the circumstances. But if I caused you any pain, I'm very sorry; Oh, yes, very sorry indeed. But I was not precipitate, and I know I did right. At least I *tried* to act for the best. Don't you believe I did?"

Mr. R. "Why, if you have no doubt upon the subject, my opinion is of no consequence."

Miss G. "Yes. But what do you think? If you think differently, and can make me see it differently, oughtn't you to do so?"

Mr. R. "I don't see why. As you say, all is over between us."

Miss G. "Yes." After a pause, "I should suppose you would care enough for *yourself* to wish me to look at the matter from the right point of view."

Mr. R. "I don't."

Miss G., becoming more and more uneasy as the noise of the approaching train grows louder. "I think *you* have been very quick with *me* at times, quite as quick as I could have been with you last night." The noise is more distinctly heard. "I'm sure that, if I could once see it as you do, *no* one would be more willing to do anything in their power to atone for their rashness. Of course, I know that everything is over."

Mr. R. "As to that, I have your word; and, in view of the fact, perhaps this analysis of motive, of character, however interesting on general grounds, is a little——"

Miss G., with sudden violence. "Say it, and take your revenge! I have put myself at your feet, and you do right to trample on me! Oh, this is what women may expect when they trust to men's generosity! Well, it *is* over now, and I'm thankful, thankful! Cruel, suspicious, vindictive, you're all alike, and I'm glad that I'm no longer subject to your heartless caprices. And I don't care what happens after this, I shall always—— Oh! You're sure it's from the front, Allen? Are you sure the rear signal is out?"

Mr. R., relenting. "Yes, but if it will ease your mind, I'll go and look again." He rises and starts towards the rear door.

Miss G., quickly. "Oh, no! Don't go! I can't bear to be left alone!" The sound of the approaching train continually increases in volume. "Oh, isn't it coming very, very, *very* fast?"

Mr. R. "No, no! Don't be frightened."

Miss G., running towards the rear door. "Oh, I *must* get out! It will kill me, I know it will. Come with me! Do, do!" He runs after her, and her voice is heard at the rear of the car. "Oh, the outside door is locked, and we are trapped, trapped, trapped! Oh, quick! Let's try the door at the other end." They reënter

the parlor, and the roar of the train announces that it is upon them. "No, no! It's too late, it's too late! I'm a wicked, wicked girl, and this is all to punish me! Oh, it's coming, it's coming at full speed!" He remains bewildered, confronting her. She utters a wild cry, and, as the train strikes the car with a violent concussion, she flings herself into his arms. "There, there! Forgive me, Allen! Let us die together, my own, own love!" She hangs fainting on his breast. Voices are heard without, and after a little delay the porter comes in with a lantern.

PORTER. "Rather more of a jah than we meant to give you, sah! We had to run down pretty quick after we missed you, and the rain made the track a little slippery. Lady much frightened!"

MISS G., disengaging herself. "Oh, not at all! Not in the least. We thought it was a train coming from behind, and going to run into us, and so—we—I——"

PORTER. "Not quite so bad as that. We'll be into Schenectady in a few minutes, miss. I'll come for your things." He goes out at the other door.

MISS G., in a fearful whisper. "Allen! What will he ever think of us? I'm sure he saw us!"

MR. R. "I don't know what he'll think *now*. He *did* think you were frightened; but you told him you were not. However, it isn't important what he thinks. Probably he thinks I'm your long-lost brother. It had a kind of familiar look."

MISS G. "Ridiculous!"

MR. R. "Why, he'd never suppose that I was a jilted lover of yours!"

MISS G., ruefully. "No."

MR. R. "Come, Lucy"—taking her hand—"you wished to die with me a moment ago. Don't you think you can make one more effort to live with me? I won't take advantage of words spoken in mortal peril, but I suppose you were in earnest when you called me your own—own——" Her head droops; he folds her in his arms a moment, then she starts away from him, as if something had suddenly occurred to her.

MISS G. "Allen, where are you going?"

MR. R. "Going? Upon my soul, I haven't the least idea."

MISS G. "Where *were* you going?"

MR. R. "Oh, I *was* going to Albany."

MISS G. "Well, don't! Aunt Mary is expecting me here at Schenectady—I telegraphed her—and I want you to stop here, too, and we'll refer the whole matter to her. She's such a wise old head. I'm not sure——"

MR. R. "What?"

MISS G., demurely. "That I'm good enough for you."

MR. R., starting, in burlesque of her movement, as if a thought had struck *him*. "Lucy! how came you on this train when you left Syracuse on the morning express?"

MISS G., faintly. "I waited over a train at Utica." She sinks into a chair and averts her face.

MR. R. "May I ask why?"

MISS G., more faintly still. "I don't like to tell. I——"

MR. R., coming and standing in front of her, with his hands in his pockets. "Look me in the eye, Lucy!" She drops her veil over her face, and looks up at him. "Did you—did you expect to find *me* on this train?"

MISS G. "I was afraid it never *would* get along—it was so late!"

MR. R. "Don't—tergiversate."

MISS G. "Don't *what?*"

MR. R. "Fib."

Miss G. "Not for worlds!"

Mr. R. "How did you know I was in this car?"

Miss G. "Must I? I thought I saw you through the window; and then I made sure it was you when I went to pin my veil on,—I saw you in the mirror."

Mr. R., after a little silence. "Miss Galbraith, do you want to know what *you* are?"

Miss G., softly. "Yes, Allen."

Mr. R. "You're a humbug!"

Miss G., springing from her seat and confronting him. "So are you! You pretended to be asleep!"

Mr. R. "I—I—I was taken by surprise. I had to take time to think."

Miss G. "So did I."

Mr. R. "And you thought it would be a good plan to get your polonaise caught in the window?"

Miss G., hiding her face on his shoulder. "No, no, Allen! That I never *will* admit. *No* woman would!"

Mr. R. "Oh, I dare say!" After a pause: "Well, I am a poor, weak, helpless man, with no one to advise me or counsel me, and I have been cruelly deceived. How could you, Lucy, how could you? I can never get over this." He drops his head upon her shoulder.

Miss G., starting away again and looking about the car. "Allen, I have an idea! Do you suppose Mr. Pullman could be induced to *sell* this car?"

Mr. R. "Why?"

Miss G. "Why, because I think it's perfectly lovely, and I should like to live in it always. It could be fitted up for a sort of summer-house, don't you know, and we could have it in the garden, and you could smoke in it."

Mr. R. "Admirable! It would look just like a travelling photographic saloon. No, Lucy, we won't buy it; we will simply keep it as a precious souvenir, a sacred memory, a beautiful dream—and let it go on fulfilling its destiny all the same."

Porter, entering and gathering up Miss Galbraith's things. "Be at Schenectady in half a minute, miss. Won't have much time."

Miss G., rising and adjusting her dress, and then looking about the car, while she passes her hand through her lover's arm. "Oh, I do *hate* to leave it. Farewell, you dear, kind, good, lovely car! May you never have another accident!" She kisses her hand to the car, upon which they both look back as they slowly leave it.

Mr. R., kissing his hand in like manner. "Good-by, sweet chariot! May you never carry any but bridal couples!"

Miss G. "Or engaged ones!"

Mr. R. "Or husbands going home to their wives!"

Miss G. "Or wives hastening to their husbands."

Mr. R. "Or young ladies who have waited one train over, so as to be with the young men they hate."

Miss G. "Or young men who are so indifferent that they pretend to be asleep when the young ladies come in!" They pause at the door and look back again. "'And must I leave thee, Paradise?'" They both kiss their hands to the car again, and, their faces being very close together, they impulsively kiss each other. Then Miss Galbraith throws back her head, and solemnly confronts him. "Only think, Allen! If this car hadn't broken *its* engagement, we might never have mended ours."

THE FIRST CRICKET.

AH me! is it then true that the year has waxed unto waning,
And that so soon must remain nothing but lapse and decay,—
Earliest cricket, that out of the midsummer midnight complaining,
All the faint summer in me takest with subtle dismay?

Though thou bringest no dream of frost to the flowers that slumber,
Though no tree for its leaves, doomed of thy voice, maketh moan,
Yet with th' unconscious earth's boded evil my soul thou dost cumber,
And in the year's lost youth makest me still lose my own.

Answerest thou, that when nights of December are blackest and bleakest,
And when the fervid grate feigns me a May in my room,
And by my hearthstone gay, as now sad in my garden, thou creakest,—
Thou wilt again give me all,—dew and fragrance and bloom?

Nay, little poet! full many a cricket I have that is willing,
If I but take him down out of his place on my shelf,
Me blither lays to sing than the blithest known to thy shrilling,
Full of the rapture of life, May, morn, hope, and—himself:

Leaving me only the sadder; for never one of my singers
Lures back the bee to his feast, calls back the bird to his tree.
Hast thou no art can make me believe, while the summer yet lingers,
Better than bloom that has been red leaf and sere that must be?

Horace Porter.

Born in Huntingdon, Penn., 1837.

FIVE FORKS, AND THE CAPTURE OF PETERSBURG.

[*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.* 1887–89.]

ABOUT 1 o'clock it was reported by the cavalry that the enemy was retiring to his intrenched position at Five Forks, which was just north of the White Oak road, and parallel to it, his earthworks running from a point about three-quarters of a mile east of Five Forks to a point a mile west, with an angle or crotchet about one hundred yards long thrown back at right angles to his left to protect that flank. Orders were at once given to the Fifth Corps to move up the Gravelly Run Church road to the open ground near the church, and form in order of battle, with Ayres on the left, Crawford on his right, and Griffin in rear as a reserve. The corps was to wheel to the left, and make its attack upon the "angle," and then, moving westward, sweep down in

rear of the enemy's intrenched line. The cavalry, principally dismounted, was to deploy in front of the enemy's line and engage his attention, and, as soon as it heard the firing of our infantry, to make a vigorous assault upon his works.

The Fifth Corps had borne the brunt of the fighting ever since the army had moved out on the 29th, and the gallant men who composed it, and had performed a conspicuous part in nearly every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, seemed eager once more to cross bayonets with their old antagonists. But the movement was slow, the required formation seemed to drag, and Sheridan, chafing with impatience and consumed with anxiety, became as restive as a racer when he nears the score and is struggling to make the start. He made every possible appeal for promptness, he dismounted from his horse, paced up and down, struck the clinched fist of one hand into the palm of the other, and fretted like a caged tiger. He said at one time: "This battle must be fought and won before the sun goes down. All the conditions may be changed in the morning; we have but a few hours of daylight left us. My cavalry are rapidly exhausting their ammunition, and if the attack is delayed much longer they may have none left." And then another batch of staff-officers were sent out to gallop through the mud and hurry up the columns.

At 4 o'clock the formation was completed, the order for the assault was given, and the struggle for Pickett's intrenched line began. The Confederate infantry brigades were posted from right to left as follows: Terry, Corse, Steuart, Ransom, and Wallace. General Fitzhugh Lee, commanding the cavalry, had placed W. H. F. Lee's two brigades on the right of the line, Munford's division on the left, and Rosser's in rear of Hatcher's Run to guard the trains. I rode to the front in company with Sheridan and Warren, with the head of Ayres's division, which was on the left. When this division became engaged, Warren took up a more central position with reference to his corps. Ayres threw out a skirmish-line and advanced across an open field, which sloped down gradually toward the dense woods, just north of the White Oak road. He soon met with a fire from the edge of this woods, a number of men fell, and the skirmish-line halted and seemed to waver. Sheridan now began to exhibit those traits that always made him such a tower of strength in the presence of an enemy. He put spurs to his horse and dashed along in front of the line of battle from left to right, shouting words of encouragement and having something cheery to say to every regiment. "Come on, men," he cried. "Go at 'em with a will. Move on at a clean jump or you'll not catch one of them. They're all getting ready to run now, and if you don't get on to them in five minutes, they'll every one get away from you! Now go for them." Just then a man

on the skirmish-line was struck in the neck; the blood spurted as if the jugular vein had been cut. "I'm killed!" he cried, and dropped on the ground. "You're not hurt a bit," cried Sheridan; "pick up your gun, man, and move right on to the front." Such was the electric effect of his words that the poor fellow snatched up his musket and rushed forward a dozen paces before he fell never to rise again. The line of battle of weather-beaten veterans was now moving right along down the slope toward the woods with a steady swing that boded no good for Pickett's command, earthworks or no earthworks. Sheridan was mounted on his favorite black horse Rienzi, that had carried him from Winchester to Cedar Creek, and which Buchanan Read made famous for all time by his poem of "Sheridan's Ride." The roads were muddy, the fields swampy, the undergrowth dense, and Rienzi, as he plunged and curveted, dashed the foam from his mouth and the mud from his heels. Had the Winchester pike been in a similar condition, he would not have made his famous twenty miles without breaking his own neck and Sheridan's too.

Mackenzie had been ordered up the Crump road with directions to turn east on the White Oak road and whip everything he met on that route. He met only a small cavalry command, and having whipped it according to orders, now came galloping back to join in the general scrimmage. He reported to Sheridan in person, and was ordered to strike out toward Hatcher's Run, then move west and get possession of the Ford road in the enemy's rear.

Soon Ayres's men met with a heavy fire on their left flank and had to change direction by facing more toward the west. As the troops entered the woods and moved forward over the boggy ground and struggled through the dense undergrowth, they were staggered by a heavy fire from the angle and fell back in some confusion. Sheridan now rushed into the midst of the broken lines, and cried out: "Where is my battle-flag?" As the sergeant who carried it rode up, Sheridan seized the crimson and white standard, waved it above his head, cheered on the men, and made heroic efforts to close up the ranks. Bullets were humming like a swarm of bees. One pierced the battle-flag, another killed the sergeant who had carried it, another wounded Captain A. J. McGonnigle in the side, others struck two or three of the staff officers' horses. All this time Sheridan was dashing from one point of the line to another, waving his flag, shaking his fist, encouraging, threatening, praying, swearing, the very incarnation of battle. It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader. Ayres and his officers were equally exposing themselves at all points in rallying the men, and soon the line was steadied, for such material could suffer but a momentary check. Ayres, with drawn sabre, rushed forward once more with his veterans, who now behaved as if they had fallen back to get a

"good-ready," and with fixed bayonets and a rousing cheer dashed over the earthworks, sweeping everything before them, and killing or capturing every man in their immediate front whose legs had not saved him.

Sheridan spurred Rienzi up to the angle, and with a bound the horse carried his rider over the earthworks, and landed in the midst of a line of prisoners who had thrown down their arms and were crouching close under their breastworks. Some of them called out: "Whar do you want us-all to go to?" Then Sheridan's rage turned to humor, and he had a running talk with the "Johnnies" as they filed past. "Go right over there," he said to them, pointing to the rear. "Get right along, now. Drop your guns; you'll never need them any more. You'll all be safe over there. Are there any more of you? We want every one of you fellows." Nearly fifteen hundred were captured at the angle.

An orderly here came up to Sheridan and said: "Colonel Forsyth of your staff is killed, sir." "It's no such thing," cried Sheridan. "I don't believe a word of it. You'll find Forsyth's all right." Ten minutes after, Forsyth rode up. It was the gallant General Frederick Winthrop who had fallen in the assault and had been mistaken for him. Sheridan did not even seem surprised when he saw Forsyth, and only said: "There! I told you so." I mention this as an instance of a peculiar trait of Sheridan's character, which never allowed him to be discouraged by camp rumors, however disastrous.

The dismounted cavalry had assaulted as soon as they heard the infantry fire open. The natty cavalrymen, with tight-fitting uniforms, short jackets, and small carbines, swarmed through the pine thickets and dense undergrowth, looking as if they had been especially equipped for crawling through knot-holes. Those who had magazine guns created a racket in those pine woods that sounded as if a couple of army corps had opened fire.

The cavalry commanded by the gallant Merritt made a final dash, went over the earthworks with a hurrah, captured a battery of artillery, and scattered everything in front of them. Here Custer, Devin, Fitzhugh, and the other cavalry leaders were in their element, and vied with each other in deeds of valor. Crawford's division had advanced in a northerly direction, marching away from Ayres and leaving a gap between the two divisions. General Sheridan sent nearly all of his staff officers to correct this movement, and to find General Warren, whom he was anxious to see.

After the capture of the angle I started off toward the right to see how matters were going there. I went in the direction of Crawford's division, passed around the left of the enemy's works, then rode due west to a point beyond the Ford road. Here I met Sheridan again, just a little before dark. He was laboring with all the energy of his nature

to complete the destruction of the enemy's forces, and to make preparation to protect his own detached command from an attack by Lee in the morning. He said he had relieved Warren, directed him to report in person to General Grant, and placed Griffin in command of the Fifth Corps. I had sent frequent bulletins during the day to the general-in-chief, and now despatched a courier announcing the change of corps commanders and giving the general result of the round-up.

Sheridan had that day fought one of the most interesting technical battles of the war, almost perfect in conception, brilliant in execution, strikingly dramatic in its incidents, and productive of immensely important results.

About half-past seven o'clock I started for general headquarters. The roads in places were corduroyed with captured muskets. Ammunition trains and ambulances were still struggling forward for miles; teamsters prisoners, stragglers, and wounded were choking the roadway. The coffee-boilers had kindled their fires. Cheers were resounding on all sides, and everybody was riotous over the victory. A horseman had to pick his way through this jubilant condition of things as best he could, as he did not have the right of way by any means. I travelled again by way of the Brooks road. As I galloped past a group of men on the Boydton plank, my orderly called out to them the news of the victory. The only response he got was from one of them who raised his open hand to his face, put his thumb to his nose, and yelled: "No, you don't —April fool!" I then realized that it was the 1st of April. I had ridden so rapidly that I reached headquarters at Dabney's Mill before the arrival of the last courier I had despatched. General Grant was sitting with most of the staff about him before a blazing camp-fire. He wore his blue cavalry overcoat, and the ever-present cigar was in his mouth. I began shouting the good news as soon as I got in sight, and in a moment all but the imperturbable general-in-chief were on their feet giving vent to wild demonstrations of joy. For some minutes there was a bewildering state of excitement, grasping of hands, tossing up of hats, and slapping of each other on the back. It meant the beginning of the end—the reaching of the "last ditch." It pointed to peace and home. Dignity was thrown to the winds. The general, as was expected, asked his usual question: "How many prisoners have been taken?" This was always his first inquiry when an engagement was reported. No man ever had such a fondness for taking prisoners. I think the gratification arose from the kindness of his heart, a feeling that it was much better to win in this way than by the destruction of human life. I was happy to report that the prisoners this time were estimated at over five thousand, and this was the only part of my recital that seemed to call forth a responsive expression from his usually impassive features. After

having listened to the description of Sheridan's day's work, the general, with scarcely a word, walked into his tent, and by the light of a flickering candle took up his "manifold writer," a small book which retained a copy of the matter written, and after finishing several despatches handed them to an orderly to be sent over the field-wires, came out and joined our group at the camp-fire, and said as coolly as if remarking upon the state of the weather: "I have ordered an immediate assault along the lines." This was about 9 o'clock.

General Grant was anxious to have the different commands move against the enemy's lines at once, to prevent Lee from withdrawing troops and sending them against Sheridan. General Meade was all activity and so alive to the situation, and so anxious to carry out the orders of the general-in-chief, that he sent word that he was going to have the troops make a dash at the works without waiting to form assaulting columns. General Grant, at 9.30 P. M., sent a message saying he did not mean to have the corps attack without assaulting columns, but to let the batteries open at once and to feel out with skirmishers; and if the enemy was found to be leaving, to let the troops attack in their own way. The corps commanders reported that it would be impracticable to make a successful assault till morning, but sent back replies full of enthusiasm.

The hour for the general assault was now fixed at 4 the next morning. Miles was ordered to march with his division at midnight to reënforce Sheridan and enable him to make a stand against Lee, in case he should move westward in the night. The general had not been unmindful of Mr. Lincoln's anxiety. Soon after my arrival he telegraphed him: "I have just heard from Sheridan. He has carried everything before him. He has captured three brigades of infantry and a train of wagons, and is now pushing up his success." He had this news also communicated to the several corps commanders, in accordance with his invariable custom to let the different commands feel that they were being kept informed of the general movements, and to encourage them and excite their emulation by notifying them of the success of other commanders. A little after midnight the general tucked himself into his camp-bed, and was soon sleeping as peacefully as if the next day were to be devoted to a picnic instead of a decisive battle.

About 3 A. M. Colonel F. C. Newhall, of Sheridan's staff, rode up bespattered with more than the usual amount of Virginia soil. He had the latest report from Sheridan, and as the general-in-chief would, no doubt, want to take this opportunity of sending further instructions as to the morning's operations on the extreme left, he was wakened, and listened to the report from Newhall, who stood by the bedside to deliver it. The general told him of the preparations being made by the Army

of the Potomac, and the necessity of Sheridan's looking out for a push in his direction by Lee, and then began his sleep again where he had left off. Newhall then started to take another fifteen-mile ride back to Sheridan. Every one at headquarters had caught as many cat-naps as he could, so as to be able to keep both eyes open the next day, in the hope of getting a sight of Petersburg, and possibly of Richmond. And now 4 o'clock came, but no assault. It was found that to remove abatis, climb over chevaux-de-frise, jump rifle-pits, and scale parapets, a little daylight would be of material assistance. At 4.45 there was a streak of gray in the heavens which soon revealed another streak of gray formed by Confederate uniforms in the works opposite, and the charge was ordered. The thunder of hundreds of guns shook the ground like an earthquake, and soon the troops were engaged all along the lines. The general awaited the result of the assault at headquarters, where he could be easily communicated with, and from which he could give general directions.

At a quarter past five a message came from Wright that he had carried the enemy's line and was pushing in. Next came news from Parke, that he had captured the outer works in his front, with twelve pieces of artillery and eight hundred prisoners. At 6.40 the general wrote a telegram with his own hand to Mr. Lincoln, as follows: "Both Wright and Parke got through the enemy's line. The battle now rages furiously. Sheridan with his cavalry, the Fifth Corps, and Miles's division of the Second Corps I sent to him since 1 this morning, is sweeping down from the west. All now looks highly favorable. Ord is engaged, but I have not yet heard the result on his part." A cheering despatch was also sent to Sheridan, winding up with the words: "I think nothing is now wanting but the approach of your force from the west to finish up the job on this side."

Soon Ord was heard from, having broken through the intrenchments. Humphreys, too, had been doing gallant work; at half-past seven the line in his front was captured, and half an hour later Hays's division of his corps had carried an important earthwork, with three guns and most of the garrison. At 8.25 A. M. the general sat down to write another telegram to the President, summing up the progress made. Before he had finished it a despatch was brought in from Ord saying some of his troops had just captured the enemy's works south of Hatcher's Run, and this news was added to the tidings which the general was sending to Mr. Lincoln.

The general and staff now rode out to the front, as it was necessary to give immediate direction to the actual movements of the troops, and prevent confusion from the overlapping and intermingling of the several corps as they pushed forward. He urged his horse over the works that Wright's corps had captured, and suddenly came upon a body of three

thousand prisoners marching to the rear. His whole attention was for some time riveted upon them, and we knew he was enjoying his usual satisfaction in seeing them. Some of the guards told the prisoners who the general was, and they became wild with curiosity to get a good look at him. Next he came up with a division of the Sixth Corps flushed with success, and rushing forward with a dash that was inspiriting beyond description. When they caught sight of the leader, whom they had patiently followed from the Rapidan to the Appomattox, their cheers broke forth with a will, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds. The general galloped along toward the right, and soon met Meade, with whom he had been in constant communication, and who had been pushing forward the Army of the Potomac with all vigor. Congratulations were quickly exchanged, and both went to pushing forward the work. General Grant, after taking in the situation, directed both Meade and Ord to face their commands toward the east, and close up toward the inner lines which covered Petersburg. Lee had been pushed so vigorously that he seemed for a time to be making but little effort to recover any of his lost ground, but now he made a determined fight against Parke's corps, which was threatening his inner line on his extreme left and the bridge across the Appomattox. Repeated assaults were made, but Parke resisted them all successfully, and could not be moved from his position. Lee had ordered Longstreet from the north side of the James, and with these troops reënforced his extreme right. General Grant dismounted near a farm-house which stood on a knoll within a mile of the enemy's extreme line, and from which he could get a good view of the field of operations. He seated himself at the foot of a tree, and was soon busy receiving despatches and writing orders to officers conducting the advance. The position was under fire, and as soon as the group of staff officers was seen the enemy's guns began paying their respects. This lasted for nearly a quarter of an hour, and as the fire became hotter and hotter several of the officers, apprehensive of the general's safety, urged him to move to some less conspicuous position, but he kept on writing and talking without the least interruption from the shots falling around him, and apparently not noticing what a target the place was becoming. After he had finished his despatches, he got up, took a view of the situation, and as he started toward the other side of the farm-house said, with a quizzical look at the group around him: "Well, they do seem to have the range on us." The staff was now sent to various points of the advancing lines, and all was activity in pressing forward the good work. By noon, nearly all the outer line of works was in our possession, except two strong redoubts which occupied a commanding position, named respectively Fort Gregg and Fort Whitworth. The general decided that these should be stormed, and about 1

o'clock three of Ord's brigades swept down upon Fort Gregg. The garrison of three hundred (under Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Duncan) with two rifled cannon made a desperate defence, and a most gallant contest took place. For half an hour after our men had gained the parapet a bloody hand-to-hand struggle continued, but nothing could stand against the onslaught of Ord's troops, flushed with their morning's victory. By half-past two, fifty-seven of the brave garrison lay dead, and about two hundred and fifty had surrendered. Fort Whitworth was at once abandoned, but the guns of Fort Gregg were opened upon the garrison as they marched out, and the commander (Colonel Joseph M. Jayne) and sixty men were surrendered.

About this time Miles had struck a force of the enemy at Sutherland's Station, on Lee's extreme right, and had captured two pieces of artillery and nearly a thousand prisoners. At 4.40 the general, who had been keeping Mr. Lincoln fully advised of the history that was so rapidly being made that day, sent him a telegram inviting him to come out the next day and pay him a visit. A prompt reply came back from the President, saying: "Allow me to tender you and all with you the nation's grateful thanks for the additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion, I think I will meet you to-morrow."

Prominent officers now urged the general to make an assault on the inner lines and capture Petersburg that afternoon, but he was firm in his resolve not to sacrifice the lives necessary to accomplish such a result. He said the city would undoubtedly be evacuated during the night, and he would dispose the troops for a parallel march westward, and try to head off the escaping army. And thus ended the eventful Sunday.

The general was up at daylight the next morning, and the first report brought in was that Parke had gone through the lines at 4 A. M., capturing a few skirmishers, and that the city had surrendered at 4.28 to Colonel Ralph Ely. A second communication surrendering the place was sent in to Wright. The evacuation had begun about 10 the night before, and was completed before 3 on the morning of the 3d. Between 5 and 6 A. M. the general had a conference with Meade, and orders were given to push westward with all haste. About 9 A. M. the general rode into Petersburg. Many of the citizens, panic-stricken, had escaped with the army. Most of the whites who remained stayed indoors, a few groups of negroes gave cheers, but the scene generally was one of complete desertion. Grant rode along quietly with his staff until he came to a comfortable-looking brick house, with a yard in front, situated on one of the principal streets, and here he and the officers accompanying him dismounted and took seats on the piazza. A number of the citizens soon gathered on the sidewalk and gazed with eager curiosity upon the commander of the Yankee armies.

Edward Eggleston.

Born in Vevay, Ind., 1837.

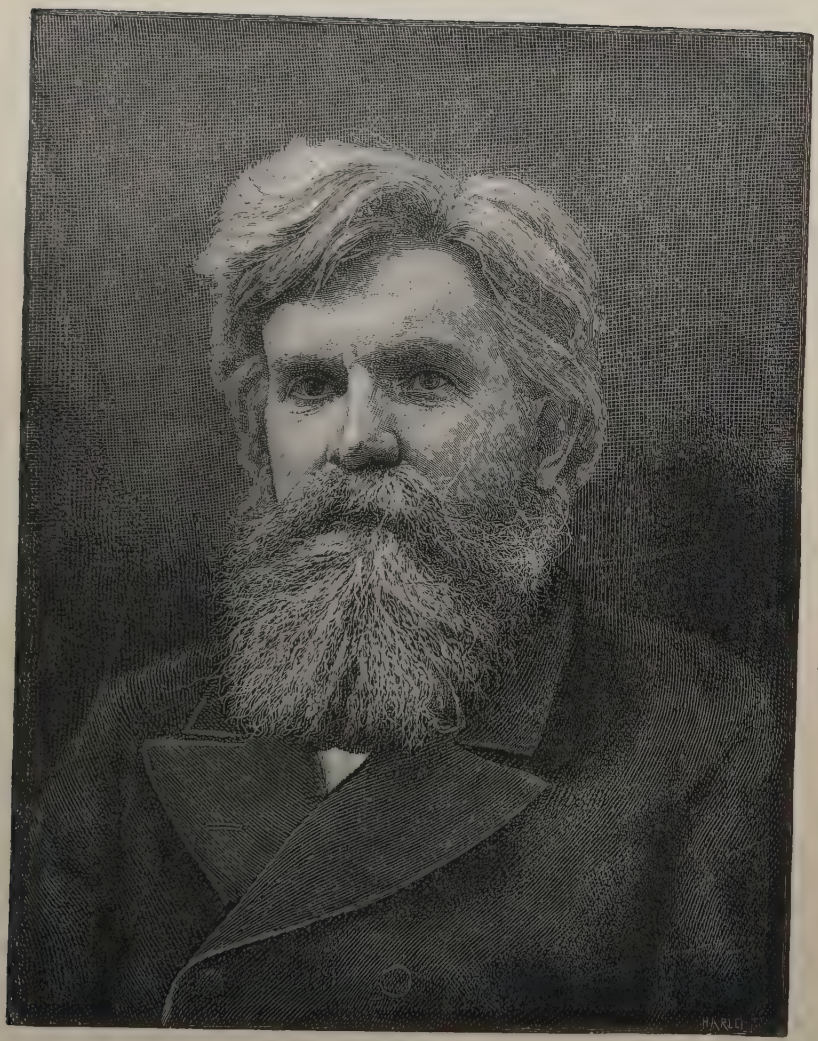
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S DEFENCE OF TOM GRAYSON.

[*The Graysons.* 1888.]

THE people who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood "richly desarved it," in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and deliberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to



Sincerely Yours

Edward Eggleston.

identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search? Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

"Call David Sovine," he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

"David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!" cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

"Howld up your roight hand," said the clerk.

Then when Dave's right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of the oath in the most approved and clerkly style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

"Do sol'm swear 't yull tell th' truth, th' 'ole truth, en nuthin' b' th' truth, s' yilpye God," said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, appeared embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place with bear's oil or what was sold for bear's oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who has been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

"Yes, well enough"; but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

"You've played cards with him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him."

"We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store."

"Who proposed to Tom to play with you?"

"George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me."

"What did you win that night from Tom?"

"Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife."

"Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?"

"George Lockwood."

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

"Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August."

"Yes; I was."

"What did you see there? Tell about the shooting."

Dave told the story, with a little prompting in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the court-room with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

"How far away from Mason and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?" asked the prosecutor.

"Twenty foot or more."

"What did Tom shoot with?"

"A pistol."

"What kind of a pistol?"

"One of the ole-fashion' sort—flint-lock, weth a ruther long barrel."

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

"Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol."

"'Twas just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel."

"What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?"

"Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up *towards* George, who'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the fracas was."

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

"You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln."

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versa. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

"You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?" the counsel asked.

"Yes." Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

"Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?"

"No, I wasn't," said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

"Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?"

"I was more than twenty," said Dave, huskily.

"What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?"

"We'd been—talking." Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

"Oh, you had?"

"Yes."

"In a friendly way?"

"Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss."

"You parted from him as a friend?"

"Yes, of course."

"By the time Tom came up you'd got—how far away? Be careful now."

"I've told you twiste. More than twenty feet."

"You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Did you know it was Tom before he fired?"

"Tubby shore, I did."

"What time of night was it?"

"Long to*wards* 10, I sh'd think."

"It might have been 11?"

"No, 't wus n't later 'n about 10." This was said doggedly.

"Nor before 9?"

"No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said." And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

"How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting-place?"

"'Twixt a half a mile an' a mile."

"Not over a mile?"

"No, skiercely a mile."

"But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?"

"No, it's nigh onto a mile. I didn't measure it, but it's a mighty big three-quarters."

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

"You didn't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?"

"No!" said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. "What should we have a candle for?" he added.

"Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?"

"No, of course not! What 'd they have candles for?"

"Where were the lights on the camp-ground?"

"Closte by the preachers' tent."

"More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?"

"Anyway as much as three-quarters," said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

"How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?"

"Twenty feet."

"You said 'or more' awhile ago."

"Well, 't wus n't no less, p'r'aps," said Dave, showing signs of worry. "You don't think I measured it, do yeh?"

"There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?"

"No," said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

"You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?"

"No, of course not."

"How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?"

"Saw by moonlight," said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

"What sort of trees were there on the ground?"

"Beech."

"Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?" asked Lincoln.

"Ye-es, ruther," gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

"And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?"

"Yes."

"And you could see him shoot?"

"Yes."

"And you full twenty feet away?"

"Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow." Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

"And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?"

"Ye-es." Dave now stood on his left foot.

"And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?" This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

"Yes, I could," answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

"And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?" There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

"Yes." This was spoken feebly.

"And you twenty feet or more away?"

"I've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see," whined the witness apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose, that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms down-

ward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak. . . . .

Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

"Now, your Honor," he said to the court, "this witness," with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, "has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of a pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon." Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. "All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot—saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees—beech-trees in full leaf. That is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods." Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more: "But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness"—with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion—"saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning."

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

"You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac," said the lawyer to him. "For the present you'd better keep silence."

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word

from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

"Will you let me look at it?" asked the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor"; and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face downward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got half-way to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

"Now, may it please the court," Lincoln went on, "I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional—a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?" Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. "Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move, your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder."

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a redirect examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

"This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury," said the judge. "Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into."

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

"I arrest you," he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

"God!" he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. "'Tain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I—didn't mean to shoot him, an' I wouldn't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away."

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in the effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

"Goshamity! Hooray!" he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of "Order in court!" And when at length the people were quieted a little, Mrs. Grayson spoke up, with a choking voice:

"Jedge, ain't you a-goin' to let him go now?"

There was a new movement of feeling, and the judge called out: "Sheriff, order in court!" But his voice was husky and tremulous. He took off his spectacles to wipe them, and he looked out of the window behind him, and put his handkerchief first to one eye, then to the other, before he put his glasses back.

"May it please the court," said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, "I move, your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of 'Not guilty.'" The judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

"I don't think, your Honor," stammered Allen, "that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case."

"I don't think you ought," said the judge promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

"O Tom! they are letting you out," cried Janet, running forward to meet him as he came from the dock. She had not quite understood the drift of these last proceedings until this moment.

This greeting by little Janet induced another burst of excitement. It was no longer of any use for the judge to keep on saying "Sheriff, command order in court!" All the sheriff's rapping was in vain; it was impossible to arrest and fine everybody. The judge was compelled to avail himself of the only means of saving the court's dignity by adjourning for the day, while Mrs. Grayson was already embracing her Tommy under his very eyes. . . . .

The lawyers presently congratulated Lincoln, Barbara tried to thank him, and Judge Watkins felt that Impartial Justice herself, as represented in his own person, could afford to praise the young man for his conduct of the case.

"Abr'am," said Mrs. Grayson, "d' yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' *any*thing." Then, after a moment of pause: "Abr'am, I'm thinkin' I'd ort to deed you my farm. You've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord A'mighty knows you have."

"I'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy—not a single red cent"; and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom's hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck could not yet speak his gratitude. "Tom here," said Lincoln, "will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I'll be paid a hundred times. You see it'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you'll say: 'That's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow, with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow.'"

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN THE COLONIES.

[*Social Life in the Colonies.—The Century Magazine.* 1885.]

THE traveller Josselyn gives us a glimpse of seventeenth-century "gallants," promenading with their sweethearts, on Boston Common, from a little before sunset till the nine o'clock bell gave warning of the lawfully established bed-time. This picture of twilight and love lends a touch of human feeling to the severely regulated life of the Puritan country. But even love-making in that time was made to keep

to the path appointed by those in authority. Fines, imprisonments, and corporal punishment were the penalties denounced in New England against him who should inveigle the affections of any "maide, or maide servant," unless her parents or guardians should "give way and allowance in that respect." Nor were such laws dead letters. In all the colonies sentiment was less regarded than it is now. The worldly estate of the parties was weighed in even balances, and there were sometimes conditional marriage treaties between the parents, before the young people were consulted. Judge Sewall's daughter Betty hid herself in her father's coach for hours one night, to avoid meeting an unwelcome suitor approved by her father. Sometimes marriage agreements between the parents of the betrothed extended even to arrangements for bequests to be left to the young people, as "incorridgement for a livelihood." The newspapers of the later period, following English examples, not only praised the bride, but did not hesitate to mention her "large fortune," that people might know the elements of the bridegroom's happiness.

But if passion was under more constraint from self-interest among people of the upper class, it was less restrained by refinement in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than it is in our time. . .

The mode of courtship known as bundling or tarrying—the very name of which one hesitates to write to-day—was prevalent in certain regions of New England, especially in the Connecticut Valley. The practice existed in many parts of Europe, and is said still to linger in Wales. It was no doubt brought from England by early immigrants. That it could flourish throughout the whole colonial age, alongside a system of doctrine and practice so austere as that enforced by New England divines and magistrates, is but one of many instances of the failure of law and restraining precept to work a refinement of manners. That during much more than a century after the settlement this practice found none to challenge it on grounds of modesty and moral tendency, goes to show how powerful is the sanction of traditional custom. Even when it was attacked by Jonathan Edwards and other innovators, the attempt to abolish it was met by violent opposition and no end of ridicule. Edwards seems to think that as "among people who pretend to uphold their credit," it was peculiar to New England; and there appears to be no evidence that it was practised elsewhere in America, except in parts of Pennsylvania, where the custom is a matter of court record so late as 1845, and where it probably still lingers in out-of-the-way places among people both of English and of German extraction.

A certain grossness in the relations of the sexes was a trait of eighteenth-century life, not confined to rustics and people in humble stations. In the "Journal of a Young Lady of Virginia," the writer complains more than once of the freedoms of certain married gentlemen

of her acquaintance, "who seized me and kissed me a dozen times in spite of all the resistance I could make." Miss Sarah Eve, of Philadelphia, has likewise recorded in a private journal her objections to the affectionate salutations bestowed on her in company by a Dr. S. "One hates to be always kissed," she says, "especially as it is attended with so many inconveniences: it decomposes the œconomy of one's *handkerchief*, it disorders one's *high Roll*, and it ruffles the serenity of one's countenance." Perhaps it was the partial default of refined feeling that made stately and ceremonious manners seem so proper to the upper class of that day; such usages were a fence by which society protected itself from itself. But eighteenth-century proprieties were rather thin and external; they had an educational value, no doubt, but conventional hypocrisies scantly served to hide the rudeness of the Englishmen of the time.

Marriage ceremonies and festivities in America differed but little from those which prevailed in the mother country. The widest divergence was in New England, where the Puritans, abhorring the Catholic classification which put marriage among the sacraments, were repelled to the other extreme, and forbade ministers to lend any ecclesiastical sanction to a wedding. But the earliest New Englanders celebrated a public betrothal, or, as they styled it, "a contraction," and on this occasion a minister sometimes preached a sermon. A merely civil marriage could hardly continue long in a community where the benedictions of religion were sought on so many other occasions; where the birth of a child, the illness and the recovery of the sick, birthday anniversaries, the entrance into a new house, and even the planning of a bridge, gave occasion for prayer and psalm-singing. Indeed, a marriage performed as at first by a magistrate was accompanied by psalms sung by the guests and by prayers; and as the seventeenth century drew to its close, the Puritan minister resumed the function of solemnizing marriages.

The Quakers, of course, were married without intervention of parson or magistrate, by "passing the meeting." Even in the colonies in which the Church of England was established, marriages usually took place in private houses—a divergence from English usage growing out of the circumstances of people in a new country. But it was everywhere enacted that the banns should be published. This was in some places done at church service, as in England, or by putting a notice on the court-house door. In New England the publication was sometimes made at the week-day lecture, at town-meeting, or by affixing a notice to the door or in the vestibule of the meeting-house, or to a post set up for this express purpose. Publication seems to have been sometimes evaded by ingenuity. The Friends in Pennsylvania took care to enjoin that the notice should be posted at a meeting-house, "with the fair publication

side outward." The better sort of people in some of the colonies were accustomed to buy exemption from publishing the banns, by paying a fee to the governor for a license, and the governor's revenue from this source was very considerable. Ministers in remote places sometimes purchased a supply of licenses signed in blank and issued them at a profit.

English colonists in the hardest pioneer surroundings took a patriotic pride in celebrating what was called "a merry English wedding." The festivities in different places varied only in detail; in all the colonies a genteel wedding was a distressingly expensive and protracted affair. There was no end of eating, and drinking, and dancing, of dinners, teas, and suppers. The guests were often supplied with one meal before the marriage, and then feasted without stint afterward. These festivities, on one ground or another, were in some places kept up two or three days, and sometimes even much longer. The minister finished the service by kissing the bride; then all the gentlemen present followed his example; and in some regions the bridegroom meanwhile went about the room kissing each of the ladies in turn. There were brides who received the salutations of a hundred and fifty gentlemen in a day. As if this were not enough, the gentlemen called on the bride afterward, and this call was colloquially known as "going to kiss the bride." In some parts of the Puritan country kissing at weddings was discountenanced, but there were other regions of New England in which it was practised with the greatest latitude and fervor. In Philadelphia the Quaker bride, having to "pass the meeting" twice, had to submit to a double ordeal of the sort, and the wedding expenses, despite the strenuous injunctions of yearly meetings, were greatly increased by the twofold festivity.

I have seen no direct evidence that the colonial gentry followed the yet ruder English wedding customs of the time. But provincials loyally follow the customs of a metropolis, and I doubt not a colonial wedding in good society was attended by observances as indecorous as those of a nobleman of the same period. Certainly stocking-throwing and other such customs long lingered among the backwoodsmen of the colonies, as did many other ancient wedding usages. Among the German immigrants, the bride did not throw her shoe for the guests to scramble for as she entered her chamber, after the manner of the noble ladies of Germany in other times; but at a "Pennsylvania Dutch" wedding the guests strove by dexterity or craft to steal a shoe from the bride's foot during the day. If the groomsmen failed to prevent this, they were obliged to redeem the shoe from the bosom of the lucky thief with a bottle of wine. The ancient wedding sport known in parts of the British Islands as "riding for the kail," or "for the broose"—that is, a pot of spiced broth—and elsewhere called "riding for the ribbon," took the form among the Scotch-Irish in America of a dare-devil race over peril-

ous roads to secure a bottle of whiskey with a ribbon about its neck, which awaited the swiftest and most reckless horseman on his arrival at the house of the bride's father. There were yet other practices—far-reaching shadows of the usages of more barbarous ages, when brides were carried off by force. A wedding party in the backwoods as it approached the bride's house would sometimes find its progress arrested by wild grape-vines tied across the way, or great trees felled in the road in sport or malice by the neighbors. Sometimes, indeed, they would be startled by a sudden volley with blank cartridges fired by men in ambuscade. This old Irish practice, and other such horse-play, was most congenial to woodsmen and Indian-fighters, in whom physical life overflowed all bounds.

A custom, no doubt of very ancient origin, prevailed in some Massachusetts villages, by which a group of the non-invited would now and then seize the bride and gently lead her off to an inn or other suitable place of detention until the bridegroom consented to redeem her by providing entertainment for the captors. But in the staidest parts of New England, puritanism succeeded in suppressing or modifying some of the more brutal wedding customs of the time. Sack-posset was eaten, perhaps even in the bridal chamber, but it was taken solemnly with the singing of a psalm before and a grace afterward. The health and toasts to posterity, which had been, according to immemorial usage, drunk in the wedding chamber after the bedding of the bride and groom, were omitted, and in their place prayers were offered that the children of the newly married might prove worthy of a godly ancestry. Old English blood and rude traditions would now and then break forth; it was necessary in 1651 to forbid all dancing in taverns on the occasion of weddings, such dancing having produced many "abuses and disorders."

Where church-going was practised, as in New England, the "coming out groom and bride" on the Sunday after the wedding was a notable part of the solemnities. In Sewall's diary one may see the bride's family escorting the newly married pair to church, marching in double file, six couples in all, conscious that they were the spectacle of the little street, and the observed of all in the church.

The eccentric custom, known in England, of a widow's wearing no garment at her second marriage but a shift, from a belief that by her surrendering before marriage all her property but this, her new husband would escape liability for any debts contracted by her or her former husband, was followed in a few instances in the middle colonies. One Pennsylvania bridegroom saved appearances by meeting the slightly clad bride half-way from her own house to his, and announcing in the presence of witnesses that the wedding clothes which he proceeded to put on her with his own hands were only lent to the widow for the occasion.

Burke Aaron Hinsdale.

Born in Wadsworth, Ohio, 1837.

THE CONNECTICUT WESTERN RESERVE.

[*The Old Northwest.* 1888.]

THE development of the Western Reserve has been as gratifying as its beginning was discouraging. Its area is about five thousand square miles, its population about six hundred thousand souls. It is a trifle larger than Connecticut, but has a somewhat smaller population. No other five thousand square miles of territory in the United States, lying in a body outside of New England, ever had, to begin with, so pure a New England population. No similar territory west of the Alleghany Mountains has so impressed the brain and conscience of the country. No other district gives so fine an opportunity to study the development of the New England character under Western conditions. In externals, the colonists, a majority of whom came from Connecticut, reproduced New England in Northeastern Ohio. It has long been remarked that, in some respects, the Western Reserve is more New England than New England herself. Mr. John Fiske found the illustration that he wanted of an early feature of English life in Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. There is also an undeniable continuity of intellectual and moral life. But the southern shore of Lake Erie is not the northern shore of Long Island Sound; New Connecticut is not a reproduction of Old Connecticut.

The position of Connecticut in history is a most honorable one, quite disproportionate to her territorial area, or to the numbers of her population. Far should it be from a man of Connecticut descent to speak slightingly of the commonwealth of his fathers. But the Connecticut of 1796 was dominated by class influences and ideas; a heavy mass of political and religious dogma rested upon society; an inveterate conservatism fettered both the actions and the thoughts of men. The church and the town were but different sides of the same thing. The town was a close corporation; and the man who did not belong to it, either by birth or formal naturalization, could be a resident of it only on sufferance. The yearly inauguration of the governor is said to have been "an occasion of solemn import and unusual magnificence." Connecticut Federalism was the most iron-clad variety anywhere to be found, unless in Delaware. In 1804 the General Court impeached several justices of the peace who had the temerity to attend a Jeffersonian convention in New Haven. Mechanics were accounted "vulgar"; farming was the

"respectable" calling; "leading men" had an extraordinary influence; and "old families" were the pride and the weakness of their respective localities. The militia captain and the deacon were local magnates. Congregationalism was an established religion; and how restive the Episcopalians, the Baptists, the Sandemanians, the Methodists, and other dissenting churches, and men of no church, were, under its reign, a glance through a file of old Connecticut newspapers will show. For years the General Assembly refused to charter Episcopalian and Methodist colleges. President Quincy paints this picture of a Sabbath morning in Andover, Mass.:

"The whole space before the meeting-house was filled with a waiting, respectful, and expecting multitude. At the moment of service, the pastor issued from his mansion, with Bible and manuscript sermon under his arm, with his wife leaning on one arm, flanked by his negro man on his side, as his wife was by her negro woman, the little negroes being distributed, according to their sex, by the side of their respective parents. Then followed every other member of the family according to age and rank, making often, with family visitants, somewhat of a formidable procession. As soon as it appeared, the congregation, as if led by one spirit, began to move towards the door of the church, and before the procession reached it all were in their places. As soon as the pastor entered, the whole congregation rose and stood until he was in the pulpit and his family were seated. At the close of the service, the congregation stood until he and his family had left the church. Forenoon and afternoon the same course of proceeding was had."

Of course, such magnificence as this was unusual; but the passage well marks the awful consequence with which the New England mind, in that period, invested the parson. All the conservatism of Connecticut rallied around the venerable charter of 1662, holding it as sacred as the Trojans ever held the Palladium; and the party which broke down the charter and set up the constitution of 1818 were called "The Tolerationists."

It is plain that at the close of the last century Connecticut had shelled over. While a desire to break through this shell was the motive that sent many a man and family to the West, the whole emigration still brought much of the old conservatism and dogma to Ohio. But these people had not been long in their new home before they began to feel the throbbings of a new life, and they soon began to do things that in their old home they would never have dreamed of doing. As early as 1832, President Storrs and his assistants in the faculty of Western Reserve College were preaching and lecturing against slavery, at Hudson. Those sermons and lectures were the real beginning of antislavery propagandism in Northern Ohio. How much the antislavery men of the East counted upon Storrs's coöperation is shown by Whittier's

pathetic elegy written on Storrs's too early death. Early in its history, the name of Oberlin became synonymous with Abolitionism throughout the country. Giddings upheld antislavery principles in Congress when there was none but John Quincy Adams to support him. Full fifty years ago the Reserve had a more definite antislavery character than any other equal extent of territory in the United States. A liberalizing tendency may also be traced in religion. The Calvinistic rigidity of the churches was softened. The new theology sounded out from Oberlin, while that seat of learning was still hidden in the woods, was even more hateful to New England orthodoxy than the new theology sounded out from Andover is to-day. Dissenting bodies, as they would have been in Connecticut—Baptists, Methodists, and Disciples—gained a foothold and multiplied in numbers. And the same in education. Men on whom the awful shadow of Yale and Harvard had fallen began at Oberlin the first collegiate co-education experiment tried in the world. Both at Oberlin and at Hudson the finality of the old educational rubrics was denied, and new studies were introduced into the curricula. The common school, the academy, the college, the church, the newspaper, the debating society, and the platform stimulated the mental and moral life of the people to the utmost. The Reserve came to have a character all its own. Men with "new ideas" hastened to it as to a seed-bed. Men with "reforms" and "causes" to advocate found a willing audience. Later years have brought new elements; but to-day the mail-clerks on the Lake Shore Railroad are compelled to quicken their motions the moment they enter its borders from either east or west. Adapting the language that General J. D. Cox once used, there are in Northeastern Ohio the straits in a great moral Gulf Stream. Between Lake Erie and the Ohio, from Pittsburg to Chicago, has been compressed a human tide fed by the overflow of New England, the Middle States, and Europe. Beyond Lake Michigan this stream widens out, fan-like, northwest and southwest, from Manitoba to the Arkansas River, and breaks over the ridges of the Rocky Mountains in streams that reach the Pacific coast. Wherever it has gone this stream has carried the thought-seeds gathered from the banks of the straits through which it rushes. But the Reserve has been conservative as well as radical. Since Elisha Whittlesey took his seat, in 1828, the Nineteenth Ohio Congressional District has been represented in Congress by but five men. In 1872 the greatest of these five men, Garfield, in addressing the convention that had just nominated him for the sixth time, said for more than half a century the people of the district had held and expressed bold and independent opinions on all public questions, yet they had never asked their representative to be the mere echo of the party voice. They supported and defended their representative in maintaining an independent position in the National

Legislature, and whenever he acted with honest and intelligent courage in the interests of truth, they generously sustained him even when he differed from them in minor matters of opinion and policy. The old charge of "isms" and "extravagance" cannot be wholly denied; but, on the whole, the plain people, while throwing much of the New England ballast overboard, and crowding their canvas, have held the rudder so true as to avoid dangerous extremes. The historian finds small occasion to defend them on the ground that somewhat of folly and fanaticism always attend a people's emancipation.

Edward Payson Roe.

BORN in Moodna, New Windsor, Orange Co., N. Y., 1838. DIED at Cornwall, N. Y., 1888.

A DAY IN SPRING.

[*Nature's Serial Story*. 1885.]

AT last Nature was truly awakening, and color was coming into her pallid face. On every side were increasing movement and evidences of life. Sunny hillsides were free from snow, and the oozing frost loosed the hold of stones upon the soil or the clay of precipitous banks, leaving them to the play of gravitation. Will the world become level if there are no more upheavals? The ice of the upper Hudson was journeying towards the sea that it would never reach. The sun smote it, the high winds ground the honey-combed cakes together, and the ebb and flow of the tide permitted no pause in the work of disintegration. By the middle of March the blue water predominated, and adventurous steamers had already picked and pounded their way to and from the city.

Only those deeply enamoured of Nature feel much enthusiasm for the first month of spring; but for them this season possesses a peculiar fascination. The beauty that has been so cold and repellent is relenting—yielding, seemingly against her will, to a wooing that cannot be repulsed by even her harshest moods. To the vigilance of love, sudden unexpected smiles are granted; and though, as if these were regretted, the frown quickly returns, it is often less forbidding. It is a period full of delicious, soul-thrilling "first times," the coy, exquisite beginnings of that final abandonment to her suitor in the sky. Although she veils her face for days with clouds, and again and again greets him in the dawn, wrapped in her old icy reserve, he smiles back his answer, and she can-

not resist. Indeed, there soon come warm, still, bright days whereon she feels herself going, but does not even protest. Then, as if suddenly conscious of lost ground, she makes a passionate effort to regain her wintry aspect. It is so passionate as to betray her, so stormy as to insure a profounder relenting, a warmer, more tearful, and penitent smile after her wild mood is over. She finds that she cannot return to her former sustained coldness, and so at last surrenders, and the frost passes wholly from her heart.

To Alf's and Johnnie's delight it so happened that one of these gentlest moods of early spring occurred on Saturday—that weekly millennium of school-children. With plans and preparations matured, they had risen with the sun, and, scampering back and forth over the frozen ground and the remaining patches of ice and snow, had carried every pail and pan that they could coax from their mother to a rocky hillside whereon clustered a few sugar-maples. Webb, the evening before, had inserted into the sunny sides of the trees little wooden troughs, and from these the tinkling drip of the sap made a music sweeter than that of the robins to the eager boy and girl.

At the breakfast-table each one was expatiating on the rare promise of the day. Even Mrs. Clifford, awakened by the half-subdued clatter of the children, had seen the brilliant, rose-tinted dawn.

"The day cannot be more beautiful than was the night," Webb remarked. "A little after midnight I was awakened by a clamor from the poultry, and, suspecting either two- or four-footed thieves, I was soon covering the hennery with my gun. As a result, Sir Mephitis, as Burroughs calls him, lies stark and stiff near the door. After watching awhile, and finding no other marauders abroad, I became aware that it was one of the most perfect nights I had ever seen. It was hard to imagine that, a few hours before, a gale had been blowing under a cloudy sky. The moonlight was so clear that I could see to read distinctly. So attractive and still was the night that I started for an hour's walk up the boulevard, and when near Idlewild brook had the fortune to empty the other barrel of my gun into a great horned owl. How the echoes resounded in the quiet night! The changes in April are more rapid, but they are on a grander scale this month."

"It seems to me," laughed Burt, "that your range of topics is even more sublime. From Sir Mephitis to romantic moonlight and lofty musings, no doubt, which ended with a screech-owl."

"The great horned is not a screech-owl, as you ought to know. Well, Nature is to blame for my alternations. I only took the goods the gods sent."

"I hope you did not take cold," said Maggie. "The idea of prowling around at that time of night!"

"Webb was in hopes that Nature might bestow upon him some confidences by moonlight that he could not coax from her in broad day. I shall seek better game than you found. Ducks are becoming plenty in the river, and all the conditions are favorable for a crack at them this morning. So I shall paddle out with a white coat over my clothes, and pretend to be a cake of ice. If I bring you a canvas-back, Amy, will you put the wishbone over the door?"

"Not till I have locked it and hidden the key."

Without any prearranged purpose the day promised to be given up largely to country sport. Burt had taken a lunch, and would not return until night, while the increasing warmth and brilliancy of the sunshine, and the children's voices from the maple grove, soon lured Amy to the piazza.

"Come," cried Webb, who emerged from the wood-house with an axe on his shoulder, "don rubber boots and wraps, and we'll improvise a maple-sugar camp of the New England style a hundred years ago. We should make the most of a day like this."

They soon joined the children on the hillside, whither Abram had already carried a capacious iron pot as black as himself. On a little terrace that was warm and bare of snow, Webb set up cross-sticks in gypsy fashion, and then with a chain suspended the pot, the children dancing like witches around it. Mr. Clifford and little Ned now appeared, the latter joining in the eager quest for dry sticks. Not far away was a large tree that for several years had been slowly dying, its few living branches having flushed early in September, in their last glow, which had been premature and hectic. Dry sticks would make little impression on the sap that now in the warmer light dropped faster from the wounded maples, and therefore to supply the intense heat that should give them at least a rich syrup before night, Webb threw off his coat and attacked the defunct veteran of the grove. Amy watched his vigorous strokes with growing zest; and he, conscious of her eyes, struck strong and true. Leonard, not far away, was removing impediments from the courses, thus securing a more rapid flow of the water and promoting the drainage of the land. He had sent up his cheery voice from time to time, but now joined the group, to witness the fall of a tree that had been old when he had played near it like his own children to-day. The echoes of the ringing axe came back to them from an adjacent hillside; a squirrel barked and "snickered," as if he too were a party to the fun; crows overhead cawed a protest at the destruction of their ancient perch; but with steady and remorseless stroke the axe was driven through the concentric rings on either side into the tree's dead heart. At last, as fibre after fibre was cut away, it began to tremble. The children stood breathless and almost pitying as they saw the shiver, apparently

conscious, which followed each blow. Something of the same callousness of custom with which the fall of a man is witnessed must blunt one's nature before he can look unmoved upon the destruction of a familiar tree. . . . .

The blue of the sky seemed intense after so many gray and steel-hued days, and there was not a trace of cloud. The flowing sap was not sweeter than the air, to which the brilliant sunlight imparted an exhilarating warmth far removed from sultriness. From the hillside came the woody odor of decaying leaves, and from the adjacent meadow the delicate perfume of grasses whose roots began to tingle with life the moment the iron grip of the frost relaxed. Sitting on a rock near the crackling fire, Amy made as fair a gypsy as one would wish to see. On every side were evidences that spring was taking possession of the land. In the hollows of the meadow at her feet were glassy pools, kept from sinking away by a substratum of frost, and among these migratory robins and high-holders were feeding. The brook beyond was running full from the melting of the snow in the mountains, and its hoarse murmur was the bass in the musical babble and tinkle of smaller rills hastening towards it on either side. Thus in all directions the scene was lighted up with the glint and sparkle of water. The rays of the sun idealized even the muddy road, of which a glimpse was caught, for the pasty clay glistened like the surface of a stream. The returning birds appeared as jubilant over the day as the children whose voices blended with their songs—as do all the sounds that are absolutely natural. The migratory tide of robins, song-sparrows, phœbes, and other early birds was still moving northward; but multitudes had dropped out of line, having reached their haunts of the previous year. The sunny hillside and its immediate vicinity seemed a favorite lounging-place both for the birds of passage and for those already at home. The excitement of travel to some, and the delight at having regained the scene of last year's love and nesting to others, added to the universal joy of spring, so exhilarated their hearts that they could scarcely be still a moment. Although the sun was approaching the zenith, there was not the comparative silence that pervades a summer noon. Bird-calls resounded everywhere; there was a constant flutter of wings, as if all were bent upon making or renewing acquaintance—an occupation frequently interrupted by transports of song.

"Do you suppose they really recognize each other?" Amy asked Webb, as he threw down an armful of wood near her.

"Dr. Marvin would insist that they do," he replied, laughing. "When with him, one must be wary in denying to the birds any of the virtues and powers. He would probably say that they understood each other as well as we do. They certainly seem to be comparing notes, in one sense

of the word at least. Listen, and you will hear at this moment the song of bluebird, robin, both song- and fox-sparrow, phœbe, blue jay, high-holder, and crow—that is, if you can call the notes of the last two birds a song."

"What a lovely chorus!" she cried, after a few moments' pause.

"Wait till two months have passed, and you will hear a grand symphony every morning and evening. All the members of our summer opera troupe do not arrive till June, and several weeks must still pass before the great star of the season appears."

"Indeed! and who is he, or she?"

"Both he and she—the wood-thrush and his mate. They are very aristocratic kin of these robins. A little before them will come two other blood-relations, Mr. and Mrs. Brownthrasher, who, notwithstanding their family connection with the high-toned wood-thrush and jolly, honest robin, are stealthy in their manner, and will skulk away before you as if ashamed of something. When the musical fit is on them, however, they will sing openly from the loftiest tree-top, and with a sweetness, too, that few birds can equal."

"Why, Webb, you almost equal Dr. Marvin."

"Oh, no; I only become acquainted with my favorites. If a bird is rare, though commonplace in itself, he will pursue it as if it laid golden eggs."

A howl from Ned proved that even the brightest days and scenes have their drawbacks. The little fellow had been prowling around among the pails and pans, intent on obtaining a drink of the sap, and thus had put his hand on a honey-bee seeking the first sweet of the year. In an instant Webb reached his side, and saw what the trouble was. Carrying him to the fire, he drew a key from his pocket, and pressed its hollow ward over the spot stung. This caused the poison to work out. Nature's remedy—mud—abounded, and soon a little moist clay covered the wound, and Amy took him in her arms and tried to pacify him, while his father, who had strolled away with Mr. Clifford, speedily returned. The grandfather looked down commiseratingly on the sobbing little companion of his earlier morning walk, and soon brought, not merely serenity, but joy unbounded, by a quiet proposition.

"I will go back to the house," he said, "and have mamma put up a nice lunch, and you and the other children can eat your dinner here by the fire. So can you, Webb and Amy, and then you can look after the youngsters. It's warm and dry here. Suppose you have a little picnic, which, in March, will be a thing to remember. Alf, you can come with me, and while mamma is preparing the lunch, you can run to the market and get some oysters and clams, and these, with potatoes, you can roast in the ashes of a smaller fire, which Ned and Johnnie can look after

under Webb's superintendence. Wouldn't you like my little plan, Amy?"

"Yes, indeed," she replied, putting her hands caressingly within his arm. "It's hard to think you are old when you know so well what we young people like. I didn't believe that this day could be brighter or jollier, and yet your plan has made the children half wild."

Indeed, Alf had already given his approval by tearing off towards the house for the materials of this unprecedented March feast in the woods, and the old gentleman, as if made buoyant by the good promise of his little project in the children's behalf, followed with a step wonderfully elastic for a man of fourscore.

"Well, heaven grant I may attain an age like that!" said Webb, looking wistfully after him. "There is more of spring than autumn in father yet, and I don't believe there will be any winter in his life. Well, Amy, like the birds and squirrels around us, we shall dine out-of-doors to-day. You must be mistress of the banquet; Ned, Johnnie, and I place ourselves under your orders; don't we, Johnnie?"

"To be sure, Uncle Webb; only I'm so crazy over all this fun that I'm sure I can never do anything straight."

"Well, then, 'bustle! bustle!'" cried Amy. "I believe with Maggie that housekeeping and dining well are high arts, and not humdrum necessities. Webb, I need a broad, flat rock. Please provide one at once, while Johnnie gathers clean dry leaves for plates. You, Ned, can put lots of dry sticks between the stones there, and uncle Webb will kindle the right kind of a fire to leave plenty of hot coals and ashes. Now is the time for him to make his science useful."

Webb was becoming a mystery unto himself. Was it the exquisitely pure air and the exhilarating spring sunshine that sent the blood tingling through his veins? Or was it the presence, tones, and gestures of a girl with brow and neck like the snow that glistened on the mountain slopes above them, and large true eyes that sometimes seemed gray and again blue? Amy's developing beauty was far removed from a fixed type of prettiness, and he felt this in a vague way. The majority of the girls of his acquaintance had a manner rather than an individuality, and looked and acted much the same whenever he saw them. They were conventionalized after some received country type, and although farmers' daughters, they seemed unnatural to this lover of nature. Allowing for the difference in years, Amy was as devoid of self-consciousness as Alf or Johnnie. Not the slightest trace of mannerism perverted her girlish ways. She moved, talked, and acted with no more effort or thought of effort than had the bluebirds that were passing to and fro with their simple notes and graceful flight. She was nature in its phase of girlhood. To one of his temperament and training the perfect day

itself would have been full of unalloyed enjoyment although occupied with his ordinary labors; but for some reason this unpremeditated holiday, with Amy's companionship, gave him a pleasure before unknown—a pleasure deep and satisfying, unmarred by jarring discords or uneasy protests of conscience or reason. Truly, on this spring day a "first time" came to him, a new element was entering into his life. He did not think of defining it; he did not even recognize it, except in the old and general way that Amy's presence had enriched them all, and in his own case had arrested a tendency to become materialistic and narrow. On a like day the year before he would have been absorbed in the occupations of the farm, and merely conscious to a certain extent of the sky above him and the bird-song and beauty around him. To-day they were like revelations. Even a March world was transfigured. His zest in living and working was enhanced a thousand-fold, because life and work were illumined by happiness, as the scene was brightened by sunshine. He felt that he had only half seen the world before; now he had the joy of one gradually gaining vision after partial blindness.

Amy saw that he was enjoying the day immensely in his quiet way; she also saw that she had not a little to do with the result, and the reflection that she could please and interest the grave and thoughtful man, who was six years her senior, conveyed a delicious sense of power. And yet she was pleased much as a child would be. "He knows so much more than I do," she thought, "and is usually so wrapped up in some deep subject, or so busy, that it's awfully jolly to find that one can beguile him into having such a good time. Burt is so exuberant in everything that I am afraid of being carried away, as by a swift stream, I know not where. I feel like checking and restraining him all the time. For me to add my small stock of mirth to his immense spirits would be like lighting a candle on a day like this; but when I smile on Webb the effect is wonderful, and I can never get over my pleased surprise at the fact."

Thus, like the awakening forces in the soil around them, a vital force was developing in two human hearts equally unconscious.

Alf and his grandfather at last returned, each well laden, and preparations went on apace. Mr. Clifford made as if he would return and dine at home, but they all clamored for his company. With a twinkle in his eye, he said:

"Well, I told mother that I might lunch with you, and I was only waiting to be pressed a little. I've lived a good many years, but never was on a picnic in March before."

"Grandpa, you shall be squeezed as well as pressed," cried Johnnie, putting her arms about his neck. "You shall stay and see what a lovely

time you have given us. Oh, if Cinderella were only here!" and she gave one little sigh, the first of the day.

"Possibly Cinderella may appear in time for lunch"; and with a significant look he directed Amy to the basket he had brought, from the bottom of which was drawn a doll with absurdly diminutive feet, and for once in her life Johnnie's heart craved nothing more.

"Maggie knew that this little mother could not be content long without her doll, and so she put it in. You children have a thoughtful mother, and you must be thoughtful of her," added the old man, who felt that the incident admitted of a little homily.

What appetites they all had! If some of the potatoes were slightly burned and others a little raw, the occasion added a flavor better than Attic salt. A flock of chickadees approached near enough to gather the crumbs that were thrown to them.

"It's strange," said Webb, "how tame the birds are when they return in the spring. In the fall the robins are among the wildest of the birds, and now they are all around us. I believe that, if I place some crumbs on yonder rock, they'll come and dine with us, in a sense"; and the event proved that he was right.

"Hey, Johnnie," said her grandfather, "you never took dinner with the birds before, did you? This is almost as wonderful as if Cinderella sat up and asked for an oyster."

But Johnnie was only pleased with the fact, not surprised. Wonderland was her land, and she said: "I don't see why the birds can't understand that I'd like to have dinner with them every day."

"By the way, Webb," continued his father, "I brought out the field-glass with me, for I thought that with your good eyes you might see Burt"; and he drew it from his pocket.

The idea of seeing Burt shooting ducks nearly broke up the feast, and Webb swept the distant river, full of floating ice that in the sunlight looked like snow. "I can see several out in boats," he said, "and Burt, no doubt, is among them."

Then Amy, Alf, and Johnnie must have a look, but Ned devoted himself strictly to business, and Amy remarked that he was becoming like a little sausage.

"Can the glass make us hear the noise of the gun better?" Johnnie asked, at which they all laughed, Ned louder than any, because of the laughter of the others. It required but a little thing to make these banqueters hilarious.

But there was one who heard them and did not laugh. From the brow of the hill a dark, sad face looked down upon them. Lured by the beauty of the day, Mr. Alvord had wandered aimlessly into the woods, and, attracted by merry voices, had drawn sufficiently near to witness a

scene that awakened within him indescribable pain and longing. He did not think of joining them. It was not a fear that he would be unwelcome that kept him away; he knew the family too well to imagine that. A stronger restraint was upon him. Something in the past darkened even that bright day, and built in the crystal air a barrier that he could not pass. They would give him a place at their rustic board, but he could not take it. He knew that he would be a discord in their harmony, and their innocent merriment smote his morbid nature with almost intolerable pain. With a gesture indicating immeasurable regret, he turned and hastened away to his lonely home. As he mounted the little piazza, his steps were arrested. The exposed end of a post that supported the inner side of its roof formed a little sheltered nook in which a pair of bluebirds had begun to build their nest. They looked at him with curious and distrustful eyes as they flitted to and fro in a neighboring tree, and he sat down and looked at them. The birds were evidently in doubt and in perturbed consultation. They would fly to the post, then away and all around the house, but scarcely a moment passed that Mr. Alvord did not see that he was observed and discussed. With singular interest and deep suspense he awaited their decision. At last it came, and was favorable. The female bird came flying to the post with a beakful of fine dry grass, and her mate, on a spray near, broke out into his soft, rapturous song. The master of the house gave a great sigh of relief. A glimmer of a smile passed over his wan face as he muttered: "I expected to be alone this summer, but I am to have a family with me, after all."

Soon after the lunch had been discussed leisurely and hilariously, the maple-sugar camp was left in the care of Alf and Johnnie, with Abram to assist them. Amy longed for a stroll, but even with the protection of rubber boots she found that the departing frost had left the sodded meadow too wet and spongy for safety. Under Webb's direction she picked her way to the margin of the swollen stream, and gathered some pussy-willows that were bursting their sheaths.

Charlotte Fiske Bates.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1838.

THE PROBLEM.

[*Risk, and Other Poems.* 1879.]

TWO parted long, and yearning long to meet,
Within an hour the life of months repeat;
Then come to silence, as if each had poured
Into the other's keeping all his hoard.

And when the lip seems drained of all its store,
Each inly wonders why he says no more.
Why, since they meet, does mutual need seem small,
And what avails the presence after all?

Though silent thought with those we love is sweet,
The heart finds every meeting incomplete;
And with the dearest there must sometimes be
The wide and lonely silence of the sea.

SPRING IN WINTER.

FOR me there is no rarer thing
Than, while the winter's lingering,
To taste the blessedness of spring.

Were this the spring, I now should sigh
That aught were spent;—but rich am I!
Untouched spring's golden sum doth lie.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

AS dyed in blood, the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves;
The heart of Autumn must have broken here,
And poured its treasure out upon the leaves.

Margaret Elizabeth Sangster.

Born in New Rochelle, N. Y. 1838.

OUR OWN.

[*Poems of the Household.* 1882.—*Home Fairies and Heart Flowers.* 1887.]

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet well it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
Who never come at night;
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lip with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

LAST eve there stole a wee white dream to brush our darling's pillow;
It whispered of a flowing stream and of a nodding willow.
She stirred and laughed, for in her sleep she heard the bluebells ringing,
And far away the bleat of sheep, and near the robin's singing.

This morning, when our darling woke, the world was all a wonder:
Above, such golden sunshine broke, such light and joy were under;
The meadows rippled like the sea, and every knoll was flushing;
The zephyrs came with kisses free, and, oh, the trees were blushing.

The apple blossoms, pink and white, you could not count their number;
The fairy work was wrought by night, while earth was hushed in slumber.
Our darling's violet eyes grew wide: the orchard aisles were bowers,
And here and yonder, everywhere, she saw a snow of flowers.

We hear her little footsteps pass; her merry voice is humming;
A flitting shadow o'er the grass, her daintiness is coming.
"Oh, this is Spring, is Spring," she cries; "I know her by the glory.
And see, oh, see, the birdie's wing! which flashing tells the story.

"I've tiptoed all across the brook, I've searched in all the hollows,
I've peeped in many a tiny nook, I've chased the flying swallows,
I've seen the cunning little chicks—dear things, so round and funny!—
And helped the wrens to straws and sticks, and fed both Frisk and Bunny.

"And this is Spring," our darling cried. It pleased our hearts to hear her;
And Nature's self, with loving pride, seemed gently drawing nearer,
While dropped the wind such kisses sweet that all the land was flushing,
And hill and vale were glad to greet the apple blossoms' blushing.

Horace Elisha Scudder.

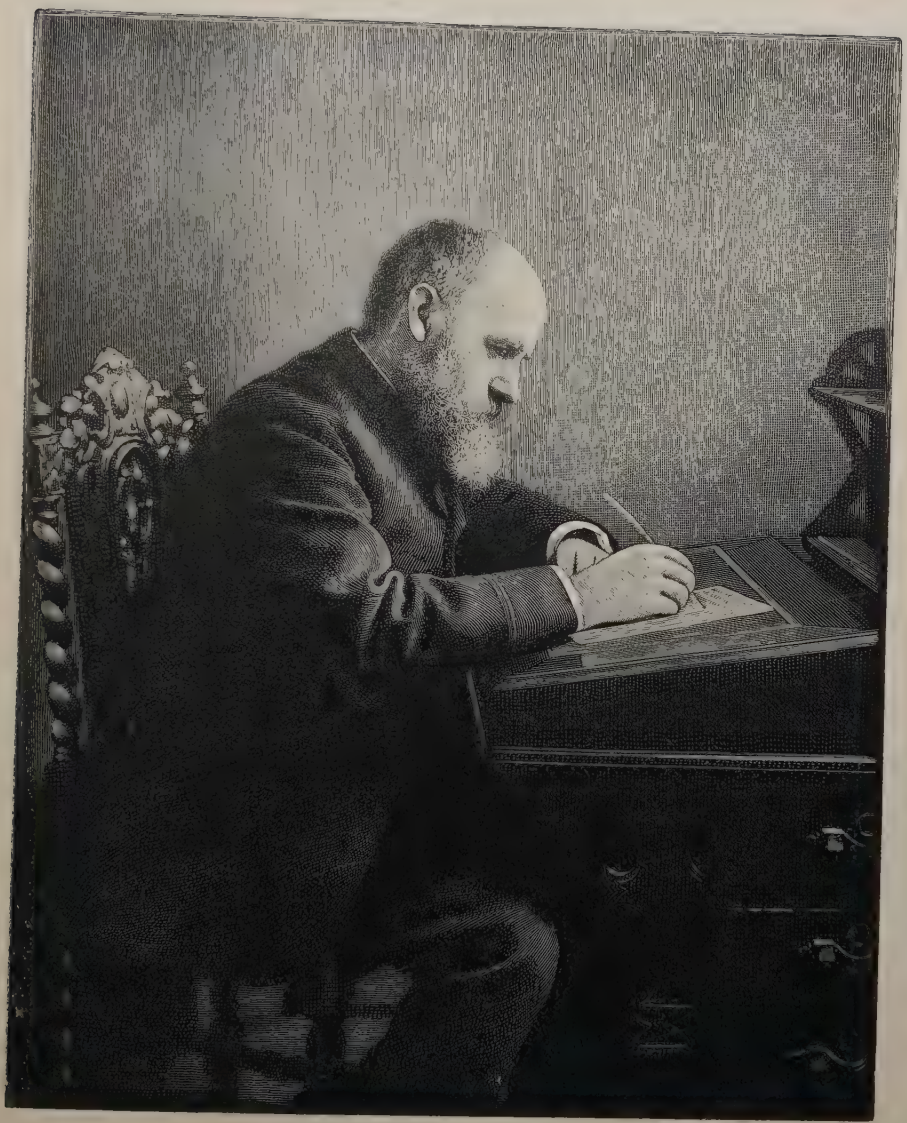
Born in Boston, Mass., 1838.

LANDOR AS A CLASSIC.

[*Men and Letters.* 1888.]

DO readers nowadays resort to Landor's "Imaginary Conversations"? Writers of English respect the work so highly that it is a rare thing for any one to attempt to imitate Landor in this form of composition. He invented a variation of literary form, and was so consummate a master in it that it is almost as if he had taken out a patent which cautious authors feared to infringe. Readers thus have a peculiar possession in the work, though I suspect that it is writers chiefly who have recourse to Landor—that he is a literary man's author, as others have been poets of poets.

The general reader who does not treat himself severely in the matter of reading may be expected to pass by some of the more recondite subjects and to rest at those volumes which contain the "Dialogues of Literary Men and Famous Women," and the "Miscellaneous Dialogues." For



Horace E. Scudder

while all the dialogues presuppose a knowledge of history and literature, the actors in these are most familiar to the reader, and the topics discussed are neither so obscure nor so remote from common interest as are those presented in the other volumes. Not that Landor is ever exclusive in his interests; it is the very reach of his sympathy which makes some of his dialogues more unreadable than others, for there are few humiliations to the ingenuous reader of modern English literature deeper than that which awaits him when he tries to follow the lead of this remarkable writer, who passes without the sign of toil from converse with ancients to talk with moderns, and seems capable of displaying a wonderful puppet-show of all history.

Perhaps the rank respectfully but without enthusiasm accorded to Landor is due mainly to the exactions which he makes of the reader. There must be omniscient readers for such an omniscient writer, and it cannot be denied that the ordinary reader takes his enjoyment of Landor with a certain stiffening of his faculties; he feels it impossible to read him lazily. The case is not very unlike that of a listener to music, who has not a musical education and has an honest delight in a difficult work, while yet perfectly aware that he is missing, through his lack of technical knowledge, some of the finest expression. With classical works as with music, one commonly prefers to read what he has read before. Hamlet to the occasional reader of Shakespeare is like the Fifth Symphony to the occasional hearer of Beethoven. To ask him to read Landor is to ask him to hear Kalkbrenner, requiring him to form new judgments upon the old standard.

The pleasure which awaits the trained reader, on taking up Landor, is very great. At first there is the breadth and sweetness of the style. To come upon it after the negligence, the awkwardness, or the cheap brilliancy of much that passes for good writing, is to feel that one has entered the society of one's intellectual superiors. One might almost expect, upon discovering how hard Landor rode his hobby of linguistic reform, to find conceits and archaisms, or fantastic experiments in language; but as it was Landor's respect for sound words which lay at the bottom of his inconsistent attempts to remove other inconsistencies, the same respect forbade him to use the English language as if it were an individual possession of his own. Neither can it be said that his familiarity with Latin forms misled him into solecisms in English; here, again, the very perfection of his classical skill was turned to account in rendering his use of English the masterly employment of one of the dialects of all language. Yet, though there is no pedantry of a scholar perceptible in the English style, the phrase falls upon the ear almost as a translation. It is idiomatic English, yet seems to have a relation to other languages. This is partly to be referred to the subjects of many

of the dialogues, partly to the dignity and scholarly tone of the work, but is mainly the result of the cast of mind in Landor, which was eminently classic, freed, that is, from enslaving accidents, yet always using with perfect fitness the characteristics which seem at a near glance to be merely accidents. This is well illustrated by those dialogues which are placed in periods strongly individualized, as the Elizabethan and the Puritan, or present speakers whose tone is easily caught when overheard. A weaker writer would, for example, mimic Johnson in the conversations which occur between him and Horne Tooke; Landor catches Johnson's tone without tickling the ear with idle sonorous phrases. A writer who had read the dramatists freely, and set out to represent them in dialogue, would be very likely to use mere tricks of speech, but Landor carefully avoids all stucco ornamentation, and makes the reader sure that he has overheard the very men themselves. It was the pride of Landor's design not to insert in any one of his conversations "a single sentence written by or recorded of the personages who are supposed to hold them." In the conversation between Lord Brooke and Sir Philip Sidney, he makes Sidney say, "To write as the ancients have written, without borrowing a thought or expression from them, is the most difficult thing we can achieve in poetry"; and the task which Landor set himself was an infinitely higher and finer one than the merely ingenious construction of a closely joined mosaic. He has extended the lives of the men and women who appear in his dialogues.

The faithfulness with which Landor has reproduced the voices of his characters follows from the truthfulness of the characters, as they betray their natures in these conversations. This I have already intimated, and it is the discovery of the reader who penetrates the scenes and is able in any case to compare the men and women of Landor with the same as they stand revealed in history or literature. The impersonations are necessarily outlined in conversation. Revelation through action is not granted, except occasionally in some such delicate form as hinted in the charming scene between Walton, Cotton, and Oldways. These delicate hints of action will sometimes escape the reader through their subtlety, but they tell upon the art of the conversations very strongly. Still, the labor of disclosing character is borne by the dialogue, and success won in this field is of the highest order. No one who uses conversation freely in novel-writing, when the talk is not to advance the incidents of the story, but to fix the traits of character held by the persons, can fail to perceive Landor's remarkable power. He deals, it is true, with characters already somewhat definitely existing in the minds of his intelligent readers, yet he gives himself no advantage of a setting for his conversation, by which one might make place, circumstance, scenery, auxiliary to the interchange of sentiment and opin-

ion. Perhaps the most perfect example of a conversation instinct with meaning, and permitting, one may say, an indefinite column of footnotes, is the brief, exquisitely modulated one between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn.

It may be that we have received the best good to be had from literature when we have been enabled to perceive men and women brightly, and to hold for a time before our eyes those who once were seen by persons more blessed only than we. Certain it is that to the solitary student, placed, it may be, in untoward circumstance, such a gift is priceless. But it belongs with this as a necessary accompaniment, if not a further good, to have such a discovery of character as comes through high thought and wise sentiment. The persons whom Landor has vivified have burst their cerements for no mean purpose. They are summoned, not for idle chit-chat, but to speak words befitting them in their best moments. Southey is said to have remarked on the conversation which he is made to hold with Porson, that they might not have conversed as Landor had shown them, "but we could neither of us have talked better." It is Landor's power not only to inhabit the characters, but to inhabit them worthily, that makes these books great. The subjects discussed are such as great-minded men might discuss, and it is when one marks the range of topics and the height to which the thought rises that he perceives in Landor a moralist as well as a dramatist. It is true that the judgments and opinions which he puts into the mouths of speakers partake of his own wayward, impetuous nature, and it would not be hard to find cases where the characters clearly Landorize, but the errors are in noble not in petty concerns.

There is, doubtless, something of labor in reading Landor's "Conversations" if one is not conversant with high thinking, and if one is but slenderly endowed with the historic imagination, but the labor is not in the writing. The very form of conversation permits a quickness of transition and sudden shifting of subject and scene which enliven the art and give an inexhaustible variety of light and shade. One returns to passages again and again for their exceeding beauty of expression and their exquisite setting. To one accustomed to the glitter of current epigrammatic writing, the brilliancy of some of Landor's sentences may not at first be counted for its real worth, but to go from Landor to smart writers is to exchange jewels for paste.

What I have said may serve partly to explain the limited audience which Landor has had and must continue to have. If it is a liberal education to read his writings, it requires one to receive them freely. The appeal which Landor makes to the literary class is very strong, and apart from a course of study in the Greek and Latin classics, I doubt if any single study would serve an author so well as the study of Landor.

Indeed, there is perhaps no modern work which gives to the reader not familiar with Greek or Latin so good an idea of what we call classical literature. Better than a translation is the original writing of Landor for conveying the aroma which a translation so easily loses. The dignity of the classics, the formality, the fine use of sarcasm, the consciousness of an art in literature—all these are to be found in the "Imaginary Conversations"; and if a reader used to the highly seasoned literature of recent times complains that there is rather an absence of humor, and that he finds Landor sometimes dull, why, heaven knows we do not often get hilarious over our ancient authors, and Landor, for his contemporaries, is an ancient author with a very fiery soul.

A survey of all his work increases the admiration, not unmixed with fear, with which one contemplates the range of this extraordinary writer. The greatest of his dialogues are great indeed, but the facility with which he used this form betrayed him into employing it for the venting of mere vagaries, and the prolix discussion of topics of contemporary politics and history, by no means of general interest. Still, after all deductions are made, the work as a whole remains great, and I repeat that a study of Landor would be of signal service to any faithful man of letters. In his style he would discover a strength and purity which would constantly rebuke his own tendencies to verbosity and unmeaning phrases; in the respect which Landor had for great writers he would learn the contemptible character of current irreverence in literature; in the sustained flight of Landor's thought he would find a stimulus for his own less resolute nature; and as Landor was himself no imitator, so the student of Landor would discover how impossible it was to imitate him, how much more positive was the lesson to make himself a master by an unceasing reverence of masters and a fearless independence of inferiors. Landor is sometimes characterized as arrogant and conceited; stray words and acts might easily be cited in support of this, but no one can read his "Conversations" intelligently and not perceive how noble was his scorn of mean men, how steadfast his admiration of great men.

A VISION OF PEACE.

[*From "A House of Entertainment."—Stories and Romances.* 1880.]

IT was not long before the regular movements of the stranger attracted the attention of the villagers, and it was easily surmised that he was the Alden Holcroft who had bought the old tavern. But the people had a lazy curiosity; the few advances made by one and another fail-

ing to elicit anything, he was looked upon simply as an odd stick, and left to himself. He managed to keep an entire independence of his neighbors, and it was nearly two years after he had taken possession of his house before he formed even the most trivial association with them. He had then completed the more important changes, and was mainly occupied with lighter matters of decoration and furnishing. There were therefore idler moments than he had known, and something of the old restlessness came back, repressed as it had been by his occupation. One Sunday morning, tasting the fresh life of a June day, he locked the door upon the outside, and walked along a road which he had occasionally taken on his way to or from the railway station, less direct than the customary road. It passed through a small settlement of the people known as Shakers, who had established themselves upon the slope of a hill which overlooked the river valley. Their houses and barns and outhouses had the air of keeping up a continual conflict with nature, as if a strong resolution was maintained not to suffer them to harmonize with the landscape. A prodigious barn, long unpainted, and by the lapse of time subdued to a russet hue, which diminished its proportions and made it look almost as if it had grown through generations, like the trees about it, had recently been clapboarded and painted white; so that now it put nature out, and shone in the midst of the greenery with a blank immensity which was the very triumph of ungovernable order. In this settlement Holcroft was always reminded of monasteries in their prime: the gardens were so rich; the slow-moving men, with their broad hats and sombre garments, led so monotonous and regular a life; the bell tolled at intervals; and he could fancy the brothers, with their few books of devotion and their petty duties mingling religion and worldly comfort by that subtle combination which produced almost a new order of life. Only the Yankee thrift and barrenness of æsthetic predilection gave to the whole a hopelessly modern look, as if by no lapse of time could the buildings and family ever become picturesque.

It is true, the comparison with a monastery failed again in an important point: that the family held a goodly number of sisters, young and old; for their faces were at the windows—there always seemed to be one or two whose business was to keep watch of passers-by—and figures of women could be seen moving about between the houses and through the fields. The poke-bonnets which they wore reduced them all to one undistinguishable age and condition, and they seemed to Holcroft, when he casually passed them, scarcely more human than the stacks of beans which he saw in their fields in autumn. Once, crossing a corn-field in the early summer, he had come upon a scarecrow made with grim pleasantry out of the ordinary dress of a Shaker sister. It is true, they could hardly be supposed to have any other clothes to put to such a use, but

the sight gave him a queer start, as if he had come upon one gone to seed; and he wondered besides if the crows would really be afraid of anything so harmless and patient.

As he drew near the village this morning he heard the toll of a bell, and was surprised by the sight of a procession crossing the road from one of the houses to the plain meeting-house opposite. He stopped in admiration. Two and two the women walked, carrying music-books in their hands, and dressed now in quiet-colored, delicate gowns which hung in straight folds, but were rendered singularly beautiful by the addition of the soft silk handkerchief about the neck; while the head was enclosed in a snug cap, which could not be called lovely in itself, yet had an undeniable harmony with the rest of the dress. The placid manners and quiet dignity of the little procession moving under the blue sky brought a singular sense of quiet to him, and as they entered the meeting-house he suddenly resolved to follow them and see what their service was like. Some wagons and carriages stood near by, and strangers—world's people—were moving into the little building. He followed through the men's door, and seated himself upon one of the benches set apart for outsiders. The whole company of men and women were standing in opposite rows and singing, a few holding music-books, but most familiar with music and words. The hymn sung was introductory to the service, which began with the reading of a chapter from the New Testament by one of the elders. The chief part of the service, however, was in the combined music and marching, or dancing, as it might sometimes be called. By some understanding the company quietly formed, eight young men and women occupying the centre of the room in an oval figure, the remainder disposed in two circles outside the smaller one; this small circle was stationary, and seemed to form a choir; the song was started by it, and the two circles began moving round it, the inner in an opposite direction to that taken by the outer. The choir members held their hands before them with uplifted palms, and gently let them rise and fall to the cadences of the music. So also did the two circles of marchers, and the singing was carried on not only by the choir, but by so many of the marchers as were possessed of musical powers; while those who could not sing moved their lips with the words of the song and seemed thus to share in the singing. When the song was ended, the double procession stopped, each member in place, and all, choir and marchers, swept their hands downward, and by a gesture, appeared to arrest the music. Then, after a pause, either new singing with a resumption of the marching would begin, or some one would speak a few words of thanksgiving or exhortation.

It was the first time that Holcroft had ever been within the Shaker meeting-house, and he was surprised into a spirit of reverence. What-

ever of the grotesque had been associated with the service in his mind, from the descriptions he had heard, disappeared in the actual presence of these sincere men and women. It is true that now and then he had to repress a smile, as some peculiar earnestness of expression turned its odd side toward him, and he thought also that he detected certain sleepy and perfunctory movements on the part of some, as if their minds were on some remote occupation, perchance the gathering of roses for the distilled rose-water to be made shortly, or some like innocent occupation in their unexciting life; but the congregation doubtless had its range of devotion, like other congregations. The main effect was of a simple-minded and single-hearted people, who threw into this service a fervor which expressed the ideal of their life. To be neat and practical was not the whole of their religion; for them also were aspirations and anticipations; and sometimes, as they marched to the singing of a hymn which spoke of them as pilgrims on their way to a heavenly home, their faces were turned up with an eager, joyous look, their feet seemed only to touch the floor, and their hands pushed back the sordid world with an energetic gesture. It was at such times that Holcroft was thrilled with a sympathetic emotion. The rude singing and the quick movements of the marchers blended harmoniously, and his soul was fanned as it were by a breath from some distant sea. There were, besides, other times when the gestures, changing their meaning with the varying hymn, swept the world away and brought back heavenly presences, and the refrain was repeated again and again, so that the meaning was driven in upon one with renewed waves of feeling; and finally, by a sudden movement, the inner circle of singers was itself transformed into a moving circle, making three rings of worshippers, passing and repassing each other with rhythmic tread, and singing joyfully a triumphant song. Holcroft half closed his eyes, and the moving bodies before him seemed almost resolved into a cloud of witnesses, wavering under a divine power which swept it backward and forward across the heavenly field.

There was doubtless in Holcroft a sensitiveness to subtle influences which made him easily affected by the spectacle. It was the visible and frank manifestation of emotions which he shared with others, but was rarely permitted to witness, because in most cases one needs first to express like emotions, and Holcroft by his constitutional shyness was prevented from soliciting or sharing in any exhibition of feeling. Besides, the humorous was not strongly developed in him, and very simple sentiment, from his long brooding in solitude, had come to have an elemental force likely to be overlooked by persons more familiar with the process of expression and repression. In the scene before him he thought he was looking into the depths of the human heart, just as in

hearing a few chords of music he might believe himself listening to spheral harmonies. Perhaps it was because he was so sympathetic and responsive that the faces of the men and women were hallowed by a light not ordinarily seen by him. Be this as it may, it is certain that his eye rested with peculiar reverence upon one of the worshippers who was in the outer circle, and in face, manner, and dress seemed to hold and give forth the perfume, as it were, of the religious ceremony. There were all ages present, from young children to old men and women; but the beauty of devotion never appears so fair as when residing in a girl who is heiress to all that the world can give, yet reaches upward for more enduring delights.

As the circles moved round the room, Holcroft had caught sight of a maiden, dressed like others of her age, in a fabric which was neither clear white nor gray, but of a soft pearly tint, which symbolized the innocence of youth and the ripening wisdom of older years. Her dark hair was closely confined beneath the stiff cap which all wore, but in the dance a single lock had escaped, unknown to the wearer, and peeped forth in a half-timid, half-daring manner. A snow-white kerchief was folded over her shoulders and bosom, and her carriage was so erect, her movements so lithe, that as she came stepping lightly forward, her little hands rising and falling before her, or moving tremulously at her side, she seemed the soul of the whole body, pulsating visibly there before the reverent Holcroft. Once, in a pause of the dance, she stood directly before him, and he found it impossible to raise his eyes to her face, while a deep blush spread over his own. But when the dance began again, his eyes followed her, as she passed beyond and then returned, still with the sweet grace and unconscious purity which made the whole worship centre in her.

The dancing ceased finally, and the worshippers took their places on the wooden benches, which had been placed on one side. There were addresses made by one and another, passages from book, pamphlet, or paper were read, and then they all rose to sing once more; this over, an elder came forward, added a few words, and said, "The meeting is closed," when the outside attendants took their leave and stood in knots by the meeting-house watching the Shakers as they came out after them and passed into the several houses where they belonged. Holcroft, standing apart, watched for the young girl who had so attracted him, and saw her cross the road and enter one of the houses of the community. Then he turned and walked toward his own house.

"AS GOOD AS A PLAY."

[*Stories from My Attic.* 1869.]

THERE was quite a row of them on the mantel-piece. They were all facing front, and it looked as if they had come out of the wall behind, and were on their little stage facing the audience. There was the bronze monk reading a book by the light of a candle, who had a private opening under his girdle, so that sometimes his head was thrown violently back, and one looked down into him and found him full of brimstone matches. Then the little boy leaning against a greyhound; he was made of Parian, very fine Parian too, so that one would expect to find a glass cover over him: but no; the glass cover stood over a cat, and a cat made of worsted too: still it was a very old cat, fifty years old in fact. There was another young person there, young like the boy leaning on a greyhound, and she too was of Parian: she was very fair in front, but behind—ah, that is a secret which it is not quite time yet to tell! One other stood there, at least she seemed to stand, but nobody could see her feet, for her dress was so very wide and so finely flounced. She was the china girl that rose out of a pen-wiper.

The fire in the grate below was of soft coal, and flashed up and down, throwing little jets of flame up that made very pretty foot-lights. So here was a stage, and here were the actors, but where was the audience? Oh, the Audience was in the arm-chair in front. He had a special seat; he was a critic, and could get up when he wanted to, when the play became tiresome, and go out.

"It is painful to say such things out loud," said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound, with a trembling voice, "but we have been together so long, and these people round us never will go away. Dear girl, will you?—you know." It was the Parian girl that he spoke to, but he did not look at her; he could not, he was leaning against the greyhound; he only looked at the Audience.

"I am not quite sure," she coughed. "If now you were under a glass case."

"I am under a glass case," spoke up the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Marry me. I am fifty years old. Marry me, and live under a glass case."

"Shocking!" said she. "How can you? Fifty years old, too! That would indeed be a match!"

"Marry!" muttered the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "A match! I am full of matches, but I don't marry. Folly!"

"You stand up very straight, neighbor," said the Cat-made-of-worsted.

"I never bend," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "Life is earnest. I read a book by a candle. I am never idle."

The Cat-made-of-worsted grinned to himself.

"You've got a hinge in your back," said he. "They open you in the middle; your head flies back. How the blood must run down. And then you're full of brimstone matches. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned out loud. The Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound spoke again, and sighed:

"I am of Parian, you know, and there is no one else here of Parian, except yourself."

"And the greyhound," said the Parian girl.

"Yes, and the greyhound," said he eagerly. "He belongs to me. Come, a glass case is nothing to it. We could roam; oh, we could roam!"

"I don't like roaming."

"Then we could stay at home, and lean against the greyhound."

"No," said the Parian girl, "I don't like that."

"Why?"

"I have private reasons."

"What?"

"No matter."

"I know," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "I saw her behind. She's hollow. She's stuffed with lamp-lighters. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted grinned again.

"I love you just as much," said the steadfast Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound, "and I don't believe the Cat."

"Go away," said the Parian girl angrily. "You're all hateful. I won't have you."

"Ah!" sighed the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"Ah!" came another sigh—it was from the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper—"how I pity you!"

"Do you?" said he eagerly. "Do you? Then I love you. Will you marry me?"

"Ah!" said she; "but"—

"She can't!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "She can't come to you. She hasn't got any legs. I know it. I'm fifty years old. I never saw them."

"Never mind the Cat," said the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"But I do mind the Cat," said she, weeping. "I haven't. It's all pen-wiper."

"Do I care?" said he.

"She has thoughts," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book. "That lasts longer than beauty. And she is solid behind."

"And she has no hinge in her back," grinned the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Come, neighbors, let us congratulate them. You begin."

"Keep out of disagreeable company," said the bronze Monk-reading-a-book.

"That is not congratulation; that is advice," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Never mind, go on, my dear"—to the Parian girl. "What! nothing to say? Then I'll say it for you. 'Friends, may your love last as long as your courtship.' Now I'll congratulate you."

But before he could speak, the Audience got up.

"You shall not say a word. It must end happily."

He went to the mantel-piece and took up the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

"Why, she has legs after all," said he.

"They're false," said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "They're false. I know it. I'm fifty years old. I never saw true ones on her."

The Audience paid no attention, but took up the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound.

"Ha!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Come. I like this. He's hollow. They're all hollow. He! he! Neighbor Monk, you're hollow. He! he!" and the Cat-made-of-worsted never stopped grinning. The Audience lifted the glass case from him and set it over the Boy-leaning-against-a-greyhound and the China-girl-rising-out-of-a-pen-wiper.

"Be happy!" said he.

"Happy!" said the Cat-made-of-worsted. "Happy!"

Still they were happy.

Henry Ames Blood.

BORN in Temple, N. H., 1838.

SHAKESPEARE.

I WISH that I could have my wish to-night;
For all the fairies should assist my flight
Back into the abyss of years;
Till I could see the streaming light,
And hear the music of the spheres
That sang together at the joyous birth
Of that immortal mind,
The noblest of his kind—
The only Shakespeare that has graced our earth.

Oh, that I might behold
Those gentle sprites, by others all unseen,

Queen Mab and Puck the bold,
With curtseys manifold
Glide round his cradle every morn and e'en;

That I might see the nimble shapes that ran
And frisked and frolicked by his side,
When school-hours ended or began,
At morn or eventide;
That I might see the very shoes he wore
Upon the dusty street,
His little gown and pinafore,
His satchel and his schoolboy rig complete!

If I could have the wish I rhyme,
Then should this night, and all it doth contain,
Be set far back upon the rim of Time,
And I would wildered be upon a stormy plain:
The wanton waves of winter wind and storm
Should beat upon my ruddy face,
And on my streaming hair;
And hags and witches multiform,
And beldames past all saintly grace,
Should hover round me in the sleety air.

Then, hungry, cold, and frightened by these imps of sin,
And breathless all with buffeting the storm,
Betimes I would arrive at some old English inn,
Wainscoted, high, and warm.
The fire should blaze in antique chimney-place;
And on the high-backed settles, here and there,
The village gossip and the merry laugh
Should follow brimming cups of half-an'-half;
Before the fire, in hospitable chair,
The landlord fat should bask his shining face,
And slowly twirl his pewter can;
And there in his consummate grace,
The perfect lord of wit,
The immortal man,
The only Shakespeare of this earth should sit.

There, too, that Spanish galleon of a hulk,
Ben Jonson, lying at full length,
Should so dispose his goodly bulk
That he might lie at ease upon his back,
To test the tone and strength
Of Boniface's sherris-sack.

And there should be some compeers of these two,
Rare wits and poets of the land,
Whom all good England knew,
And who are now her dear forget-me-nots;

And they should lounge on Shakespeare's either hand,
And sip their punch from queer old cans and pots.

Oh, then, such drollery should begin,
Such wit flash out, such humor run
Around the fire in this old English inn,
The veriest clod would be convulsed with fun;
And Boniface's merry sides would ache,
And his round belly like a pudding shake.

Never since the world began
Has been such repartee;
And never till the next begins,
Will greater things be said by man,
Than this same company
Were wont to say so oft in those old English inns.

Dear artist, if you paint this picture mine,
Do not forget the storm that roars
Above the merry din and laughter within doors;
But let some stroke divine
Make all within appear more rich and warm,
By contrast with the outer storm.

23 *April*, 1864.

THE WAR OF THE DRYADS.

SHAPES of earth or sprites of air,
Should you travel thither,
Ask the Dryads how they dare
Quarrel thus together?
Live and love, or coo and woo,
Men with axes banding,
They will have all they can do
To keep their live-oak standing.

Long and loud the larum swells
Rousing up the peoples:
Campaneros clang their bells
High in leafy steeples.
Swiftly speed the eager hours,
Fairy fellies rattle;
Bugle-weed and trumpet-flowers
Heralding the battle.

Foremost march, in pale platoons,
Barnacles and ganzas,
Quacking through the long lagoons
Military stanzas.

Red-legged choughs and screeching daws
File along the larches;
"Right!" and "Left!" the raven caws,
"Blast your countermarches!"

Cheek by jowl with stately rooks
Come the perking swallows,
Putting on important looks,
Strutting up the hollows;
Lank, long-legged fuglemen,
Herons, cranes, and ganders,
Stride before the buglemen,
Cock-a-hoop commanders.

Learned owls with wondrous eyes,
Apes with wild grimaces,
Shardy chafers, chattering pyes,
Bustle in their places.
"Forward!" cry the captains all,
Seeming hoarse with phthisis;
"Forward!" all the captains call,
Cocks and cockatrices.

Fiercely grapple now the foes,
Rain the bottle-grasses;
Hobble-bushes, bitter sloes,
Block the mountain passes.
Here and there and everywhere
Reinforcements rally,
Seeming sprung from earth and air,
From mountain top and valley.

Either gleaming bullets hum,
Or the bees are plying;
Either whizzing goes the bomb,
Or the pheasant flying.
'Tis the pheasant, 'tis the bee;
Never fiercer volley
Rang upon the birken tree,
Nor whirred along the holly.

Out from furze and prickly goss,
Fiery serpents jetting,
Over level roods of moss
Rabbits ricochetting;
Oh, the onset! Oh, the charge!
How the aspens quiver!
Fever-bushes on the marge
Chatter to the river.

Overhead by rod and rood,
More than man could number,

Spear-grass and arrow-wood
  Turn the white air sombre.
Gentle, gentle Dryades,
  You shall reap your sorrow;
More than rainy Hyades
  You shall weep to-morrow.

Crows the cock and caws the crow,
  Croaks the boding raven;
Pallid as the moonbeams go,
  Three and three, the craven
Dryads, and the sun drops low.
  Soon shall come strange faces,
Men with axes, to and fro,—
  New peoples and new races.

Albion Winegar Tourgée.

Born in Williamsfield, Ohio, 1838.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

[*A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools.* 1879.]

THE brawny groom with difficulty held the restless horse by the bit; but the slight girl, who stood upon the block with pale face and set teeth, gathered the reins in her hand, leaped fearlessly into the saddle, found the stirrup, and said, "Let him go!" without a quaver in her voice. The man loosed his hold. The horse stood upright, and pawed the air for a moment with his feet, gave a few mighty leaps to make sure of his liberty, and then, stretching out his neck, bounded forward in a race which would require all the mettle of his endless line of noble sires. Almost without words, her errand had become known to the household of servants; and as she flew down the road, her bright hair gleaming in the moonlight, old Maggie, sobbing and tearful, was yet so impressed with admiration, that she could only say:

"De Lor' bress her! 'Pears like dat chile ain't 'fear'd o' noffin'!"

As she was borne like an arrow down the avenue, and turned into the Glenville road, Lily heard the whistle of the train as it left the depot at Verdenton, and knew that upon her coolness and resolution alone depended the life of her father. . . . .

It was, perhaps, well for the accomplishment of her purpose, that, for some time after setting out on her perilous journey, Lily Servosse had

enough to do to maintain her seat, and guide and control her horse. Young Lollard, whom the servant had so earnestly remonstrated against her taking, added to the noted pedigree of his sire the special excellences of the Glencoe strain of his dam, from whom he inherited also a darker coat, and that touch of native savageness which characterizes the stock of Emancipator. Upon both sides his blood was as pure as that of the great kings of the turf, and what we have termed his savagery was more excess of spirit than any inclination to do mischief. It was that uncontrollable desire of the thoroughbred horse to be always doing his best, which made him restless of the bit and curb, while the native sagacity of his race had led him to practise somewhat on the fears of his groom. . . . .

With head outstretched, and sinewy neck strained to its uttermost, he flew over the ground in a wild, mad race with the evening wind, as it seemed. Without jerk or strain, but easily and steadily as the falcon flies, the highbred horse skimmed along the ground. A mile, two, three miles were made, in time that would have done honor to the staying quality of his sires, and still his pace had not slackened. He was now nearing the river into which fell the creek that ran by Warrington. As he went down the long slope that led to the ford, his rider tried in vain to check his speed. Pressure upon the bit but resulted in an impatient shaking of the head and laying back of the ears. He kept up his magnificent stride until he had reached the very verge of the river. There he stopped, threw up his head in inquiry, as he gazed upon the fretted waters lighted up by the full moon, glanced back at his rider, and, with a word of encouragement from her, marched proudly into the waters, casting up a silvery spray at every step. Lily did not miss this opportunity to establish more intimate relations with her steed. She patted his neck, praised him lavishly, and took occasion to assume control of him while he was in the deepest part of the channel, turning him this way and that much more than was needful, simply to accustom him to obey her will.

When he came out on the other bank, he would have resumed his gallop almost at once; but she required him to walk to the top of the hill. The night was growing chilly by this time. As the wind struck her at the hill-top, she remembered that she had thrown a hooded waterproof about her before starting. She stopped her horse, and, taking off her hat, gathered her long hair into a mass, and thrust it into the hood, which she drew over her head, and pressed her hat down on it; then she gathered the reins, and they went on in that long, steady stride which marks the highbred horse when he gets thoroughly down to his work. Once or twice she drew rein to examine the landmarks, and determine which road to take. Sometimes her way lay through the

forest, and she was startled by the cry of the owl; anon it was through the reedy bottom-land, and the half-wild hogs, starting from their lairs, gave her an instant's fright. The moon cast strange shadows around her; but still she pushed on, with this one only thought in her mind, that her father's life was at stake, and she alone could save him. . .

She glanced at her watch as she passed from under the shade of the oaks, and, as she held the dial up to the moonlight, gave a scream of joy. It was just past the stroke of nine. She had still an hour, and half the distance had been accomplished in half that time. She had no fear of her horse. Pressing on now in the swinging fox-walk which he took whenever the character of the road or the mood of his rider demanded, there was no sign of weariness. As he threw his head upon one side and the other, as if asking to be allowed to press on, she saw his dark eye gleam with the fire of the inveterate racer. His thin nostrils were distended; but his breath came regularly and full. She had not forgotten, even in her haste and fright, the lessons her father had taught; but, as soon as she could control her horse, she had spared him, and compelled him to husband his strength. Her spirits rose at the prospect. She even carolled a bit of exultant song as Young Lollard swept on through a forest of towering pines, with a white sand-cushion stretched beneath his feet. The fragrance of the pines came to her nostrils, and with it the thought of frankincense, and that brought up the hymns of her childhood. The Star in the East, the Babe of Bethlehem, the Great Deliverer,—all swept across her rapt vision; and then came the priceless promise, "I will not leave thee, nor forsake."

Still on and on the brave horse bore her with untiring limb. Half the remaining distance is now consumed, and she comes to a place where the road forks, not once, but into four branches. It is in the midst of a level old field covered with a thick growth of scrubby pines. Through the masses of thick green are white lanes which stretch away in every direction, with no visible difference save in the density or frequency of the shadows which fall across them. She tries to think which of the many intersecting paths leads to her destination. She tries this and then that for a few steps, consults the stars to determine in what direction Glenville lies, and has almost decided upon the first to the right, when she hears a sound which turns her blood to ice in her veins.

A shrill whistle sounds to the left,—once, twice, thrice,—and then it is answered from the road in front. There are two others. O God! if she but knew which road to take! She knows well enough the meaning of those signals. She has heard them before. The masked cavaliers are closing in upon her; and, as if frozen to stone, she sits her horse in the clear moonlight, and cannot choose.

She is not thinking of herself. It is not for herself that she fears;

but there has come over her a horrible numbing sensation that she is lost, that she does not know which road leads to those she seeks to save; and at the same time there comes the certain conviction that to err would be fatal. There are but two roads now to choose from, since she has heard the fateful signals from the left and front: but how much depends upon that choice! "It must be this," she says to herself; and, as she says it, the sickening conviction comes, "No, no: it is the other!" She hears hoof-strokes upon the road in front, on that to her left, and now, too, on that which turns sheer to the right. From one to the other the whistle sounds,—sharp, short signals. Her heart sinks within her. She has halted at the very rendezvous of the enemy. They are all about her. To attempt to ride down either road now is to invite destruction.

She woke from her stupor when the first horseman came in sight, and thanked God for her dark horse and colorless habit. She urged Young Lollard among the dense scrub-pines which grew between the two roads from which she knew that she must choose, turned his head back toward the point of intersection, drew her revolver, leaned over upon his neck, and peered through the overhanging branches. She patted her horse's head, and whispered to him softly to keep him still.

Hardly had she placed herself in hiding, before the open space around the intersecting roads was alive with disguised horsemen. She could catch glimpses of their figures as she gazed through the clustering pines. Three men came into the road which ran along to the right of where she stood. They were hardly five steps from where she lay, panting, but determined, on the faithful horse, which moved not a muscle. Once he had neighed before they came so near; but there were so many horses neighing and snuffing, that no one had heeded it. She remembered a little flask which Maggie had put into her pocket. It was whiskey. She put up her revolver, drew out the flask, opened it, poured some in her hand, and, leaning forward, rubbed it on the horse's nose. He did not offer to neigh again.

One of the men who stood near her spoke.

"Gentlemen, I am the East Commander of Camp No. 5 of Pultowa County."

"And I, of Camp No. 8, of Wayne."

"And I, of No. 12, Sevier."

"You are the men I expected to meet," said the first.

"We were ordered to report to you," said the others. . . .

"Has the party we want left Verdenton?"

"A messenger from Glenville says he is on the train with the carpet-bagger Servosse."

"Going home with him?"

"Yes."

"The decree does not cover Servosse?"

"No."

"I don't half like the business, anyhow, and am not inclined to go beyond express orders. What do you say about it?" asked the leader.

"Hadn't we better say the decree covers both?" asked one.

"I can't do it," said the leader with decision.

"You remember our rules," said the third,—"'when a party is made up by details from different camps, it shall constitute a camp so far as to regulate its own action; and all matters pertaining to such action which the officer in command may see fit to submit to it shall be decided by a majority vote.' I think this had better be left to the camp."

"I agree with you," said the leader. "But before we do so, let's have a drink."

He produced a flask, and they all partook of its contents. Then they went back to the intersection of the roads, mounted their horses, and the leader commanded, "Attention!"

The men gathered closer, and then all was still. Then the leader said, in words distinctly heard by the trembling girl:

"Gentlemen, we have met here, under a solemn and duly authenticated decree of a properly organized camp of the county of Rockford, to execute for them the extreme penalty of our order upon Thomas Denton, in the way and manner therein prescribed. This unpleasant duty of course will be done as becomes earnest men. We are, however, informed that there will be with the said Denton at the time we are directed to take him another notorious Radical well known to you all, Colonel Comfort Servosse. He is not included in the decree; and I now submit for your determination the question, 'What shall be done with him?'"

There was a moment's buzz in the crowd.

One careless-toned fellow said that he thought it would be well enough to wait till they caught their hare before cooking it. It was not the first time a squad had thought they had Servosse in their power; but they had never ruffled a hair of his head yet.

The leader commanded, "Order!" and one of the associate commanders moved that the same decree be made against him as against the said Denton. Then the vote was taken. All were in the affirmative, except the loud-voiced young man who had spoken before, who said with emphasis:

"No, by Granny! I'm not in favor of killing anybody! I'll have you know, gentlemen, it's neither a pleasant nor a safe business. First we know, we'll all be running our necks into hemp. It's what we call murder, gentlemen, in civilized and Christian countries!"

"Order!" cried the commander.

"Oh, you needn't yell at me!" said the young man fearlessly. "I'm not afraid of anybody here, nor all of you. Mel. Gurney and I came just to take some friends' places who couldn't obey the summons,—we're not bound to stay, but I suppose I shall go along. I don't like it, though, and, if I get much sicker, I shall leave. You can count on that!"

"If you stir from your place," said the leader sternly, "I shall put a bullet through you."

"Oh, you go to hell!" retorted the other. "You don't expect to frighten one of the old Louisiana Tigers in that way, do you? Now look here, Jake Carver," he continued, drawing a huge navy revolver, and cocking it coolly, "don't try any such little game on me, 'cause, if ye do, there may be more'n one of us fit for a spy-glass when it's over."

At this, considerable confusion arose; and Lily, with her revolver ready cocked in her hand, turned, and cautiously made her way to the road which had been indicated as the one which led to Glenville. Just as her horse stepped into the path, an overhanging limb caught her hat, and pulled it off, together with the hood of her waterproof, so that her hair fell down again upon her shoulders. She hardly noticed the fact in her excitement, and, if she had, could not have stopped to repair the accident. She kept her horse upon the shady side, walking upon the grass as much as possible to prevent attracting attention, watching on all sides for any scattered members of the Klan. She had proceeded thus about a hundred and fifty yards, when she came to a turn in the road, and saw, sitting before her in the moonlight, one of the disguised horsemen, evidently a sentry who had been stationed there to see that no one came upon the camp unexpectedly. He was facing the other way, but just at that instant turned, and, seeing her indistinctly in the shadow, cried out at once:

"Who's there? Halt!"

They were not twenty yards apart. Young Lollard was trembling with excitement under the tightly-drawn rein. Lily thought of her father half-prayerfully, half-fiercely, bowed close over her horse's neck, and braced herself in the saddle, with every muscle as tense as those of the tiger waiting for his leap. Almost before the words were out of the sentry's mouth, she had given Young Lollard the spur, and shot like an arrow into the bright moonlight, straight toward the black muffled horseman.

"My God!" he cried, amazed at the sudden apparition.

She was close upon him in an instant. There was a shot; his startled horse sprang aside, and Lily, urging Young Lollard to his utmost speed, was flying down the road toward Glenville. She heard an uproar behind—shouts, and one or two shots. On, on, she sped. She knew

now every foot of the road beyond. She looked back, and saw her pursuers swarming out of the wood into the moonlight. Just then she was in shadow. A mile, two miles, were passed. She drew in her horse to listen. There was the noise of a horse's hoofs coming down a hill she had just descended, as her gallant steed bore her, almost with undiminished stride, up the opposite slope. She laughed, even in her terrible excitement, at the very thought that any one should attempt to overtake her.

"They'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar,"

she hummed as she patted Young Lollard's outstretched neck. She turned when they reached the summit, her long hair streaming backward in the moonlight like a golden banner, and saw the solitary horseman on the opposite slope; then turned back and passed over the hill. He halted as she dashed out of sight, and after a moment turned round, and soon met the entire camp, now in perfect order, galloping forward dark and silent as fate. The commander halted as they met the returning sentinel.

"What was it?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing," replied the sentinel carelessly. "I was sitting there at the turn examining my revolver, when a rabbit ran across the road, and frightened my mare. She jumped, and the pistol went off. It happened to graze my left arm, so I could not hold the reins; and she like to have taken me into Glenville before I could pull her up."

"I'm glad that's all," said the officer, with a sigh of relief. "Did it hurt you much?"

"Well, it's used that arm up, for the present."

A hasty examination showed this to be true, and the reckless-talking young man was detailed to accompany him to some place for treatment and safety, while the others passed on to perform their horrible task.

The train from Verdenton had reached and left Glenville. The incomers had been divided between the rival hotels, the porters had removed the luggage, and the agent was just entering his office, when a foam-flecked horse with bloody nostrils and fiery eyes, ridden by a young girl with a white, set face, and fair, flowing hair, dashed up to the station.

"Judge Denton!" the rider shrieked.

The agent had but time to motion with his hand, and she had swept on toward a carriage which was being swiftly driven away from the station, and which was just visible at the turn of the village street.

"Papa, papa!" shrieked the girlish voice as she swept on.

A frightened face glanced backward from the carriage, and in an instant Comfort Servosse was standing in the path of the rushing steed.

"Ho, Lollard!" he shouted, in a voice which rang over the sleepy town like a trumpet-note.

The amazed horse veered quickly to one side, and stopped as if stricken to stone, while Lily fell insensible into her father's arms. When she recovered, he was bending over her with a look in his eyes which she will never forget.

John Richard Dennett.

BORN in Chatham, N. B., 1838. DIED at Westborough, Mass., 1874.

ROSSETTI AND PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

[*The North American Review.* 1870.]

FOR some twenty years Mr. Dante Rossetti has been more or less well known, even to persons not counted among his particular admirers, as a man of great poetical susceptibility and refined poetical taste. His translations of the "Vita Nuova," of the "Inferno," and other mediæval Italian poetry, abundantly proved this, and proved, too, that he had in a high degree the power of literary expression. Despite, then, that presumption of incapacity very rightly entertained against a man who does not make public trial of a strength for which public acknowledgment is asked, there has been a disposition to give Mr. Rossetti the credit his immediate circle of friends asked for him as a poet of extraordinary abilities. It is true that he has printed, besides his translations, some original poems which would have served as confirmatory evidence in his favor; but the distinction between the printing of a work and the publication of it is not often better marked than in the case of "The Blessed Damozel," in its earlier form; and the general public has, until the appearance of this volume, known but little more of his poetry than that it was handed about among a few friends, and by them admired with what to most discriminating persons seemed like extravagance. This, for the reason just mentioned, that the world is not much inclined to believe in poetry which is deliberately and persistently hid under a bushel; and, secondly, because readers and observers who have discernment are apt to feel a general distrust of the capacities of such natures as seem to have the weakness of contemptuously or with morbid uneasiness shunning the judges who alone can make general

award, and seeking the presumably partial applause of a few; and, finally, because the few who in this instance called us to admire were not judges in whom there is entire confidence. . . . .

It is in a circle of poets and artists, and their intimates, some of them having, in their capacity as artists, a strong claim on the respect of people of cultivation, and most of them being at least interesting to people of cultivation, that Mr. Rossetti has had his high reputation. But as we have said, their *dicta* have not been of wide acceptance among those not given over to the cultus of Pre-Raphaelitism. Of this cultus it is not out of our present province to speak, for it has affected the literary as well as the pictorial or plastic expression of all who gave themselves up to it; but it is beyond our ability to treat of it as it should be treated of if one would make thoroughly clear the genesis and character of the works done under its influence. It may, however, be permitted any one to say that it had an absurd and ridiculous side; and if this aspect of it be once seen, the investigator and critic will doubtless find himself disembarrassed of some of that hindering reverence with which it is probable he might otherwise approach works which have been so very emphatically pronounced admirable and excellent, and which are to most critics strange enough and new enough to be not a little baffling. He does not need to be at all a hardened critic in order to laugh at the projectors of the "Germ," for example, admired artists though they be, when he learns that, inasmuch as they believed that they had before them in conducting that iconoclastic magazine a work of great difficulty and labor, they decided to indicate this belief by always pronouncing the name of their periodical with the initial letter hard. This seems too absurd to be readily believed—that a number of grown men should go about saying "germ" with a hard *g*, because they had resolved to paint as good pictures, and write as good poems, and make as good reviews of other people's poems as they possibly could. Yet, if a layman with no recognized right to say anything about art may say so, there is nothing in this procedure which is essentially inconsistent with the characteristics of the works which Pre-Raphaelitic art has produced—as, indeed, how should there be? Over-strenuousness, enthusiasm in need of reasonable direction, self-conscious, crusading zeal, the exaggeration of surface-matters at the expense of the essential thing sought, affectation, which, however, may probably be the expression of genuine moods of minds in natures too little comprehensive—all these one can fancy that one sees in the pictures and poems just as in this baptism of the magazine which the school set on foot. . . . Not to insist on what is perhaps not very well worth attention, but by way of corroborating the evidence which our story of the "Germ" may offer, we may mention the fact that some years since, when something like an American Pre-Raphaelite Brother-

hood was formed in the city of New York, where an American "Germ," too, was established and lived for a while, it was seriously discussed by the brethren whether or not they should discard the ordinary clothes of contemporary mankind, and endue themselves with doublets and long hose and pantofles, and such other articles of dress as doubtless had so much to do with making the Titians and Angelos and Andreas of the old days of art. . . . .

Opinions must differ; but the prevailing opinion, we should say, will be that we have in Mr. Rossetti another poetical man, and a man markedly poetical, and of a kind apparently though not radically different from any other of our secondary writers of poetry, but that we have not in him a true poet of any weight. He certainly has taste, and subtlety, and skill, and sentiment in excess, and excessive sensibility, and a sort of pictorial sensuousness of conception which gives warmth and vividness to the imagery that embodies his feelings and desires. But he is all feelings and desires; and he is of the earth, earthy, though the earth is often bright and beautiful pigments; of thought and imagination he has next to nothing. At last one discovers, what has seemed probable from the first, that one has been in company with a lyrical poet of narrow range; with a man who has nothing to say but of himself; and of himself as the yearning lover, mostly a sad one, of a person of the other sex. Where there seems to be something more than this, as in such a dramatic piece as "Sister Helen," for instance, the substratum is usually the same; and the essentially subjective, and narrowly subjective character of the poem is only temporarily concealed by the author's favorite mediæval dress, which is never obtained except at the cost of throwing over the real life of the Middle Ages the special color which it suits the author's purpose to throw over it. Mediævalism of this kind, elaborately appointed and equipped, has always been common enough, and certainly it has great powers of imposition, but what is it usually but our taking, each of us as it chances to suit his taste or his purpose, some one aspect of the true life of the Middle Ages, or, as it may happen, the classic ages, or the age of Queen Anne say, or King David, or Governor Winthrop, and making that stand for the objective truth? With Mr. Morris, say, the Middle Ages mean helmets and the treacheries of long-footed knights who fiercely love ladies who embroider banners, and wear samite gowns, and watch ships sailing out to sea, as do illuminated ladies, out of all drawing, in old manuscripts. Another man's Middle Ages are made up of tourneys and knightly courtesies. The England of Queen Anne is to such and such a man all coffee-houses and wigs and small-swords; and to such and such another, Governor Winthrop's New England is going always to church, and hanging witches, and austerely keeping fasts. We confess that whenever this

particular form of self-indulgence is accompanied by an ostentation of exactness and of absolute reproduction of the past times, or when, as in the case of a certain school of writers, the impression given is the impression of the writer's inability to live the life of his own age, and to see that in that also the realities of life and thought, the substance and subject of all really sound poetry, present themselves for treatment, we confess that we experience a feeling not far removed from contemptuous resentment. Surely there is something wrong in the thinker or the poet—shall we say, too, in the artist?—who can content himself with his fancies of the thoughts and feelings and views of times past, and who can better please himself with what after all must be more or less unreal phantasmagoria than with the breathing life around him.

Considered as a lyrical poet pure and simple, a lyrical verse-making lover, apart from whatever praise or blame belongs to him as a Pre-Raphaelite in poetry whose Pre-Raphaelitism is its most obvious feature, it will be found that Mr. Rossetti must be credited with an intensity of feeling which is overcast almost always with a sort of morbidness, and which usually trenches on the bound of undue sensuousness of tone.

Picturesqueness, indeed, is, as might have been expected, one of our author's strong points. For one thing, because he looks on nature with the eyes of a man whose business in the world it is to see and make pictures; and it might be not easy to find, outside of the delightful poems of Mr. William Barnes, who has so extraordinary an eye for the landscape-picturesque, any more decided recent successes in this way than Mr. Rossetti has made. Then, for another thing, he looks on life with the feeling of a born painter, whose natural instrument of expression is color, and who can with more ease indicate and subtly hint than he can clearly enunciate with intellectual precision what he wishes to convey to us. Thus he is no doubt at a disadvantage with most of his critics, and has for the necessary injustice, to call it so, which these do him, only the somewhat imperfect compensation of pleasing with an excess of vague pleasure a certain number of his more impressible readers of like mind with himself. The sensuousness, too, of which we speak, making it natural for him to seek palpable, tangible images in which to embody his conception, is another allied cause of his strength as a pictorial writer. . . . . .

To whatever the reader turns he will, we think, as we have said, come at last to the conclusion that Mr. Rossetti is essentially a subjective poet who deals with the passion of love, and who has at command a set of properties which have the advantage of being comparatively new and striking to most readers and have the disadvantage of being thought by most readers to be merely properties. And the love to which he confines himself will be found to be at bottom a sensuous and sexual love,

refined to some extent by that sort of worship of one's mistress as saint and divinity which the early Italians made a fashion, certainly, whether or not it was ever a faith by which they lived. It is, we take it, to his long study in this school that Mr. Rossetti owes much of this turn that his thoughts take. . . . Besides its sensuousness and its sort of ecstasy, sadness and dejection characterize Mr. Rossetti's love, which sheds tears and looks backwards with regret, and forwards without cheerfulness, and yearningly into the mould of the grave, as often as it looks backwards upon remembered raptures and forwards to an eternity of locked embraces and speechless gazing upon the beloved. His love is, on the whole, rather depressing. It is, however, past doubt that, although the world at large is not going to give Mr. Rossetti anything like the place that has been claimed for him—though it is even probable that the fashion of his poetry will very soon pass away and be gone for good, and the opinion of his genius fall to an opinion that he is a man of the temperament of genius lacking power to give effect, in words at least, to a nature and gifts rare rather than strong or valuable, nevertheless it will be admitted that he is an elaborately skilful love-poet of narrow range, who affords an occasional touch that makes the reader hesitate and consider whether he has not now and again struggled out and really emerged as a poet worthy of the name.

John Davis Long.

Born in Buckfield, Me., 1838.

AT THE FIRESIDE.

AT nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little, just like her.

Ah, little lips, you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering;
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago!

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

Edna Dean Proctor.

Born in Henniker, N. H., 1838.

HEAVEN, O LORD, I CANNOT LOSE.

NOW summer finds her perfect prime!
Sweet blows the wind from western calms;
On every bower red roses climb;
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eves,
Fly swift! my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill.
Alike, to me, fall frosts and dews;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns, serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake, in rainy morn,
To find my hearth left lone and drear;
Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold or fond love woos;
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

In golden hours the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings:
I gain from sorrow sweet release;
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise
And far the radiant angel flees—
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah! is it good or ill I choose?
But Heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose!

So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall more resplendent rise
Where summer needs nor sun nor moon.
And every bud, on love's low tree,
Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,
In fullest flower I yet shall see
High blooming by the Jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,
And wild regrets that veil the sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
And my long glory be begun!
Let the years come to bless or bruise;
Thy Heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose!

MOSCOW.

[*A Russian Journey.* 1872.]

AT FIRST SIGHT.

ACROSS the steppe we journeyed,
The brown, fir-darkened plain
That rolls to east and rolls to west,
Broad as the billowy main,
When lo! a sudden splendor
Came shimmering through the air,
As if the clouds should melt and leave
The heights of heaven bare,—
A maze of rainbow domes and spires
Full glorious on the sky,
With wafted chimes from many a tower
As the south wind went by,
And a thousand crosses lightly hung
That shone like morning stars—
'Twas the Kremlin wall! 'twas Moscow,
The jewel of the Czars!

THE SHRINES.

ABOVE each gate a blessed Saint
Asks favor of the skies,
And the hosts of the foe do fail and faint
At the gleam of their watchful eyes;
And Pole, and Tartar, and haughty Gaul,
Flee, dismayed, from the Kremlin wall.

Here lie our ancient Czars, asleep,—
Ivan and Feodor,—
While loving angels round them keep
Sweet peace forevermore!
Only when Easter bells ring loud,
They sign the cross beneath the shroud.

O Troitsa's altar is divine,—
St. Sergius! hear our prayers!
And Kiëff, Olga's lofty shrine,
The name of "The Holy" bears;
But Moscow blends all rays in one—
They are the stars, and she the sun!

Charles Barnard.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1838.

SCENE FROM "THE COUNTY FAIR."

[*The County Fair. A picture of New England life. Written for Mr. Neil Burgess. First performed at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia,* 8 *October,* 1888. *From the manuscript, with the permission of Mr. Burgess, owner of the unpublished Play.*]

Act II.—In Act I., Abigail Prue, a spinster of mature years (personated by Mr. Neil Burgess), has taken into her home "Taggs," a city waif sent to her from a mission in New York. The child knew in the city a horse-jockey who had been in jail for horse-stealing, the young fellow being also brother to Sally, a girl who had been adopted by Miss Prue. The boy, released from jail, comes to the farm to find work, and meets Taggs. He fears to apply for work, as he has been in jail, when Taggs undertakes to recommend him to the good graces of her benefactress.

Having sent the boy, who goes by the name of "Tim the Tanner," *to the barn,* Taggs *calls* Miss Prue *from the house. The* Scene *is* Miss Prue's *front yard.*

Taggs. [*Calling at the door of the house.*] I say, Miss Abby! There's a man here wants a job.

Abby. [*From within.*] Send him to Joel.

Taggs. It wouldn't do any good, for the man has lost his recommend.

Abby. [*Entering from house, her hands covered with flour, as if busy in the kitchen.*] Send him away. I can't keep a man who has lost his character.

Taggs. Oh! but, Miss Abby, he's a friend of mine.

Abby. Friend of yours? What kind of a man is he, Taggs?

Taggs. Well, you know how good our minister is?

Abby. Good! Why he's one of the salt of the earth.

Taggs. Well, our minister can't touch him.

Abby. Can't touch him! Why, what's the matter with him?

Taggs. He's so good.

ABBY. He must be a saint.

TAGGS. You don't understand, Miss Abby. Why—he was the Right Bower of our Mission.

ABBY. [*Mystified.*] The Right Bower! The Right Bower! Seems to me I've heard of that before. Suppose that's what you'd call it in New York City. Now we should call him a lay brother.

TAGGS. That's it. He used to lay round the corners and preach to the gang. Why, Miss Abby, he used to give a Thanksgiving dinner to all the newsboys in New York.

ABBY. That's a man after my own heart. I know I shall like him. [*Doubtfully.*] But, Taggs, isn't it rather strange that a man who can make all that money on a farm in New York City should be looking for a job here? I'm afraid I could not afford—— How came he to come up here, anyway?

TAGGS. Well—you see—marm—the chaplin of the prison said——

ABBY. Prison. What prison?

TAGGS. Where he made tracks.

ABBY. Made tracks?

TAGGS. Where he gave tracks—to the prisoners. The chaplin said he ought to go into the country for his country's good.

ABBY. Oh! I know I shall like him. What's his name?

TAGGS. His name is Tim——

ABBY. [*Vexed.*] How often have I told you not to call nicknames?

TAGGS. His name is Timothy.

ABBY. Timothy what? [*Calling to house.*] Sally. Come here. There's a gentleman here who wishes to see me, and I don't want to see him alone.

TAGGS. He's in the barn, Miss Abby. I'll call him. [*Runs up and calls off.*] Come on, Tim. It's all right.

ABBY. How you disgrace me, Taggs. People will think you haven't any bringing-up whatever. [*Aside.*] How I wish I could get into the house and change my apron. It's been turned twice already. I'm sure my back hair is coming down. What will the gentleman think?

[TIM, *dressed in rags, enters, and stands behind* ABBY, *bowing to her.*]

TAGGS. [*Presenting* TIM.] This is Miss Abby.

SALLY. [*Correcting her.*] Miss Abigail Prue, Taggs.

TAGGS. [*To Abby, but with meaning to Tim.*] This is Mister Timothy Tanner.

[TIM *nods to her to show he has caught his new name.*]

ABBY. I think, Taggs, you have said enough. Go into the kitchen and put that mince-meat on the back of the stove, and look at the rice-pudding in the oven.

[*Exit* TAGGS *reluctantly.*]

ABBY. [*Presenting Tim to Sally.*] This is Miss Sally, Mr. Tanner.

SALLY. Glad to know you, sir.

ABBY. [*To Tim.*] Taggs has told me all about you, sir.

TIM. Yes, yes. [*Aside.*] I wonder what the devil she told her.

ABBY. Seems as tho' we was 'most acquainted already.

TIM. Yes, yes.

ABBY. It was so good in you to take your friend's advice in prison.

TIM. [*Alarmed.*] In prison?

ABBY. Yes. He advised you to go into the country, didn't he?

TIM. Oh, yes'm, yes'm. [*Aside.*] Darn that girl.

ABBY. [*Aside.*] How impulsive he is! Don't look much like a saint. But, then, looks don't count for much. [*Direct.*] It was so good in you to go to the prison in the first place.

TIM. [*Completely confused.*] Was it?

ABBY. You know it was. Only your modesty makes you say that. It must have torn your heart-strings to have left your good work there.

TIM. [*Not knowing what she means.*] Yes'm. It was rather hard to get away.

ABBY. [*With enthusiasm.*] How I wish I could have been there with you! Our minister may say what he likes, but there's no chance to do any good in the woods. How large did you say your class was?

TIM. My class?

SALLY. Your class. Oh! How nice! I've got five boys in my class. How many have you in yours?

TIM. [*Still mystified.*] My class?

ABBY. Yes. Your class. Taggs was saying you had a Bible-class in Sunday-school.

TIM. Oh, yes, yes. My class. Well, you see, marm, it was larger at times than at others.

ABBY. [*After a moment's reflection.*] Mr. Tanner, that's been just my experience. I've always noticed that just before Christmas or a picnic our Sunday-school was larger than ever. I feel I shall be justified——

[*Turns and, picking up dinner-horn, blows a blast upon it.*]

TIM. [*Crossing to right in alarm. Aside.*] I'm darned if she ain't calling the police!

[*Enter* JOEL, *Abby's farm manager, at back.*]

ABBY. Oh, Joel! Here I am blowing my lungs out. I thought you were in the south medder.

JOEL. No, Miss Abby, I was in the kitchen garden.

ABBY. [*Presenting Tim.*] This is Mr. Tanner, Joel.

JOEL. Glad to know you, sir.

ABBY. Mr. Tanner has come up into the country for his health. Any little arrangement that you can make with him will be all right.

JOEL. [*Surprised at Tim's appearance.*] We haven't much, Miss Abby, that a sick man can do.

TIM. Oh! I'm not sick. All I want is a change of air, and I can do as good a day's work as the next man.

ABBY. Joel, don't you think you'd better hitch up and get Mr. Tanner's trunk?

TIM. My trunk?

ABBY. Yes; your trunk. I didn't know but you might need it.

TIM. I didn't bring any trunk, Miss Abby.

ABBY. [*Surprised.*] Didn't bring any trunk!

TIM. No, marm; but I'll send for it.

ABBY. [*Satisfied at this, moves towards house. Suddenly calls him in a mysterious manner.*] Mr. Tanner, I'd like to see you one moment in private. [*Tim draws near, but greatly alarmed.*] From what Taggs said, I'm not quite able to judge of your past life, for Taggs didn't tell me quite enough.

TIM. [*Aside.*] Wasn't her fault if she didn't.

ABBY. What I hope to find out is—— [*Hesitates.*] In fact—I think it is absolutely necessary I should know. It's a rather delicate matter to speak of, tho'. Would you—do you— Do you prefer a feather bed or a mattress?

TIM. [*Greatly relieved.*] Either, marm. I'm used to 'most anything. [*Aside.*] If she'd given me the barn, I should have thought I was cutting it fat.

ABBY. [*To Joel and Tanner.*] You've just time to look round the farm before dinner. [*To Sally.*] Sally, go upstairs and air the bedclothes in the north attic. [*To Joel.*] Now, Joel, don't keep me waiting when I blow the horn, because it's picked-fish dinner to-day.

[*Exit to house.*]

Mary Mapes Dodge.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1838.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

[*Along the Way.* 1879.]

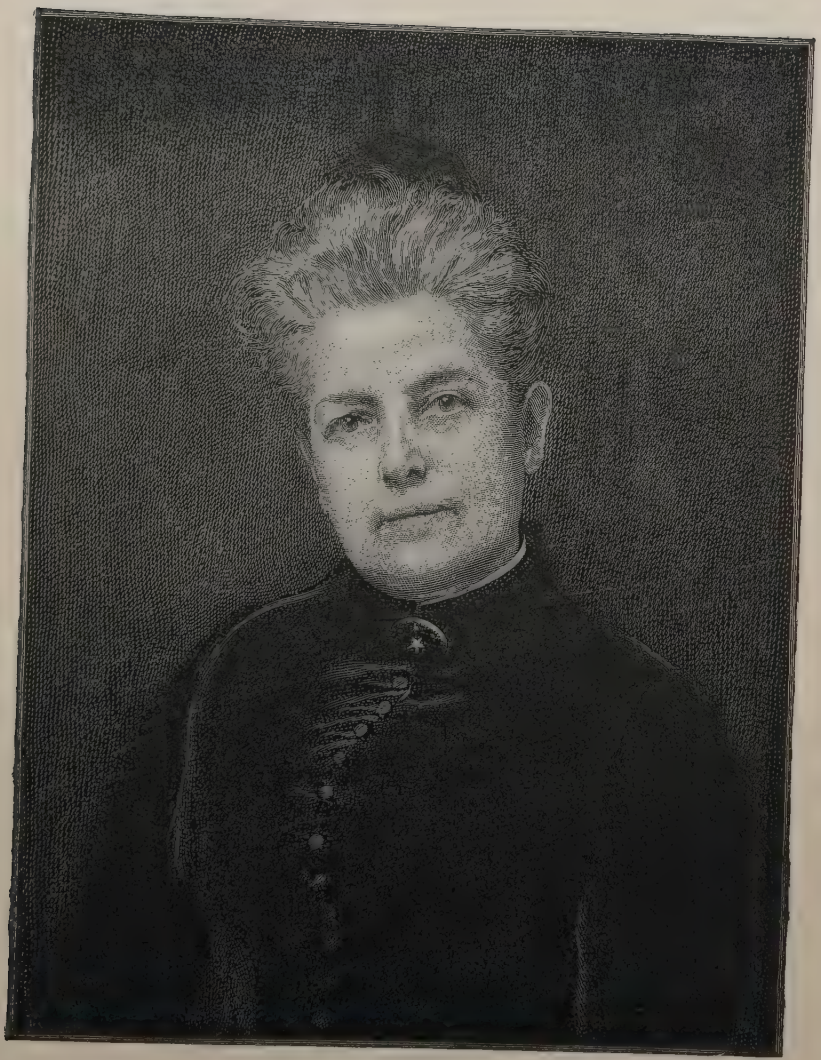
WE know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessèd is the thought;
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.



Mary Mapes Dodge

THE STARS.

THEY wait all day unseen by us, unfelt;
Patient they bide behind the day's full glare;
And we, who watched the dawn when they were there,
Thought we had seen them in the daylight melt,
While the slow sun upon the earth-line knelt.
Because the teeming sky seemed void and bare,
When we explored it through the dazzled air,
We had no thought that there all day they dwelt.
Yet were they over us, alive and true,
In the vast shades far up above the blue,—
The brooding shades beyond our daylight ken—
Serene and patient in their conscious light,
Ready to sparkle for our joy again,—
The eternal jewels of the short-lived night.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

[*Theophilus and Others.* 1876.]

OCH! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin ye could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry!—to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix, an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan; an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' yer remarks). An' is it meself, with five good charac'ters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure, an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at once-t when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiterman which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she. "And, Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him; for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure, an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him, nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff; for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacent and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen, smilin', and says, kind o' shcared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty; an' ye'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore; and I, mishtrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper

collar, looks up, and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser, a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If ye'll belave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sicken ye to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper-biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythenestest shoes ye ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore ye could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens, and taitch 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles; an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whishkers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' ye'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin', an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, ye'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge o' the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks?—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant ye, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squirrit it through his teeth stret over the best linen tablecloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since ever I've bin in this counthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities, or the likes o' that; and, do ye mind, that haythen would do the same thing after me whiniver the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't ha' made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave for that? Faix, an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythen! Ye're aware yerself how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper, and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin'-blanket the how it cuddent be bodderin' any

one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a-spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer buy comes in, and stands fornenst her wid his boondles; an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythen)—she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles, an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If ye'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a han'ful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze, right afore the missus, wrap 'em into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin'-blanket, and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, an' the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythen nager," says I. "I've found yer out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's yerself ought to be arristed," says she. "Yer won't," says I. "I will," says she. And so it went, till she give me such sass as I cuddent take from no lady, an' I give her warnin', an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

ENFOLDINGS.

THE snowflake that softly, all night, is whitening tree-top and pathway;
The avalanche suddenly rushing with darkness and death to the hamlet.

The ray stealing in through the lattice to waken the day-loving baby;
The pitiless horror of light in the sun-smitten reach of the desert.

The seed with its pregnant surprise of welcome young leaflet and blossom;
The despair of the wilderness tangle, and treacherous thicket of forest.

The happy west wind as it startles some noon-laden flower from its dreaming;
The hurricane crashing its way through the homes and the life of the valley.

The play of the jetlets of flame when the children laugh out on the hearthstone;
The town or the prairie consumed in a terrible, hissing combustion.

The glide of a wave on the sands with its myriad sparkle in breaking;
The roar and the fury of ocean, a limitless maelstrom of ruin.

The leaping of heart unto heart with bliss that can never be spoken;
The passion that maddens, and shows how God may be thrust from His creatures.

For this do I tremble and start when the rose on the vine taps my shoulder,
For this when the storm beats me down my soul groweth bolder and bolder.

SHADOW-EVIDENCE.

SWIFT o'er the sunny grass,
I saw a shadow pass
With subtle charm;
So quick, so full of life,
With thrilling joy so rife,
I started lest, unknown,
My step—ere it was flown—
Had done it harm.

Why look up to the blue?
The bird was gone, I knew,
Far out of sight.
Steady and keen of wing,
The slight, impassioned thing,
Intent on a goal unknown,
Had held its course alone
In silent flight.

Dear little bird, and fleet,
Flinging down at my feet
Shadow for song:
More sure am I of thee—
Unseen, unheard by me—
Than of some things felt and known,
And guarded as my own,
All my life long.

Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury.

Born in Ovid, N. Y., 1838.

LITERARY AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF COOPER.

[*James Fenimore Cooper.* 1883.]

MORE than sixty years have gone by since Cooper began to write; more than thirty since he ceased to live. If his reputation has not advanced during the period that has passed since his death, it has certainly not receded. Nor does it seem likely to undergo much change in the future. The world has pretty well made up its mind as to the value of his work. The estimate in which it is held will not be materially raised or lowered by anything which criticism can now utter. This will itself be criticised for being too obvious; for it can do little but

repeat, with variation of phrase, what has been constantly said and often better said before. There is, however, now a chance of its meeting with fairer consideration. The cloud of depreciation which seems to settle upon the achievement of every man of letters soon after death, it was Cooper's fortune to encounter during life. This was partly due to the literary reaction which had taken place against the form of fiction he adopted, but far more to the personal animosities he aroused. We are now far enough removed from the prejudices and passions of his time to take an impartial view of the man, and to state, without bias for or against him, the conclusions to which the world has very generally come as to his merits and defects as a writer.

At the outset it is to be said that Cooper is one of the people's novelists as opposed to the novelists of highly-cultivated men. This does not imply that he has not been, and is not still, a favorite with many of the latter. The names of those, indeed, who have expressed excessive admiration for his writings far surpass in reputation and even critical ability those who have spoken of him depreciatingly. Still the general statement is true that it is with the masses he has found favor chiefly. The sale of his works has known no abatement since his death. It goes on constantly to an extent that will surprise any one who has not made an examination of this particular point. His tales continue to be read or rather devoured by the uncultivated many. They are often contemptuously criticised by the cultivated few, who sometimes affect to look upon any admiration they may have once had for them as belonging exclusively to the undisciplined taste of childhood.

This state of things may be thought decisive against the permanent reputation of the novelist. The opinion of the cultivated few, it is said, must prevail over that of the uncultivated many. True as this is in certain cases, it is just as untrue in others. It is, in fact, often absurdly false when the general reading public represents the uncultivated many. On matters which come legitimately within the scope of their judgment the verdict of the great mass of men is infinitely more trustworthy than that of any smaller body of men, no matter how cultivated. Of plenty of that narrow judgment of select circles which mistakes the cackle of its little coterie for the voice of the world, Cooper was made the subject, and sometimes the victim, during his lifetime. There were any number of writers, now never heard of, who were going to outlive him, according to literary prophecies then current, which had everything oracular in their utterance except ambiguity. Especially is this true of the notices of his stories of the sea. As I have turned over the pages of defunct criticism, I have come across the names of several authors whose tales descriptive of ocean life were, according to many contemporary estimates, immensely superior to anything of the kind Cooper had produced

or could produce. Some of these writers enjoyed for a time high reputation. Most of them are now as utterly forgotten as the men who celebrated their praises.

But, however unfair as a whole may be the estimate of cultivated men in any particular case, their adverse opinion is pretty certain to have a foundation of justice in its details. This is unquestionably true in the present instance. Characteristics there are of Cooper's writings which would and do repel many. Defects exist both in manner and matter. Part of the unfavorable judgment he has received is due to the prevalence of minor faults, disagreeable rather than positively bad. These, in many cases, sprang from the quantity of what he did and the rapidity with which he did it. The amount that Cooper wrote is something that in fairness must always be taken into consideration. He who has crowded into a single volume the experience of a life must concede that he stands at great advantage as regards matters of detail, and especially as regards perfection of form, with him who has manifested incessant literary activity in countless ways. It was the immense quantity that Cooper wrote and the haste and inevitable carelessness which wait upon great production, that are responsible for many of his minor faults. Incongruities in the conception of his tales, as well as in their execution, often make their appearance. Singular blunders can be found which escaped even his own notice in the final revision he gave his works. . . . .

In the matter of language this rapidity and carelessness often degenerated into downright slovenliness. It was bad enough to resort to the same expedients and to repeat the same scenes. Still from this charge few prolific novelists can be freed. But in Cooper there were often words and phrases which he worked to death. . . . .

There were other faults in the matter of language that to some will seem far worse. I confess to feeling little admiration for that grammar-school training which consists in teaching the pupil how much more he knows about our tongue than the great masters who have moulded it; which practically sets up the claim that the only men who are able to write English properly are the men who have never shown any capacity to write it at all; and which seeks, in a feeble way, to cramp usage by setting up distinctions that never existed, and laying down rules which it requires uncommon ignorance of the language to make or to heed. Still there are lengths to which the most strenuous stickler for freedom of speech does not venture to go. There are prejudices in favor of the exclusive legitimacy of certain constructions that he feels bound to respect. He recognizes, as a general rule, for instance, that when the subject is in the singular it is desirable that the verb should be in the same number. For conventionalities of syntax of this kind Cooper was

very apt to exhibit disregard, not to say disdain. He too often passed the bounds that divide liberty from license. It scarcely needs to be asserted that in most of these cases the violation of idiom arose from haste or carelessness. But there were some blunders which can only be imputed to pure unadulterated ignorance. . . . .

There are imperfections far more serious than these mistakes in language. He rarely attained to beauty of style. The rapidity with which he wrote forbids the idea that he ever strove earnestly for it. Even the essential but minor grace of clearness is sometimes denied him. He had not, in truth, the instincts of the born literary artist. Satisfied with producing the main effect, he was apt to be careless in the consistent working out of details. Plot, in any genuine sense of the word "plot," is to be found in very few of his stories. He seems rarely to have planned all the events beforehand; or, if he did, anything was likely to divert him from his original intention. The incidents often appear to have been suggested as the tale was in process of composition. Hence the constant presence of incongruities with the frequent result of bringing about a bungling and incomplete development. The introduction of certain characters is sometimes so heralded as to lead us to expect from them far more than they actually perform. Thus, in "The Two Admirals," Mr. Thomas Wychecombe is brought in with a fulness of description that justifies the reader in entertaining a rational expectation of finding in him a satisfactory scoundrel, capable, desperate, full of resources, needing the highest display of energy and ability to be overcome. This reasonable anticipation is disappointed. At the very moment when respectable determined villany is in request, he fades away into a poltroon of the most insignificant type, who is not able to hold his own against an ordinary house-steward.

The prolixity of Cooper's introductions is a fault so obvious to every one that it needs here reference merely and not discussion. A similar remark may be made as to his moralizing, which was apt to be cheap and commonplace. He was much disposed to waste his own time and to exhaust the patience of his reader by establishing with great fulness of demonstration and great positiveness of assertion the truth of principles which most of the human race are humbly content to regard as axioms. A greater because even a more constantly recurring fault is the gross improbability to be found in the details of his stories. There is too much fiction in his fiction. We are continually exasperated by the inadequacy of the motive assigned; we are irritated by the unnatural if not ridiculous conduct of the characters. These are perpetually doing unreasonable things, or doing reasonable things at unsuitable times. They take the very path that must lead them into the danger they are seeking to shun. They engage in making love when they

ought to be flying for their lives. His heroes, in particular, exhibit a capacity for going to sleep in critical situations, which may not transcend extraordinary human experience, but does ordinary human belief. Nor is improbability always confined to details. It pervades sometimes the central idea of the story. . . . .

His failure in characterization was undoubtedly greatest in the women he drew. Cooper's ardent admirers have always resented this charge. Each one of them points to some single heroine that fulfils the highest requirements that criticism could demand. It seems to me that close study of his writings must confirm the opinion generally entertained. All his utterances show that the theoretical view he had of the rights, the duties, and the abilities of women, were of the most narrow and conventional type. Unhappily it was a limitation of his nature that he could not invest with charm characters with whom he was not in moral and intellectual sympathy. There was, in his eyes, but one praiseworthy type of womanly excellence. It did not lie in his power to represent any other; on one occasion he unconsciously satirized his inability even to conceive of any other. In "Mercedes of Castile" the heroine is thus described by her aunt: "Her very nature," she says, "is made up of religion and female decorum." It is evident that the author fancied that in this commendation he was exhausting praise. These are the sentiments of a man with whom devoutness and deportment have become the culminating conception of the possibilities that lie in the female character. His heroines naturally conformed to his belief. They are usually spoken of as spotless beings. They are made up of retiring sweetness, artlessness, and simplicity. They are timid, shrinking, helpless. They shudder with terror on any decent pretext. But if they fail in higher qualities, they embody in themselves all conceivable combinations of the proprieties and minor morals. They always give utterance to the most unexceptionable sentiments. They always do the extremely correct thing. The dead perfection of their virtues has not the alloy of a single redeeming fault. The reader naturally wearies of these uninterestingly discreet and admirable creatures in fiction as he would in real life. He feels that they would be a good deal more attractive if they were a good deal less angelic. With all their faultlessness, moreover, they do not attain an ideal which is constantly realized by their living but faulty sisters. They do not show the faith, the devotion, the self-forgetfulness, and self-sacrifice which women exhibit daily without being conscious that they have done anything especially creditable. They experience, so far as their own words and acts furnish evidence of their feelings, a sort of lukewarm emotion which they dignify with the name of love. But they not merely suspect without the slightest provocation, they give up the men to whom they have pledged the devotion of their

lives, for reasons for which no one would think of abandoning an ordinary acquaintance. In "The Spy" the heroine distrusts her lover's integrity because another woman does not conceal her fondness for him. In "The Heidenmauer" one of the female characters resigns the man she loves because on one occasion, when heated by wine and maddened by passion, he had done violence to the sacred elements. There was never a woman in real life, whose heart and brain were sound, that conformed her conduct to a model so contemptible. It is just to say of Cooper that as he advanced in years he improved upon this feeble conception. The female characters of his earlier tales are never able to do anything successfully but to faint. In his later ones they are given more strength of mind as well as nobility of character. But at best, the height they reach is little loftier than that of the pattern woman of the regular religious novel. The reader cannot help picturing for all of them the same dreary and rather inane future. He is as sure, as if their career had been actually unrolled before his eyes, of the part they will perform in life. They will all become leading members of Dorcas societies; they will find perpetual delight in carrying to the poor bundles of tracts and packages of tea; they will scour the highways and byways for dirty, ragged, hatless, shoeless, and godless children, whom they will hale into the Sunday-school; they will shine with unsurpassed skill in the manufacture of slippers for the rector; they will exhibit a fiery enthusiasm in the decoration and adornment of the church at Christmas and Easter festivals. Far be the thought that would deny praise to the mild raptures and delicate aspirations of gentle natures such as Cooper drew. But in novels, at least, one longs for a ruddier life than flows in the veins of these pale, bleached-out personifications of the proprieties. Women like them may be far more useful members of society than the stormier characters of fiction that are dear to the carnal-minded. They may very possibly be far more agreeable to live with; but they are not usually the women for whom men are willing or anxious to die.

These are imperfections that have led to the undue depreciation of Cooper among many highly cultivated men. Taken by themselves they might seem enough to ruin his reputation beyond redemption. It is a proof of his real greatness that he triumphs over defects which would utterly destroy the fame of a writer of inferior power. It is with novels as with men. There are those with great faults which please us and impress us far more than those in which the component parts are better balanced. Whatever its other demerits, Cooper's best work never sins against the first law of fictitious composition, that the story shall be full of sustained interest. It has power, and power always fascinates, even though accompanied with much that would naturally excite repulsion or dislike. Moreover, poorly as he sometimes told his story, he had a story

to tell. The permanence and universality of his reputation are largely due to this fact. In many modern creations full of subtle charm and beauty, the narrative, the material framework of the fiction, has been made so subordinate to the delineation of character and motive, that the reader ceases to feel much interest in what men do in the study which is furnished him of why they do it. In this highly rarefied air of philosophic analysis, incident and event wither and die. Work of this kind is apt to have within its sphere an unbounded popularity; but its sphere is limited, and can never include a tithe of that vast public for which Cooper wrote and which has always cherished and kept alive his memory, while that of men of perhaps far finer mould has quite faded away.

It is only fair, also, to judge him by his successes and not by his failures; by the work he did best, and not by what he did moderately well. His strength lies in the description of scenes, in the narration of events. In the best of these he has had no superior, and very few equals. The reader will look in vain for the revelation of sentiment, or for the exhibition of passion. The love-story is rarely well done; but the love-story plays a subordinate part in the composition. The moment his imagination is set on fire with the conception of adventure, vividness and power come unbidden to his pen. The pictures he then draws are as real to the mind as if they were actually seen by the eye. It is doubtless due to the fact that these fits of inspiration came to him only in certain kinds of composition, that the excellence of many of his stories lies largely in detached scenes. Still his best works are a moving panorama, in which the mind is no sooner sated with one picture than its place is taken by another equally fitted to fix the attention and to stir the heart. The genuineness of his power, in such cases, is shown by the perfect simplicity of the agencies employed. There is no pomp of words; there is an entire lack of even the attempt at meretricious adornment; there is not the slightest appearance of effort to impress the reader. In his portrayal of these scenes Cooper is like nature, in that he accomplishes his greatest effects with the fewest means. If, as we are sometimes told, these things are easily done, the pertinent question always remains, why are they not done?

Moreover, while in his higher characters he has almost absolutely failed, he has succeeded in drawing a whole group of strongly-marked lower ones. Birch, in "The Spy," Long Tom Coffin and Boltrope in "The Pilot," the squatter in "The Prairie," Cap in "The Pathfinder," and several others there are, any one of which would be enough of itself to furnish a respectable reputation to many a novelist who fancies himself far superior to Cooper as a delineator of character. He had neither the skill nor power to draw the varied figures with which Scott, with all the reckless prodigality of genius, crowded his canvas. Yet in the gor-

geous gallery of the great master of romantic fiction, alive with men and women of every rank in life and of every variety of nature, there is, perhaps, no one person who so profoundly impresses the imagination as Cooper's crowning creation, the man of the forests. It is not that Scott could not have done what his follower did, had he so chosen; only that as a matter of fact he did not. Leather Stocking is one of the few original characters, perhaps the only great original character, that American fiction has added to the literature of the world.

The more uniform excellence of Cooper, however, lies in the pictures he gives of the life of nature. Forest, ocean, and stream are the things for which he really cares; and men and women are the accessories, inconvenient and often uncomfortable, that must be endured. Of the former he speaks with a loving particularity that lets nothing escape the attention. Yet minute as are often his descriptions, he did not fall into that too easily besetting sin of the novelist, of overloading his picture with details. To advance the greater he sacrificed the less. Cooper looked at nature with the eye of a painter and not of a photographer. He fills the imagination even more than he does the sight. Hence the permanence of the impression which he leaves upon the mind. His descriptions, too, produce a greater effect at the time and cling longer to the memory because they fall naturally into the narrative, and form a real part in the development of the story; they are not merely dragged in to let the reader know what the writer can do. "If Cooper," said Balzac, "had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in the painting of the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." This author I have quoted several times, because far better even than George Sand, or indeed any who have criticised the American novelist, he seems to me to have seen clearly wherein the latter succeeded and wherein he failed.

To this it is just to add one word which Cooper himself would have regarded as the highest tribute that could be paid to what he did. Whatever else we may say of his writings, their influence is always a healthy influence. Narrow and prejudiced he sometimes was in his opinions; but he hated whatever was mean and low in character. It is with beautiful things and with noble things that he teaches us to sympathize. Here are no incitements to passion, no prurient suggestions of sensual delights. The air which breathes through all his fictions is as pure as that which sweeps the streets of his mountain home. It is as healthy as nature itself. To read one of his best works after many of the novels of the day, is like passing from the heated and stifling atmosphere of crowded rooms to the purity, the freedom, and the boundlessness of the forest.

In these foregoing pages I have attempted to portray an author who

was something more than an author, who in any community would have been a marked man had he never written a word. I have not sought to hide his foibles and his faults, his intolerance and his dogmatism, the irascibility of his temperament, the pugnacity of his nature, the illiberality and injustice of many of his opinions, the unreasonableness as well as the imprudence of the course he often pursued. To his friends and admirers these points will seem to have been insisted upon too strongly. Their feelings may, to a certain extent, be just. Cooper is, indeed, a striking instance of how much more a man loses in the estimation of the world by the exhibition of foibles, than he will by that of vices. . . . .

His faults, in fact, were faults of temper rather than of character. Like the defects of his writings, too, they lay upon the surface, and were seen and read of all men. But granting everything that can be urged against him, impartial consideration must award him an ample excess of the higher virtues. His failings were the failings of a man who possessed in the fullest measure vigor of mind, intensity of conviction, and capability of passion. Disagree with him one could hardly help; one could never fail to respect him. Many of the common charges against him are due to pure ignorance. Of these, perhaps, the most common and the most absolutely baseless is the one which imputes to him excessive literary vanity. Pride, even up to the point of arrogance, he had; but even this was only in a small degree connected with his reputation as an author. In the nearly one hundred volumes he wrote, not a single line can be found which implies that he had an undue opinion of his own powers. On the contrary, there are many that would lead to the conclusion that his appreciation of himself and of his achievement was far lower than even the coldest estimate would form. The prevalent misconception on this point was in part due to his excessive sensitiveness to criticism and his resentment of it when hostile. It was partly due, also, to a certain outspokenness of nature which led him to talk of himself as freely as he would talk of a stranger. But his whole conduct showed the falseness of any such impression. From all the petty tricks to which literary vanity resorts, he was absolutely free. He utterly disdained anything that savored of manœuvring for reputation. He indulged in no devices to revive the decaying attention of the public. He sought no favors from those who were in a position to confer the notoriety which so many mistake for fame. He went, in fact, to the other extreme, and refused an aid that he might with perfect propriety have received. . . . .

The fearlessness and the truthfulness of his nature are conspicuous in almost every incident of his career. He fought for a principle as desperately as other men fight for life. The storm of detraction through

which he went never once shook the almost haughty independence of his conduct, or swerved him in the slightest from the course he had chosen. The only thing to which he unquestioningly submitted was the truth. His loyalty to that was of a kind almost Quixotic. He was in later years dissatisfied with himself, because, in his novel of "The Pilot," he had put the character of Paul Jones too high. He thought that the hero had been credited in that work with loftier motives than those by which he was actually animated. Feelings such as these formed the groundwork of his character, and made him intolerant of the devious ways of many who were satisfied with conforming to a lower code of morality. There was a royalty in his nature that disdained even the semblance of deceit. With other authors one feels that the man is inferior to his work. With him it is the very reverse. High qualities, such as these, so different from the easy-going virtues of common men, are more than an offset to infirmities of temper, to unfairness of judgment, or to unwisdom of conduct. His life was the best answer to many of the charges brought against his country and his countrymen; for whatever he may have fancied, the hostility he encountered was due far less to the matter of his criticisms than to their manner. Against the common cant, that in republican governments the tyranny of public sentiment will always bring conduct to the same monotonous level, and opinion to the same subservient uniformity, Democracy can point to this dauntless son who never flinched from any course because it brought odium, who never flattered popular prejudices, and who never truckled to a popular cry. America has had among her representatives of the irritable race of writers many who have shown far more ability to get on pleasantly with their fellows than Cooper. She has had several gifted with higher spiritual insight than he, with broader and juster views of life, with finer ideals of literary art, and, above all, with far greater delicacy of taste. But she counts on the scanty roll of her men of letters the name of no one who acted from purer patriotism or loftier principle. She finds among them all no manlier nature, and no more heroic soul.

THE FUTURE OF OUR TONGUE.

[*History of the English Language.* 1879.]

WHAT is to be the future of our tongue? Is it steadily tending to become corrupt, as constantly asserted by so many who are laboriously devoting their lives to preserve it in its purity? The fact need not be denied, if by it is meant that, within certain limits, the speech is

always moving away from established usage. The history of language is the history of corruption. The purest of speakers uses every day, with perfect propriety, words and forms, which, looked at from the point of view of the past, are improper, if not scandalous. But the blunders of one age become good usage in the following, and in process of time grow to be so consecrated by custom and consent that a return to practices theoretically correct would seem like a return to barbarism. While this furnishes no excuse for lax and slovenly methods of expression, it is a guaranty that the indulgence in them by some, or the adoption of them by all, will not necessarily be attended by any serious injury to the speech. Vulgarity and tawdriness and affectation, and numerous other characteristics which are manifested by the users of language, are bad enough; but it is a gross error to suppose that they have of themselves any permanently serious effect upon the purity of national speech. They are results of imperfect training; and, while the great masters continue to be admired and read and studied, they are results that last but for a time. The causes which bring about the decline of a language are of an entirely different type. It is not the use of particular words or idioms, it is not the adoption of peculiar rhetorical devices, that contribute either to the permanent well-being or corruption of any tongue. These are the mere accidents of speech, the fashion of a time which passes away with the causes that gave it currency: far back of these lie the real sources of decay. Language is no better and no worse than the men who speak it. The terms of which it is composed have no independent vitality in themselves: it is the meaning which the men who use them put into them, that gives them all their power. It is never language in itself that becomes weak or corrupt: it is only when those who use it become weak or corrupt, that it shares in their degradation. Nothing but respect need be felt or expressed for that solicitude which strives to maintain the purity of speech: yet when unaccompanied by a far-reaching knowledge of its history, but, above all, by a thorough comprehension of the principles which underlie the growth of language, efforts of this kind are as certain to be full of error as they are lacking in result. There has never been a time in the history of Modern English in which there have not been men who fancied that they foresaw its decay. From the sixteenth to the nineteenth century on, our literature, whenever it touches upon the character of the vehicle by which it is conveyed, is full of the severest criticism; and its pages are crowded with unavailing protests against the introduction of that which now it hardly seems possible for us to do without, and, along with these, with mournful complaints of the degeneracy of the present, and with melancholy forebodings for the future. So it always has been: so it is always likely to be. Yet the real truth is, that the lan-

guage can be safely trusted to take care of itself, if the men who speak it take care of themselves; for with their degree of development, of cultivation, and of character, it will always be found in absolute harmony.

In fact, it is not from the agencies that are commonly supposed to be corrupting that our speech at the present time suffers: it is in much more danger from ignorant efforts made to preserve what is called its purity. Rules have been and still are laid down for the use of it, which never had any existence outside of the minds of grammarians and verbal critics. By these rules, so far as they are observed, freedom of expression is cramped, idiomatic peculiarity destroyed, and false tests for correctness set up, which give the ignorant opportunity to point out supposed error in others; while the real error lies in their own imperfect acquaintance with the best usage. One illustration will be sufficient of multitudes that might be cited. There is a rule of Latin syntax that two or more substantives joined by a copulative require the verb to be in the plural. This has been foisted into the grammar of English, of which it is no more true than it is of modern German. There is nothing in the usage of the past, from the very earliest times, to authorize it, nothing in the usage of the present to justify it, except so far as the rule itself has tended to make general the practice it imposes. The grammar of English, as exhibited in the utterances of its best writers and speakers, has, from the very earliest period, allowed the widest discretion as to the use either of the singular or the plural in such cases. The importation and imposition of rules foreign to its idiom, like the one just mentioned, does more to hinder the free development of the tongue, and to dwarf its freedom of expression, than the widest prevalence of slovenliness of speech, or of affectation of style; for these latter are always temporary in their character, and are sure to be left behind by the advance in popular cultivation, or forgotten through the change in popular taste.

Of the languages of Christendom, English is the one now spoken by far the largest number of persons; and from present appearances there would seem to be but little limit to its possible extension. Yet that it or any other tongue will ever become a universal language is so much more than doubtful, that it may be called impossible; and, even were it possible, it is a question if it would be desirable. However that may be, its spread will depend in the future, as it has in the past, not so much upon the character of the language itself, as upon the character of the men who speak it. It is not necessarily because it is in reality superior to other tongues, that it has become more widely extended than they, but because it has been and still is the speech of two great nations which have been among the foremost in civilization and power, the most greedy in the grasping of territory, the most successful in the

planting of colonies. But as political reasons have lifted the tongue into its present prominence, so in the future to political reasons will be owing its progress or decay. Thus, back of everything that tends to the extension of language, lie the material strength, the intellectual development and the moral character, which make the users of a language worthy enough and powerful enough to impose it upon others. No speech can do more than express the ideas of those who employ it at the time. It cannot live upon its past meanings, or upon the past conceptions of great men which have been recorded in it, any more than the race which uses it can live upon its past glory or its past achievements. Proud, therefore, as we may now well be of our tongue, we may rest assured that, if it ever attain to universal sovereignty, it will do so only because the ideas of the men who speak it are fit to become the ruling ideas of the world, and the men themselves are strong enough to carry them over the world; and that, in the last analysis, depends, like everything else, upon the development of the individual; depends, not upon the territory we buy or steal, not upon the gold we mine, or the grain we grow, but upon the men we produce. If we fail there, no national greatness, however splendid to outward view, can be anything but temporary and illusory; and, when once national greatness disappears, no past achievements in literature, however glorious, will perpetuate our language as a living speech, though they may help for a while to retard its decay.

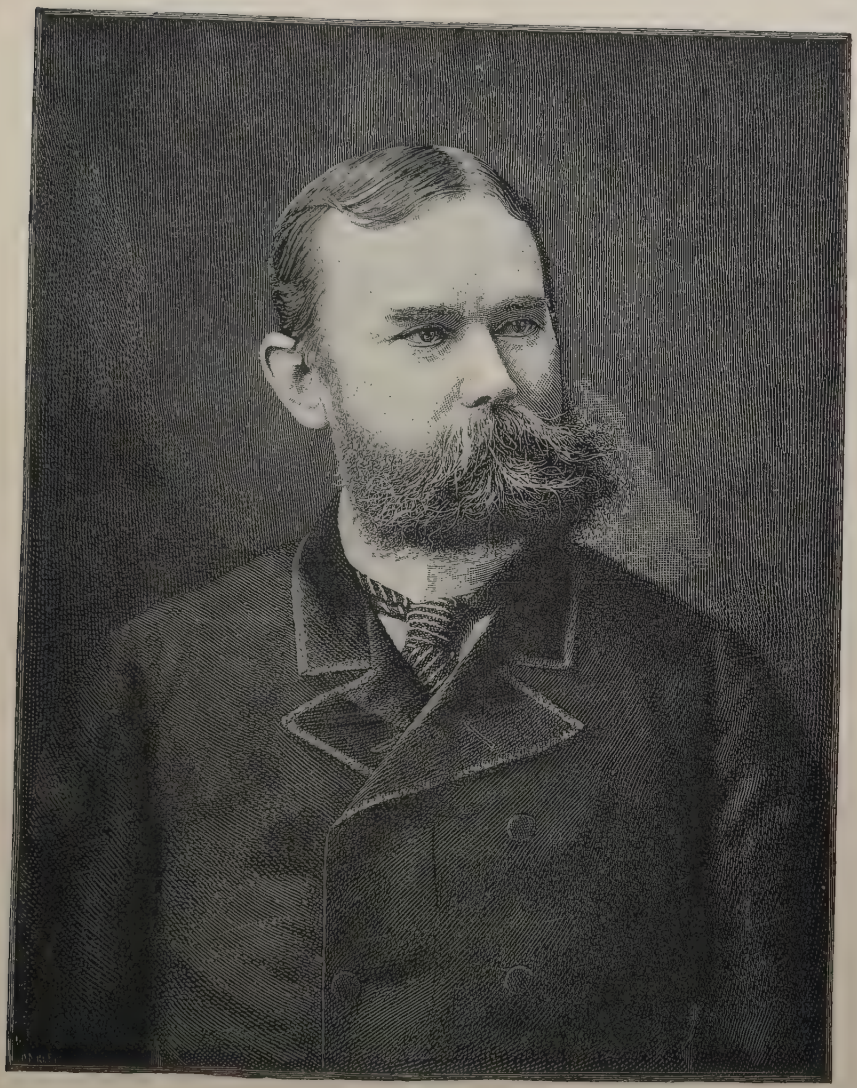
John Hay.

Born in Salem, Ind., 1838.

LIBERTY.

[*Lotos Leaves.* 1875.]

WHAT man is there so bold that he should say
"Thus and thus only would I have the Sea"?
For whether lying calm and beautiful
Clasping the earth in love, or throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust



Yours faithfully

John Hay

Of ruin drinks the blood of living things
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore;—
Always it is the Sea, and men bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

So all in vain will timorous ones essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law.
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfils the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it, when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold where the crimson axe
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering Kings.
For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved,
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.

RED-LETTER DAYS IN SPAIN.

[*Castilian Days.* 1871.]

WITH the long days and cooler airs of the autumn begin the different fairs. These are relics of the times of tyranny and exclusive privilege, when for a few days each year, by the intervention of the Church, or as a reward for civic service, full liberty of barter and sale was allowed to all citizens. This custom, more or less modified, may be found in most cities of Europe. The boulevards of Paris swarm with little booths at Christmas-time, which begin and end their lawless commercial life within the week. In Vienna, in Leipsic, and other cities, the same waste-weir of irregular trade is periodically opened. These fairs begin in Madrid with the autumnal equinox, and continue for some weeks in October. They disappear from the Alcalá to break out with renewed virulence in the avenue of Atocha, and girdle the city at last with a belt of booths. While they last they give great animation and spirit to the street-life of the town. You can scarcely make your way among the heaps of gaudy shawls and handkerchiefs, cheap laces and illegitimate jewels, that cumber the pavement. When the Jews were driven out of Spain, they left behind the true genius of bargaining.

A nut-brown maid is attracted by a brilliant red and yellow scarf. She asks the sleepy merchant nodding before his wares, "What is this rag worth?" He answers with profound indifference, "Ten reals."

"Hombre! Are you dreaming or crazy?" She drops the coveted neck-gear and moves on, apparently horror-stricken.

The chapman calls her back peremptorily: "Don't be rash! The scarf is worth twenty reals, but for the sake of Santissima Maria I offered it to you for half-price. Very well! You are not suited. What will you give?"

"Caramba! Am I a buyer and seller as well? The thing is worth three reals; more is a robbery."

"Jesus! Maria! José! and all the family! Go thou with God! We cannot trade. Sooner than sell for less than eight reals I will raise the cover of my brains! Go thou! It is eight of the morning, and still thou dreamest."

She lays down the scarf reluctantly, saying, "Five?" But the outraged mercer snorts scornfully, "Eight is my last word! Go to!"

She moves away, thinking how well that scarf would look in the Apollo Gardens, and casts over her shoulder a Parthian glance and bid, "Six!"

"Take it! It is madness, but I cannot waste my time in bargaining."

Both congratulate themselves on the operation. He would have taken five, and she would have given seven. How trade would suffer if we had windows in our breasts! . . . .

The true Carnival survives in its naïve purity only in Spain. It has faded in Rome into a romping day of clown's play. In Paris it is little more than a busier season for dreary and professional vice. Elsewhere all over the world the Carnival gayeties are confined to the salon. But in Madrid the whole city, from grandee to cordwainer, goes with child-like earnestness into the enjoyment of the hour. The Corso begins in the Prado on the last Sunday before Lent, and lasts four days. From noon to night the great drive is filled with a double line of carriages two miles long, and between them are the landaus of the favored hundreds who have the privilege of driving up and down free from the law of the road. This right is acquired by the payment of ten dollars a day to city charities, and produces some fifteen thousand dollars every Carnival. In these carriages all the society of Madrid may be seen; and on foot, darting in and out among the hoofs of the horses, are the young men of Castile in every conceivable variety of absurd and fantastic disguise. There are of course pirates and Indians and Turks, monks, prophets, and kings, but the favorite costumes seem to be the devil and the Englishman. Sometimes the Yankee is attempted, with indifferent success. He wears a ribbon-wreathed Italian bandit's hat, an embroi-

dered jacket, slashed buckskin trousers, and a wide crimson belt—a dress you would at once recognize as universal in Boston.

Most of the maskers know by name at least the occupants of the carriages. There is always room for a mask in a coach. They leap in, swarming over the back or the sides, and in their shrill monotonous scream they make the most startling revelations of the inmost secrets of your soul. There is always something impressive in the talk of an unknown voice, but especially is this so in Madrid, where every one scorns his own business, and devotes himself rigorously to his neighbor's. These shrieking young monks and devilkins often surprise a half-formed thought in the heart of a fair Castilian and drag it out into day and derision. No one has the right to be offended. Duchesses are called Tu! Isabel! by chin-dimpled school-boys, and the proudest beauties in Spain accept bonbons from plebeian hands. It is true, most of the maskers are of the better class. Some of the costumes are very rich and expensive, of satin and velvet heavy with gold. I have seen a distinguished diplomatist in the guise of a gigantic canary-bird, hopping briskly about in the mud with bedraggled tail-feathers, shrieking well-bred sarcasms with his yellow beak.

The charm of the Madrid Carnival is this, that it is respected and believed in. The best and fairest pass the day in the Corso, and gallant young gentlemen think it worth while to dress elaborately for a few hours of harmless and *spirituelle* intrigue. A society that enjoys a holiday so thoroughly has something in it better than the blasé cynicism of more civilized capitals. These young fellows talk like the lovers of the old romances. I have never heard prettier periods of devotion than from some gentle savage, stretched out on the front seat of a landau under the peering eyes of his lady, safe in his disguise if not self-betrayed, pouring out his young soul in passionate praise and prayer; around them the laughter and the cries, the cracking of whips, the roll of wheels, the presence of countless thousands, and yet these two young hearts alone under the pale winter sky. The rest of the Continent has outgrown the true Carnival. It is pleasant to see this gay relic of simpler times, when youth was young. No one here is too "swell" for it. You may find a duke in the disguise of a chimney-sweep, or a butcher-boy in the dress of a Crusader. There are none so great that their dignity would suffer by a day's reckless foolery, and there are none so poor that they cannot take the price of a dinner to buy a mask and cheat their misery by mingling for a time with their betters in the wild license of the Carnival.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

[*Pike County Ballads, and Other Pieces.* 1871.]

A SENTINEL angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!

"I loved—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I cannot rise to peace and leave him so.
O, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

A TRIUMPH OF ORDER.

A SQUAD of regular infantry,
In the Commune's closing days,
Had captured a crowd of rebels
By the wall of Père-la-Chaise.

There were desperate men, wild women,
And dark-eyed Amazon girls,
And one little boy, with a peach-down cheek
And yellow clustering curls.

The captain seized the little waif,
And said, "What dost thou here?"
"*Sapristi*, Citizen captain!
I'm a Communist, my dear!"

"Very well! Then you die with the others!"
"Very well! That's my affair!
But first let me take to my mother,
Who lives by the wine-shop there,

"My father's watch. You see it,
A gay old thing, is it not?
It would please the old lady to have it,
Then I'll come back here, and be shot."

"That is the last we shall see of him,"
The grizzled captain grinned,
As the little man skimmed down the hill,
Like a swallow down the wind.

For the joy of killing had lost its zest
In the glut of those awful days,
And Death writhed gorged like a greedy snake
From the Arch to Père-la-Chaise.

But before the last platoon had fired,
The child's shrill voice was heard!
"*Houp-là!* the old girl made such a row,
I feared I should break my word."

Against the bullet-pitted wall
He took his place with the rest,
A button was lost from his ragged blouse,
Which showed his soft, white breast.

"Now blaze away, my children!
With your little one—two—three!"
The Chassepots tore the stout young heart,
And saved Society!

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

MY short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view:
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

James Ryder Randall.

Born in Baltimore, Md., 1839.

MY MARYLAND.

[*Written at Poydras College, La., April,* 1861.—*From the Author's MS. text.* 1888.]

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum—
She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

JOHN PELHAM.

JUST as the spring came laughing through the strife,
With all its gorgeous cheer,
In the bright April of historic life
Fell the great cannoneer.

The wondrous lulling of a hero's breath
His bleeding country weeps;
Hushed in the alabaster arms of Death,
Our young Marcellus sleeps.

Nobler and grander than the child of Rome
Curbing his chariot steeds,
The knightly scion of a Southern home
Dazzled the land with deeds.

Gentlest and bravest in the battle-brunt,
The champion of the truth,
He bore his banner to the very front
Of our immortal youth.

A clang of sabres 'mid Virginian snow,
The fiery pang of shells,—
And there's a wail of immemorial woe
In Alabama dells.

The pennon drops that led the sabred band
Along the crimson field;
The meteor blade sinks from the nerveless hand
Over the spotless shield.

We gazed and gazed upon that beauteous face;
While round the lips and eyes,
Couched in their marble slumber, flashed the grace
Of a divine surprise.

O mother of a blessed soul on high!
Thy tears may soon be shed;
Think of thy boy with princes of the sky,
Among the Southern dead.

How must he smile on this dull world beneath,
Fevered with swift renown,—
He, with the martyr's amaranthine wreath
Twining the victor's crown!

WHY THE ROBIN'S BREAST WAS RED.

THE Saviour, bowed beneath his cross, climbed up the dreary hill,
And from the agonizing wreath ran many a crimson rill;
The cruel Roman thrust him on with unrelenting hand,
Till, staggering slowly 'mid the crowd, He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near, that memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench one single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,—and thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The Robin has his silver vest incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu! Jesu! Son of man! My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this winged Ishmael of the skies.
I, in the palace of delight or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from thy dear brow, but planted thousands there!

Abram Joseph Ryan.

Born in Norfolk, Va., 1839. Died in Louisville, Ky., 1886.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it,—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered

Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
For its people's hopes are fled!

MY BEADS.

SWEET, blessèd beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart.

For I have told you every grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief.

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died; but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

For many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
Your circled chain, and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet relief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life, to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah, ye keep my secrets well!

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but the slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

William Walter Phelps.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1839.

THE THEORY OF COMMERCIAL PANICS.

[*From a Speech in the U. S. H. of R., 1 April*, 1874.]

YES, I admit with it—even with an honest currency—we shall still have panics. A world which does its business on a credit basis cannot escape them; and this basis is one which grows wider as the world grows older.

The demands on credit must increase; for the world does not contain money enough to effect its business, and credit in one of its multiform shapes must continue to be the principal instrument of exchange. Only

in rude barbarism does money discharge all the functions of exchange; and as civilization increases the business of the world, credit by bill, by note, by check, by book account, is forced into greater exercise.

To-day our people are carrying on all their business with promises to pay. If forced to pay money, they have only enough of it to pay for fifteen one-hundredths of their business. And yet this vast system of credit stands the strain, this complicate industry goes on for years, until its delicate support is broken. That support is trust: the trust my friend has that his bank will pay his check; the trust I have that my friends debited in my ledger for money loaned will pay when I ask them. This enables the bank-check and the book credit, or any currency, to take the place of money.

When this support is broken, when citizens begin to doubt the solvency of banks and bankers, and neighbors the solvency of each other, then comes a panic—the child of distrust—and all, refusing every form of credit, note, or draft, or bill, or check, demand money. Currency is valueless; the delicate machinery of credit which the ages have perfected ceases to work, and man, in the frenzy of distrust, remitted to his original barbarism, will take only gold. Until the panic is hopeless, if law interferes, they will obey it, and take the legal money, which the law enforces. If the panic is hopeless, the creditor, doubting the ultimate solvency even of the government, refuses its legal-tender, and peace comes only in the utter ruin of bankruptcy. The trouble is the people have asked fifteen millions of legalized money to do the work of one hundred millions, and it cannot.

This shows the cause of panics—the possibility in the human heart suddenly to lose its normal trust in its kind. And the human heart is the same and will act to the same causes, whether the legal money is gold or whether it is paper. We shall be liable to panics always; for we can never make the exchanges of our present civilization for money, but must always use credit mainly. And when we use credit, and the human heart remains as it is, we are always subject to the incursion of that distrust which will suddenly palsy the activity of currency, and panic will reign. All we claim is that the liability to this incursion of distrust, this panic, is naturally greater under an irredeemable currency. The evils of an irredeemable currency, to which I have already alluded, tend strongly to produce it, tend strongly to aggravate and perpetuate it when produced. The reign of paper money gives us speculation and extravagance. Both use up money rapidly, extravagance consumes, speculation wastes it, or buries it in unprofitable investment. This twofold drain is felt, and a people whose *morale* has been sapped by an artificial prosperity are forced to look about them. They recognize and exaggerate consequences which they have no courage to endure: and in speedy

loss of hope and faith they rush to save all that to them has worth—money. And the loss of trust, which leads men temporarily to despise credit and seek only gold, is panic. Paper money has produced it; paper money will aggravate it. Had we a redeemable currency, a currency that the solvent world has, the insane want of money would be met. The gold of a thrifty population, ever looking for the most profitable market, would come to our relief. The profits offered would overcome all obstacles and drain the world, were it necessary. But it is not. It is an unreasoning panic. The arrival of a little gold, the news of it on a westering ship, breaks the spell, and confidence reigns again.

A BAD AMERICAN TYPE.

[*From a Speech at the Eads Banquet, St. Louis, 24 March,* 1874.]

HE was without education, culture, or morality. He had respect neither for God nor man. He had no faith in the purity of women or the honor of his fellows. But he had the ambition of wealth, and he determined to get money at any cost. The markets of a country demoralized by a long war gave the opportunity, and he seized it, unscrupulously using all the agencies which the experience of centuries had discovered. He gained a fortune by robbery and went unpunished. With it he bought men and women, until finally he sat in his gilded palace, boasting—believing that he owned the legislature that made, the courts that interpreted, and the governor that executed the laws of his State. On the base of a great railway, which he took from its owners by fraud, he built a pyramid of splendid profligacy so high that the world saw and wondered. The luxury of Sardanapalus, the vices of Nero, were his. The peddler drove his four-in-hand. The coward marched at the head of a noble regiment. He who knew not his own tongue controlled the artists of the continent. In his own theatre he sought rest, and watched the evolutions of dancing girls and listened to the voices of singing men and singing women. He sent his own steamers out of port and enticed into their lavish hospitality many of the great of the land. He even hired assassins to maim his enemies, and drove in the sunlight surrounded by a bevy of his mistresses. This man debauched the moral sense of the young, disgraced his country, and died as the fool dies—shot by a profligate rival for a wanton's charms. He died and left nothing except the contempt of the good and the execrations of the weak whom his example had ruined. A bad type of American civilization, one of the worst products of our soil and institutions.

IRELAND'S WANT.

[*From a Speech at Paterson, N. J., 3 November,* 1887.]

IRELAND wants its own legislature and ought to have it. Do not Irishmen know their own needs and wants better than Englishmen? Why should they not be allowed to make the laws which supply them, and why may they not choose the officers who shall govern them? Officers from among themselves, who live in the same atmosphere and whose official fidelity shall be secured by a direct responsibility to those whom they govern. Irishmen do not ask for national independence. That cry was of the olden times. They see that no new nation, however valorous, is able to step into the map of Europe nowadays, and stay there, unless mighty in size and resources. Europe is a series of armed camps, and neutral independence is secure only to those who have large ones. What could Ireland do as a nation against Germany or France, or Russia, or even, in the event of quarrel, against Great Britain herself? But besides, even if Irishmen see a possibility of separate national existence, they do not want it. They know what Ireland has contributed in the past to Great Britain. They know that the treasures of that great empire, the accumulations of centuries, are largely the result of Irish effort, and belong in part to them. Why should they surrender this magnificent heritage? Why should they give their share of British glory to their associates? The eloquence of Sheridan, the learning of Burke, the wit of Swift, the lyres of Goldsmith and Moore; ay! the swords of Nelson and Wellington are but suggestions of what Ireland gave to Great Britain. And she does not purpose to leave that great empire, which her children have so largely helped to develop and adorn. Ireland purposes to stay in the empire to which she belongs, and in it to have her right. . . . .

Without Home Rule, Ireland is a constant menace and weakens the imperial arm. Irishmen wait until it shall be raised in foreign war. They do not forget that England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity. They lurk ready to seize it. But give them Home Rule, and instead of weakness they bring strength to the imperial arm. When there is no foe in the rear, then there is a united front to the enemy. Besides, there is nothing else to be done. They have tried everything else for seven hundred and fifty years. Let them now try this. They have found that a redcoat may shoot a rebel, but they have found that a redcoat cannot shoot an idea. Let them try the idea of self-government and see the result. They have tried it in Canada and in New South Wales. Why should Ireland be excluded?

By only thirty votes was Home Rule defeated in the British Parlia-

ment, and but yesterday two millions of English subjects—more than half of England's voters—voted with "the Irish rebels."

Does not such progress seem incredible? And how long can such progress march before reaching consummation, when back of it moves the conscience of the Anglo-Saxon world, incarnate and voiced on this continent by the greatest citizen of the republic, and on the other by the greatest subject of the empire—Blaine and Gladstone? Mankind will not suffer that among the peoples of the earth the Irish shall be the only one that must forever lack a government of the people, for the people, and by the people. The consummation can be retarded only by the Irish themselves, should they, in the dawn of victory, forget the wisdom and self-restraint they have exhibited in the past. They were Irish Catholics, of supreme loyalty to the Mother Church, that gave their loftiest commissions to Protestant patriots like Emmet and Grattan, who give them to-day to Parnell. They are Irish representatives who plead for Irish rights in St. Stephen's, and without a struggle accept the repeated penalty of exclusion. O'Brien is an Irishman who is taken to jail from a court-room where the judge has just declared his innocence. And there are hundreds like him. It is an English sympathizer with Ireland who is torn from the hustings for what he may say before he says it, while his wife, learning her love of liberty from the grandfather who sang and died for Grecian freedom, swoons at his feet. And there are more of them. They are Irishmen who see and know these facts and those like them. And they live in a land which Macaulay says is superior in natural fertility to any area of equal size in Europe, and see it a land of famine—live in a land of cottages, and see it spotted with homeless women and children; see all this and bear it; bear it though in their stout hearts is the blood which has made the Irish soldier in English, French, or American army the bravest of the brave; bear it and make no sign, except as they cry, "How long, O Lord—how long?" Verily they shall have their reward; Ireland shall be free; her sons shall walk with princes.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Born in Warren, R. I., 1839.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN NEW ENGLAND.

[*Poems for Christmas, Easter, and New Year's.* 1883.]

THEY thought they had come to their port that day,
But not yet was their journey done;

And they drifted away from Provincetown Bay
In the fireless light of the sun.
With rain and sleet were the tall masts iced,
And gloomy and chill was the air;
But they looked from the crystal sails to Christ,
And they came to a harbor fair.
The white hills silent lay,—
For there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold winter day.

The snow came down on the vacant seas,
And white on the lone rocks lay;
But rang the axe 'mong the evergreen trees,
And followed the Sabbath day.
Then rose the sun in a crimson haze,
And the workmen said at dawn:
"Shall our axes swing on this day of days,
When the Lord of life was born?"
The white hills silent lay,—
For there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold Christmas Day.

"The old towns' bells we seem to hear:
They are ringing sweet on the Dee;
They are ringing sweet on the Harlem Meer,
And sweet on the Zuyder Zee.
The pines are frosted with snow and sleet.
Shall we our axes wield,
When the chimes at Lincoln are ringing sweet,
And the bells of Austerfield?"
The air was cold and gray,—
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold Christmas Day.

Then the master said: "Your axes wield,
Remember ye Malabarre Bay;
And the covenant there with the Lord ye sealed;
Let your axes ring to-day.
You may talk of the old towns' bells to-night,
When your work for the Lord is done,
And your boats return, and the shallop's light
Shall follow the light of the sun.
The sky is cold and gray,—
And here are no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,

No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
This gray, cold Christmas Day.

"If Christ was born on Christmas Day,
And the day by Him is blest,
Then low at His feet the evergreens lay,
And cradle His church in the West.
Immanuel waits at the temple gates
Of the nation to-day ye found,
And the Lord delights in no formal rites;
To-day let your axes sound!"
The sky was cold and gray,—
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold Christmas day.

Their axes rang through the evergreen trees,
Like the bells on the Thames and Tay;
And they cheerily sung by the windy seas,
And they thought of Malabarre Bay.
On the lonely heights of Burial Hill
The old Precisioners sleep;
But did ever men with a nobler will
A holier Christmas keep
When the sky was cold and gray,—
And there were no ancient bells to ring,
No priests to chant, no choirs to sing,
No chapel of baron, or lord, or king,
That gray, cold Christmas Day?

Sarah Chauncey Woolsey.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio.

GULF-STREAM.

[*Verses. By Susan Coolidge.* 1880.]

LONELY and cold and fierce I keep my way,
Scourge of the lands, companioned by the storm,
Tossing to heaven my frontlet, wild and gray,
Mateless, yet conscious ever of a warm
And brooding presence close to mine all day.

What is this alien thing, so near, so far,
Close to my life always, but blending never?

Hemmed in by walls whose crystal gates unbar
Not at the instance of my strong endeavor
To pierce the stronghold where their secrets are?

Buoyant, impalpable, relentless, thin,
Rise the clear, mocking walls. I strive in vain
To reach the pulsing heart that beats within,
Or with persistence of a cold disdain,
To quell the gladness which I may not win.

Forever sundered and forever one,
Linked by a bond whose spell I may not guess,
Our hostile, yet embracing currents run;
Such wedlock lonelier is than loneliness.
Baffled, withheld, I clasp the bride I shun.

Yet even in my wrath a wild regret
Mingles; a bitterness of jealous strife
Tinges my fury as I foam and fret
Against the borders of that calmer life,
Beside whose course my wrathful course is set.

But all my anger, all my pain and woe,
Are vain to daunt her gladness; all the while
She goes rejoicing, and I do not know,
Catching the soft irradiance of her smile,
If I am most her lover or her foe.

LOHENGRIN.

TO have touched heaven and failed to enter in!
Ah, Elsa, prone upon the lonely shore,
Watching the swan-wings beat along the blue,
Watching the glimmer of the silver mail
Like flash of foam, till all are lost to view;
What may thy sorrow or thy watch avail?
He cometh nevermore.

All gone the new hope of thy yesterday:
The tender gaze and strong like dewy fire,
The gracious form with airs of heaven bedight,
The love that warmed thy being like a sun;
Thou hadst thy choice of noonday or of night,
Now the swart shadows gather one by one
To give thee thy desire!

To every life one heavenly chance befalls;
To every soul a moment, big with fate,

When, grown importunate with need and fear,
It cries for help, and lo! from close at hand
The voice Celestial answers, "I am here!"
Oh, blessèd souls, made wise to understand,
Made bravely glad to wait.

But thou, pale watcher on the lonely shore
Where the surf thunders and the foam-bells fly,
Is there no place for penitence and pain?
No saving grace in thy all-piteous rue?
Will the bright vision never come again?
Alas, the swan-wings vanish in the blue.
There cometh no reply.

Scribner's Magazine, 1887.

Mary Clemmer Hudson.

Born in Utica, N. Y., 1839. Died in Washington, D. C., 1884.

GOOD-NIGHT.

[*Poems of Life and Nature*, 1883.]

GOOD-NIGHT, my Love; I lay me down,
The while the old clock of the town
Rings out for me a deep good-night.
Thou canst not hear the words I say,
Nor hear the tender prayer I pray,
That thou mayest love me sundered wide
As thou dost love me by thy side;
And so to thee, my heart's delight,
I say again love's last good-night.

Good-night. I'm wondering how 'twill be
When life is slipping far from me,
When, drawn by Death's tranquillity,
The far-off, fadeless morn I see.
Then wilt thou kiss the fading face,
So dear to thee in earlier grace?
And say: "No soul can take the place
Thy life-long love for thee hath won!

"Good-night. A little further on
I'll take thy hand, I'll kiss thine eyes,
Lit by the new life's rapt surprise.
The twin of soul, the truly wed,
Can never part. Rest, wifely head!
Dear heart, be not disquieted;

For fast I follow after thee,
To find Love's last reality!"

Or shall I see but empty space
When mine eyes, dying, seek thy face?
And wilt thou be too far from me
To hear my last good-night to thee?
I know not. Only this I know,
"Good-night," 'tis sweet to murmur low.
By two dear words I'm nearer thee,—
By all their priceless legacy,
And burden fond of memory
That holds thy first good-night to me.
Then music, thrilled with deeper tone,
Told but one story—true love's own;
And life, *our life*, was just begun,—
Its meaning learned, two lives in one.

Good-night, dear Love! I pray the Lord,
By every promise of his Word,
That, day and night, may follow thee,
With ever-folding ministry,
Thy better angels, holding thee
In all loud day's prosperity,
And in the haunting night-watch lone;
From all the evil sin hath wrought,
From tempting deed and soiling thought,
From sorrow and from murdered faith,
From loss in life and loss in death,
The blessèd angels hold thee sure,
And lead thee safe and save thee pure.

Good-night. The old clock of the town
Strikes night's last hour. The morning's crown
Touches the silence. Dropping down,
Before 'tis gone, the midnight quite,
Once more, O Love, a dear Good-night.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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